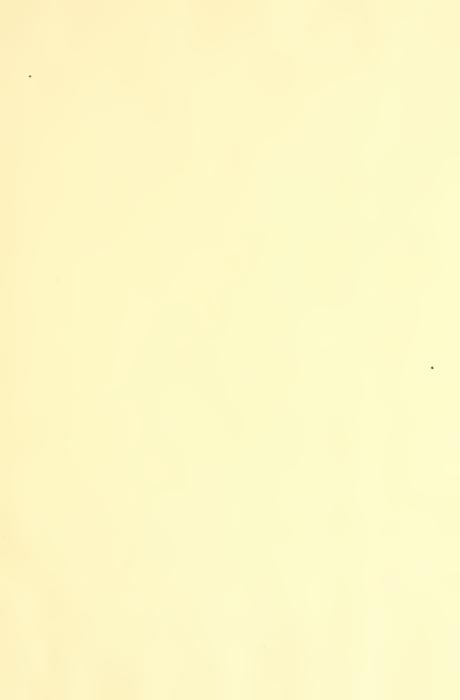




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# TRAGICAL TALES,

AND

### OTHER POEMS:

BY

#### GEORGE TURBERVILE.

REPRINTED FROM THE EDITION OF M.D.LXXXVII.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

M.DCCC.XXXVII.

# Prefatory Actice.

T is to the indefatigable industry of Antony à Wood that we are indebted for almost the only information we possess relative to George Turberville, author of the ensuing collection of Tragical Tales, Epitaphs, and Sonnets. He was "a younger son of Nich. Turbervile of Whitechurch in Dorsetshire, son of Henry Turbervile of the said place, and he, the fifth son of Joh. Turbervile of Bere-Regis (a right ancient and genteel family) in Dorsetshire, was born in Whitchurch, before mentioned, educated in Wykeham's school near Winchester, became perpetual fellow of New College, 1561, left it, before he was graduate, the year following, and went to one of the Inns of Court, where he was much admired for his excellencies in the art of poetry. Afterwards being esteemed a person fit for business, as having a good and ready command of his pen, he was entertained by Tho. Randolph, Esq. to be his secretary, when he received commission from Queen Elizabeth

to go ambassador to the Emperor of Russia.\* After our author's arrival at that place, he did, at spare hours, exercise his muse, and wrote—

"Poems, describing the Places and Manners of the Country and People of Russia, Anno 1568."†

These will be found in the present volume. They are exceedingly curious, and give a very extraordinary idea of the barbarous state of society in Russia. One of the epistles, for so he terms them, is inscribed to Edmund Spenser, with whom he was in habits of intimacy.‡ Many of his minor poems are either addressed from Moscovia, or refer to his visit to that country. "After his return," continues Wood, "he was esteemed

Henry, the fifth son of John Turberville of Bere-Regis, and Isabel Cheverel de Whitchurch, married Jane, daughter of Thomas Bamfylde, in the county of Somerset, and by her had Nicholas, George, and Henry (Hutchins' Dorset, page 67). Nicholas succeeded his father in his estate of Winterborn, Whitchurch, in the county of Dorset, and married a daughter of Morgan of Maperton, by whom he had two sons. Whether this branch of the Turberville still exists, is uncertain; but their estate, originally acquired through the Cheverells, afterwards passed to the Tulfords of Toller, and was purchased from Francis Tulford, Esq. by Bennet Comb, Esq. Another family of the same name was once settled in Glamorganshire; but it appears to be extinct in the male line, from the following notice of the demise of Richard Turbervill, Esq., taken from the Gentleman's Magazine:—" July 2, 1817.—At Ewenny Abbey, Glamorganshire, R. Turbervill, Esq. He was the eldest brother of the late Sir Thomas Picton, and, like the rest of his family, entered into the army when very young. He was a brigade-major at the siege of Gibraltar, where he distinguished himself upon many important occasions; but his health being much impaired, he was obliged to retire from service. He was descended by his mother's side from Sir Richard de Turbervill, one of William the Conqueror's twelve knights, who first founded the abbey, where his posterity have continued during a period of so many centuries."

<sup>†</sup> Wood's Athenæ Oxonienses, Bliss's edition. Lond. 1813. 4to. Vol. i. p. 627.

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a most accomplished gentleman, and his company was much sought after and desired by all men, especially, upon his publication of his labours, entitled

"EPITAPHS, EPIGRAMS, SONGS, AND SONNETS, 1570, 8vo. Some, if not most of which, were published a little before that time [in 8vo. 1567]. This book was the same, as I conceive, which was printed with additions under his name, in 8vo, anno 1587, with this title—

"Tragical Tales, Epitaphs, and Sonnets, &c."

In this supposition, however, the industrious antiquary is mistaken, as the two publications are distinct\*—the latter being the one from which the present limited reprint has been taken.† From this mistake of Wood, it is plain that the Tragical Tales must have been exceedingly rare even in his time.

Turbervile was also the translator of the "Eglogs of the Poet B. Mantuan Carmelitan turned into English verse, and set forth with the argument to every Egloge." Of this work, which is in duodecimo, there were two editions printed at London, one in 1567, the other in 1594. He also, about the same time, gave a metrical version of the "Heroical Epistles of

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the learned Poet, Publius Ovidius Naso, with Aulus Sabinus' Answers to certain of the same," of which, according to Dr Bliss, there were no less than four editions—three in the years 1567, 1569, and 1600, and one without date.

Wood continues, "The said Eclogues were afterwards translated by another hand, but not without the help of that translation of Turbervile, though not acknowledged. The person that performed it was Thomas Harvey, who writes himself Gent.; but whether the same Thomas Harvey, who was Master of Arts, the first Master of Kingston School in Herefordshire, founded 1620, and the author of the *Synagogue*, in imitation of divine Herbert, I know not."

The same author afterwards observes, that he finds "one George Turbervile to be author of—(1.) Essays Politic and Moral. Printed 1603, in oct. (2.) The Book of Falconry or Hawking, &c. heretofore publish'd by G. Turbervile, gentleman, and now newly reviv'd, corrected, and augmented by another hand. Lond. 1611 [Bodl. 4to. p. 69. Jur.], adorn'd with various cuts. With this book is printed and bound,' The Noble Art of Venery or Hunting, &c. 'translated and collected out of the best approv'd authors, which have writ any thing concerning the same, &c. Lond. 1611, adorn'd with wooden cuts as the former. There is no name set to this translation, only George Gascoigne hath verses commendatory before it.' Whether George Turbervile, before mentioned, was the author of

the said two books, or another of both his names, who was a Dorsetshire-man, born a commoner of Gloucester Hall, anno 1581, aged 18, or a third, G. Turbervile, who was born in the said county, and became a student in Magdalane Hall, 1595, aged 17, I cannot justly tell you, unless I could see and peruse the said two books, of which I am, as yet, totally ignorant."

There seems to be little doubt that Turbervile the Poet was the compiler of the book of Falconry and Hawking; but from its having been announced as revived, corrected, and augmented by another hand, it may be presumed that the original Editor or Compiler was dead prior to the year 1611. Of a book on such popular subjects, there must, no doubt, have been earlier editions; but the only one the Editor has traced is that noticed in the Censura Literaria (vol. x. p. 122), "Imprinted at London, for Chr. Baker, at the signe of the Grashoper, in Paules Churchyarde, 1575."—4to. In this edition are a few poetical pieces by Turbervile, and in particular some spirited verses in commendation of Hawking. In these is the following account of the fashionable sports and games of the day:—

<sup>&</sup>quot;To dice, to daunce, to coll, to kisse, to carde the time away,
To prate, to prancke, to bowle, to bowse, and tipple out the day;
To checke at chesse, to heave at maw, at macke to passe the time,
At coses or at saunt to sit, or set their rest at prime.
Both tick tacke and the Irish game are sports but made to spend.
I wote not, I, to what availe those trifling games do tend,
Unlesse to force a man to chafe, to chide, to sweat, to sweare,
To brawle, to ban, to curse, and God in thousand parts to teare.

At eoekepit some their pleasures place, to wager wealth away. Where Falconers only force the fields, to hear their spanels bay. What greater glee can man desire than by his euning skill So to reclaime a haggard hawke as she the fowle shall kill? &c."

Dr Bliss informs us, that amongst Rawlinson's MSS. there are "two copies of a translation of Tasso's Godfrey of Bolloing, by Sir G. T.," which is conjectured, in a MS. note, to be the initials of Sir George Turbervile, "who was certainly, and I think with justice, considered the translator by Dr Rawlinson." It is also stated, that the MS. was evidently intended, and prepared, for the press. "In one place there are even hints of heads for sculpture, perhaps intended as a companion for Harrington's Orlando Furioso." That the author of the Tragical Tales was ever knighted is exceedingly problematical, as in none of his printed works has he been so designed, and we should therefore be very much inclined to doubt that this translation was by him.

The period of Turbervile's demise is unknown, and honest Antony is unable to throw any light upon this point.\* As before remarked, he probably died before the year 1611; for it is very unlikely, if he had been then in existence, he would have per-

<sup>\*</sup> Herbert, in his Typographical Antiquities, vol. ii. 1053, mentions that there was entered in the Stationers' book for the year 1579 "a Dittie of Mr Turbervyle murthered, and John Morgan that murthered him: with a letter of the said Morgan to his mother, and another to his sister Turbervyle;" but as Wood asserts that "George Turbervill lived and was in great esteem in fifteen hundred and ninety-four," it is plain that the author of the Tragicall Tales could not have been the person murdered.

mitted his work on Hawking and Hunting to have been brought out "by another hand."

Turbervile's merits as a poet have been variously estimated. He has been praised by Puttenham in his Art of Poesie; and Sir John Harrington, the witty author of the Metamorphosis of Ajax, and translator of Ariosto—no mean authority—has the following lines in his commendation:—

When times were yet but rude, thy pen endeavour'd
To polish barbarism with purer style;
When times were grown most old, thy heart persever'd
Sincere and just, unstained with gifts or guile.
Now lives thy soul, though from thy corpse dissever'd
There high in bliss, here clear in fame the while:
To which I pay this debt of due thanksgiving;
My pen doth praise thee dead; thine grae'd me living.

More recently our author has been treated differently; and in the Censura Literaria,\* where some very uninteresting notices of his works occur, Mr Park (the writer of them), after dismissing the Tragical Tales somewhat briefly, characterises the poetry of Turbervile as "of a dry uninteresting cast, and his amatory pieces bespeak him to have been a translator only of the passion of love. In the Epilogue of his Tragical Tales, he writes with becoming diffidence of his own poetical pretensions; and while other adventurers on the stream of Helicon sail in mid-channel

with the current, he seems content to have paddled along its banks, like a sculler who rows against the tide."

How far this criticism is just, a perusal of the present work will enable the reader to judge. The Editor may only remark, that he can at least claim these merits for his author—that the versification is generally harmonious, and that not a few of the passages possess the energy and vigour which are characteristic of the poetry of the Elizabethan era.

In conclusion, it may be observed, that the Tales are mostly taken from Boccaccio, and the plots, consequently, must be familiar to those who are conversant with the writings of that inimitable novelist.

The present reprint is strictly limited to Fifty Cories, for Private Circulation.

EDINBURGH, 10th June 1837.



TVRBERVILE,

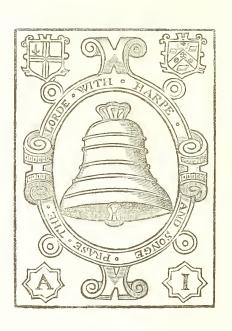
In time of his troubles, out of sundrie Italians, with the Argument and
Lenuoye to eche Tale.

Nocet empta dolore voluptas.

## Imprinted at Lon-

don by Abell Ieffs, dwelling
in the Forestreete without
Crepelgate at the
signe of the Bel.

Anno Dom. 1587.





## TO THE WORSHIP-

full his louing brother, Nicho-

las Turberuile, Esquire.



LBEIT your many and great curtesies bestowed on me, deserve sundry, and no slender
thankes from me: Neverthelesse, mine insuffieiencie pleading for mine excuse, and disabilitie dealing in my behalfe, doe hope to receive
from you no lesse good liking for a small re-

quitall, than he that yeelds you a treble recompense. Let it suffise that I live no vnmindfull man of your goodnesse, nor will be found vngratefull for your gentlenesse, if ever fortune favour my desires, or alow me mean to make levell with your good desarts. Till when. I present you this little boke, as well the vndoubted badge of my good remembrance, as the gretest part of my slender substance. Following herein seabcaten soldiers, and miscrable mariners, who in auncient age, after their happy arivals, accustomed to hang vp in the temple before their sacred Goddes, their broken oares, and ragged sayles, with such like reliks, the assured monuments of their

lamentable fortunes and perfit pledges of late escaped dangers. V Vhich commendable custome of those thankfull Ethnicks I both alow for good, and follow at this instant, as fully appertending to my present state, in dedicating to you these few Poeticall parers, and pensine Pamphlets, the ruful records of my former travel, in the sorowful sea of my late misaducntures: which having the more spedily by your carefull and brotherly endeuour, our passed and escaped, could not but offer you this treatise in lieu of a more large liberalitie, and in steed of a greater gift, presuming of good acceptance at your handes, who have alwayes been my most assured shielde, and strongest stay in all my life. VVherefore take these (I pray you) in no worse part than I meane them, and at leasure for your pleasure peruse them, excusing my lacke of learning, and brooking my want of eunuing, both which defaults and imperfections might have bene sufficient to have staied my hastic hande: but that I euer chose rather to be reputed straungers vaskilfull, than to be coudemned of my best friendes for vngratefull: for the one proceedes for lacke of industrie, but that other growes for want of humanitie. I leave to trouble you further, recommending you to the Tragical tales, where if aught delight you, I pray you peruse it, if aught offend you, eftsoone refuse it: if any history descrue reading, of curtesic respect it: if any seeme vuworthy, doe boldly reject it. I favour not the best so well, as I will wishe your trouble in surveying the enill, whose indenour was oucly to this ende, to doe you pleasure and service, for your auncient goodnesse towardes me, that am your bounden brother, and wholy to reast yours during life.



### To his verie friend

Ro. Baynes.



Y worde, thy wish, my det, and thy desire,

I meane my booke (my Baynes) lo here I send

To thee at last, as friendship doth require,

Though reason willes it rather left vupend,

For that the same the Authour should not shend:

But blush who lust, so thou do like the worke,

I am content it shall no longer lurke.

Peruse ech page as leysure giues thee leaue,
Reade ore each verse thus ragged as they lie,
Let nothing slip whereby I may receive
The hatefull checke of curious readers cie:
For well I know how haut thy muse doth flie:
I'Therefore I yeeld this foule mishapen Beare,
I'nto thy choise, to tender or to teare.

I'Vherein if ought vnworth the presse thou finde Vnsauoric, or that seemes vnto thy taste,
Impute it to the troubles of my minde,
Whose late mishap made this be hatcht in haste,
By clowdes of eare best beauties be defaste:
Likewise be wittes and freshest heads to sceke,
VVhich way to write, when fortune list to streeke.

I'I'ho knew my cares, who wist my wailefull woe.

(As thou my friend art privie to the same)

Or understoode how griefe did overgrow

The pleasaunt plot which I for myrth did frame,

V'Vould beare with this, and quite me elean of blame.

For in my life I never felt such fittes,

As whilst I wrote this worke did daunt my wittes.

For as the Pilot in the wrathfull wave
Beset with stormes, still beaten too and fro
I'Vith boysteous bellowes, knowes not howe to save
His sielic barke, but lets the rudder goe,
And yeeldes himselfe whither tempest list to blowe.
So I amidde my eares had slender skill,
To write in verse, but bowde to fortunes will.

The more thy paine, thy trouble and thy toile,
That must amend amisse eache faulte of mine,
Yet grudge not (Baynes) with share to turne the soile,
In sorte as though the same were wholie thine,
The charge whereof, loe here I do resine
For want of health, my friend at large to thee,
Since that my limmes with greef surcharged be.

Apollos lore I quite have layde aside,
And am enforst his Phisieke to peruse:
I hate the Harpe, wherein was all my pride,
I hunte for hearbes, I lothe Mineruas muse,
My want of health, makes me my booke refuse:
The bloming rage that erst inspired my braine,
Saturnus ehilling lumour doth restraine.

VVherefore sith I confesse my want of skill,
And am to seeke to better this my booke,
See (Baines) thou runne vnto Parnassus kill,
To Helicon, or else that learned brooke,
VVhich Pegase made, when he the soile forsooke:
For well thou knowst, where Clio and the rest,
Do tune their Lutes and pipe with pleasant brest.

I can no more, but for thy mickle paine,
Yeeld thousand thankes vpon my naked knee,
And if thou neede the like supply againe,
Issure thy selfe then I will pleasure thee:
So friends vnto each other bounden be.
(My Baynes) Adew, this little booke of mine,
I'Vhen thou hast done, may best be termed thine.

Thy friend.

George Turberuile.



# Ro. Baynes to the Reader,

in the due commendation of the Author.



HAT waight of graue aduice, what reson left vnsaught,
What more, of Pallas braine hath tast, than Poets
pens haue taught.

Whose powdred saaes are mixt, with pleasure, and delight:
Aduising this, forewarning that, directing still the right.
Which vaine though Grecians first, and Romaines after found:

Yet now the same in English phrase, doth gorgeously abound.

A vertue lately wonne, to this our natiue soile:

By such as seeke, their countrey praise, though to their greater toile.

Among the rest, who hath, employed therein more paine?

Or who? than Turberuill hath found, in verse a sweeter vaine?

Whose quill, though yet it tread, the path of greene delight:

The same who vewes, shall find his lines, with learned reason dight.

And as to elder age, his stayed braine shall grow:

So falling from, his riper penne, more graue conceites may flow.

The while, let eeh man reape, the pleasure that he lends.

The cost is free, his charge but small, an others wealth that spends.

The subject here, is such, as differs farre from pelfe:

I deeme thee wise, thy judgement good, the thing will praise it self.

Qui nihil sperat nihil disperat.



#### The Authour here declareth

the cause why hee wrote these Hi-

ftories, and forewent the translation of the learned Poet Lucan.



UNDERTOOKE Dan Lucans verfe, and raught hys horne in hand,
To found out Cæfars blooddy broiles and Pompeis puifant bande:
I meant to paint the baughtie hate of those two marshall men,

And had in purpose civill fwords
of rufull Rome to pen:
Of rufull Rome to penne the plagues
when Cæsar sought to raigne,
And Pompey pitying Countries spoyle,
would doe him downe againe.

I had begonne that hard attempt, to turne that fertile foyle. My bullocks were alreadie vokte, and flatly fell to toyle. Me thought they laboured meetlie well, tyll on a certaine night: I gazde fo long vpon my booke in bed by candle light, Till heavy fleep full flilie came and muffled fo mine eye, That I was forft with quill in hand in flumber downe to lie. To whom within a while appeard Melpomene, the Mufe, That to intreat of warlike wights, and dreadfull armes doth vfe. Who me beheld with graue regard, and countnance fraught with feare: And thus the gaftly Goddeffe spake, her wordes in minde I beare. And art thou woxe fo wilfull, as thou feemest to outward eye? Darfte thou prefume, with ymped quilles fo prowde a pitch to flie? Remember how fonde Phæton farde, that vndertooke to guide Apollos charge, by meane of which

that wilfull wanton dide.

Eare thou doe wade fo farre, reuoke to minde to bedlam boy,

That in his forged wings of waxe reposed too great a ioy:

And foard fo neare the fcorching blaze of burning Phœbus brande,

As feathers failde, and he fell fhort of what he tooke in hand.

In this thy hauty heart thou flewft, too playne thy pryde appeares,

How durft thou deale in field affaires? leave off, vnyoke thy fteeres.

Let loftie Lucans verfe alone, a deed of deepe deuife:

A flately flile, a peereleffe pen, a worke of weightie pryce.

More meete for noble Buckhurft braine, where Pallas built her bowre,

Of purpose there to lodge her felse, and shew her princely powre.

His fwelling vaine would better blafe, those Royall Romane peeres:

Than any one in Brutus land, that liude thefe many yeeres.

And yet within that little Isle of golden wittes is store,

Great change and choife of learned ymps as euer was of yore.

I none diflike, I fancie fome, but yet of all the reft, Sance enuie, let my verdite paffe, Lord Buckurst is the best. Wee all that Ladie Mufes are, who be in number nine: With one accord did bleffe this babe, each faid, This ympe is mine. Each one of vs, at time of birth, with Iuno were in place: And each vpon this tender childe, beftowd her gift of grace. My felfe among the moe alowde him Poets praifed fkil, And to commend his gallant verfe, I gaue him wordes at will. Minerua luld him on her lappe, and let him many a kiffe: As who would fay, when all is done, they all fhall yeeld to this. This matter were more meet for him, and farre vnfit for thee: My fifter Clio, with thy kinde, doth beft of all agree. Shee deales in cafe of liking loue, her lute is fet but lowe: And thou wert wonte in fuch deuife.

thine humour to bestow.

- 1 As when thou toldeft the Shepheards tale that Mantuan erft had pend:
- 2 And turndft those letters into verse, that louing Dames did fend
- Vnto their lingring mates, that fought at facke and fiege of Troy:
- 3 And as thou didft in writing of thy Songs of fugred ioy.
- 4 Mancynus vertues fitter are, for thee to take in hande,

Than glitering gleaues, and wreakfull warres, that all on flaughter fland.

The Giants proud, afpiring pointee when they fo fondly stroue,

And hopde with helpe of heaped hilles to conquere mightie Ioue,

Is not for every wit to wield, the weight too heavy weare,

For every Poet that hath wrote in auncient age to beare.

Vnleffe that Lucan, Virgill, or the great renowmed Greeke,

Would vndertake those boysteous broiles, the rest are all to seeke.

Each flender flip that beares a faile, and flittes in quiet flood:

Is not to brooke the byllow, when the roaryng Seas be wood.

Alcydes flippers are too wide for euery wretch to weare:

Not euery childe can Atlas charge, vpon his fhoulders beare.

Not every dick that dares to drawe a fword, is Hectors peere,

Not every woodman that doth shoote, hath skill to chose his Deere.

No beaft can match the Lions might, his force is ouer fell:

Though euery little ftarre doe fhine, yet doth the Sunne excell.

Not every bryer, or tender twigge, is equal to the Pyne,

Nor every Prelate that can preache, is thought a deepe deuine.

Not every fifth that flittes amyd the floud with feeble finne,

Is fellowe to the Delphine fwifte, when he doth once beginne.

The peeuishe puttocke may not preace in place where Eagles are.

For why, their kingly might exceedes, their puiffance paffeth farre.

All which I fpeake to let thee wyte, that though thou haue fome fkill,

Yet haft thou not fufficient ftuffe this Authors loome to fill. Too flender is thy feeble twifte, thy webbe is all too weake:

Before thy worke be halfe difpatchte, no doubte thy warpe will breake.

Wherefore renounce thy rafh deuice, thy yeelding force I knowe:

And none fo well as I can judge, the bente of Lucans bowe.

Thinke of the toade in Efops tale, that fought to matche the Bull,

For highnesse, and did burst at length, his bowels were fo full.

So thou, vnleffe thou take good heede, Translating Lucans warre,

Shalt fpoyle thy Lute, and ftroy thy ftrings, in ftraining them too farre.

I heere adnife, and eke commaunde that thou no farther goe:

Laye downe thy Lute, obey my will, for fure it shall be fo.

With that my droufie flumber fledde, my fenfes came againe:

And I that earft was drownde in dreames, behelde the Goddes playne,

Whofe frouning phrase and spiteful speach had daunted so my witte,

As for my life I wifte not howe to shape an aunswere fitte.

Each worde (me thought) did wound me for eache looke did lurche my harte:

Eache fontance bredde my forrowes fuch.

Eache fentence bredde my forrowes fuch, eache lyne was lyke a darte.

But yet at lafte with manly minde, and mouth vnfraught of feare,

Vnto this loftie learned Mufe, thefe wordes I vttred there:

O noble Impe, and daughter deare to mightie Ioue his grace,

It much relieues my weakened wittes to fee thy heauenly face.

For which ten thousand thanks I yelde that heere with bended knee:

And counte my felfe the bleffedft man aliue, thine eyes to fee.

Thy prefence makes me to prefume, thou holdft me verie deare:

But (out alas) thy wordes were fuch as I was loathe to heare.

Controlements came from haughtie breaft, for that I vndertooke

With English quilt to turne the verse of learned Lucans booke.

And fhall I (Lady) be miflykte to take in hande a deed,
By which vnto my natiue foyle aduantage may fucceede?

By which the ciuil fwordes of Rome and mifchiefes done thereby,

May be a myrrour vnto vs, the like mifhappes to flie?

l yeelde my brayne too barraine farre, my verfes all too vyle,

My pen too playne, with metre meete to furnish Lucans ftyle:

Whofe deepe deuife, whofe filed phrafe, and Poets peereleffe pen,

Would cloye the cunningst head in court, and tyre the lustiest men.

But yet fith none of greater fkill, and ryper witte would write

Of Cæfar and Pompeius warres, a woorke of rare delight:

I thought it good as well to paffe the idle time away,

As to the worlde to fet to viewe howe difcorde breedes decay:

To turne this princely Poets verfe, that fimple men might fee

Of Ciuill broyles and breach at home, how great the mifcheiues bee.

But fith it flandes not with your wills who lady Mufes are,

That one fo dull as I, fhould deale in cafe concerning warre:

I am content to plie vnto your pleafures out of hande, It bootes me not against the will of heauenly states to stande. Yet being that my prefent plight is flufte with all anove, And late mishaps have me bereft my rimes of roifting ioye: Syth churlish fortune clouded hath my glee, with mantell blacke, Of foule mischaunce, wherby my barke was like to bide the wracke: (Good ladie) giue me leaue to write fome heavy founding verfe, That by the vewe thereof, my harmes the readers heart may perfe. With that the Goddeffe gaue a becke, and yeelded my request, And vanisht streight without offence, and licenste me to reste. Then I to reading Boccas fell, and fundrie other moe Italian Authours, where I found great stoare of states in woe, And fundrie fortes of wretched wights: fome flayne by cruell foes, And other fome that through defire and Loue their lyues did lofe:

Some Tyrant thirfting after bloud, themfelues were fowly flayne:

And fome did fterue in endlesse woes, and pynde with bitter payne.

Which gaue me matter fitte to write: and herevpon it grewe

That I this Tragicall deuife, haue fette to open viewe.

Accept my paynes, allow me thankes, if I deferue the fame,

If not, yet lette not meaning well be payde with checke and blame.

For I am he that buylde the bowre,
I have the hardened from.

And thou art owner of the house, the paine is mine alone.

I burne the bee, I holde the hyue, the fommer toyle is myne:

And all bicaufe when winter commes, the honic may be thine.

I frame the foyle, I graue the golde, I fashion vp the ring,

And thou the lewell fhalt enloye, which I to fhape doe bring.

Adieu (good Reader) gaze thy fill, if aught thine eyes delight:

For thee I tooke the woorke in hande, this booke is thine of right.



## The Argument to the first Historie.



HROUGH wilful loue, and liking ouermuch,

Nastagios state did melt, and without returne

Of like good will: Euphymius minde was such,

She felt no flame, when he, good man, did burne:

But made his griefe her glee, his bitter smarte,

Might nothing rize or pierce her marble harte.

- 2 By friendes aduise at last he parted thence,
  Though greatly greened, remouing racke him sore,
  To quit the cause of al his fond expence,
  And purchase ease which he had lost before:
  A death (no doubt) it was to put away,
  And yet no life with her in place to stay.
- 3 Beholde the happ, as he ful pensiue stoode Amyd a groue adioyning to his tent, Recounting former toyes: athwart the wood With cruell curres an armed knight there went, That had in chace a frotion fresh of hewe, Whom he by force of sword and mastiues slewe.

- 4 And after death this lady liude againe
  Vp start away she ran before the Knight,
  For thus the Goddes alotted had her paine,
  Bycause she slewe by scorne that louing wight:
  In death he was her plague, whome she in life
  Enforst to slay himselfe with murthering knife.
- 5 Nastagio pondering in his restlesse thought As well the sequele as the cause of all. Seing that skorne the ladies penance wrought, For dealing earst so hardely with her thrall: Bethought him howe to make a myrrour right Both of the mayde, and eke the eursed knight.
- 6 His plat was thus: he hyd in friendly sort
  Vnto his tente, to feast and banket there
  His auncient loue, that made his payne hir sporte,
  Whose mother came and diuers friendes I feare,
  Amyds the feast the knyght pursude the mayde,
  And slewe hir there, as I before haue sayde.
- 7 Which sight amazde the route, but most of all That virgin coye, so carelesse of the man Begonne to quake, it toucht her to the gall, And therevpon hir liking first began.

  For after that she woxe his wife at last,
  Dreading the gods reuenge for rigour past.



## Tragicall Tales.

Rauenna, by report as braue a place
As may be found, both fresh and fair to fight,
VVherein of yore there was a noble race
Of gallant wights, great choise of men of same.
But one in chief, Nastagio by name.

The father of this forward ympe did dye,
Forefpent with yeeres, and load with filuer locks,
VVhofe land and fee defcended orderly
Vnto the Sonne, with flore of other flocks:
Few fathers of this aged mans degree,
In fo good cafe did leaue their fonnes as hee.

This might fuffice to make Naftagio rich,
But, where wealth is, there lightlie follows more,
For hee an vncle had, who gaue as mych
At tyme of death, as father left before:

The wealth of these two rych renowmed wights, In little space vpon Nastagio lights.

Not one in all Rauenna might compare
With him for wealth, or matcht him for his muck:
He liude at full, not taffing any care,
But tooke his time, and vide his golden luck:
Not wanting ought that fitted for his ftate,
By meane of flowing wealth full warme he fate.

This youth his wanton prime without a wife, Retchleffe confumde, and liude in fingle fort, Efteeming that to be the bleffed life, Because he found it stuft with glee and sporte:

As yonkers that at randon vse to range, Refuse to wed, because they love to change.

Vntill at length his roauing eies hee keft Vpon a wench, and tooke fo perfect view Of Graces that did harbour in her breft, As ftreight to liking of this maid he grew: His fanfie fed vpon hir featurde lookes, In fort as none faue her this gallant brookes.

Who doubleffe was a neate and noble Dame,
Trauerfar cleaped was her worthie Sire,
And the herfelfe Euphymia cald by name,
As fresh of hewe as men might well defire:
With her I faye Nastagio fell in loue,
Whose fetled choyse no reason might remoue.

Her christall eyes had lurcht his yeelding heart, And razde his bending breast by often glaunce, Her glittering locks fo queyntly coucht by art, Had brought this youth to fuch a louing traunce, As all his care was how to compaffe grace, From her whom he fo derely did imbrace.

(Then as it is the trade of Cupids knights)
He fell to feaft, where lackt no daintie fare,
To come be forraine cates that breede delights,
For no expence this courtly wight would fpare.
Hee vfde the tilt on jenate trapt with gold,
To pleafe his Donnas eyes with courage bold.

For if the be a noble Dame in deede,
Shee pleafure takes to view a manlie knight
In armour clad, beftriding of his fleed:
And doth deteft the bafe and coward wight,
For that the valiant will defend her fame,
When carpet fquires will hide their heads with flume.

Thus wafted he the day in Loue deuice,
And fpent the nights with coftly mufikes found,
In hope at length this virgin to entice
To falue his fore, and cure his couert wounde:
Nothing was left in any point vndone,
Whereby the loue of Ladies might be wonne:

By lettres he vnfolded all his fittes,
By meffage eke imparted all his paine,
His mournfull lines bewraid his mazed wits,
His fongs of love declarde his paffions plaine:
The rockieft heart alive it would have movde,
To fee how well this noble man had loude.

Yet cruell fhee, when he had done and faide The most he might to move her stonie heart, To like of him might not at all be waide, For she was struck with Cupids leaden dart, Whose chilling cold had bound her bowels so, As in no wife she could abridge his wo.

But how much more the louer made his mone,
Suing for ruth and well deferued grace,
The more flee fate vnmoued, like the ftone,
Whom waves do beat, but wag not from his place:
Either beauties pride or ftately flocke did force
This haughtie dame from pitie and remorce.

Shee rigorouslie refuse, and tooke distaine,
So much as once to yeeld him friendlie cheare,
Who for her sake had bid such bitter paine,
As any tender heart would bleed to heare:
And in reward of all his friendship past,
Shee gaue him leaue to spoile himselfe at last.

Wherto through deep defpaire his mind was bent In hope thereby to end his wretched woe, Becaufe he faw her malice not relent, Who for good will became his deadlie foe:

For in fuch cafe aye death is counted light, Where men may not enjoy their fiveete delight.

His wilfull hande was armde with naked knife,
And euen at point to giue the fatall ftroke,
By fhort difpatch of loathed lingring life,
To ridde his wearie neck of heauie yoke:

But life was fweete, and he to liue, would leaue The Dame, from whom he might no ruth receaue.

When Fanfie faw his raging humour ceafe, And Reafon challenge rule, and charge againe, Whereby his fond affection woulde deceafe, And hee be quitt of all his former paine:

To keepe him in, and hold his louer faft,

She gaue him Hope, to come by loue at laft.

Thus divers thoughts did foiourne in his breft, Sometimes he meant himfelfe with fword to flay, An other time to leave to love was beft: Some other while affection bare the fway: Was never man belowe the ftarrie fkie, So loth to live, and yet fo woe to die.

For why? in life he found himfelf a thrall, Vnable aye to compaffe his delight:
And yet by death there was no hope at all,
For then he was affurde to loofe her quight:
So neither life nor death might eafe his minde,
That by the Gods was thus to loue affignde.

VVhilft thus Naftagio fought his owne decay, By liquorous luft, his friendes and nearest kinne Perceiuing how his wealth did wast away, And that his bodie pinde and waxed thinne: Did diuers times their friendly counsell giue, That from Rauenna he abroade should liue.

For change of place perhaps wold purchase helth And absence cause his soolish fancies weare:

They did not leave to tell him how his wealth And all things els confumde, and melted there:
But fornefull he did fcoffe their good aduife,
And had their grauest wordes in slender price.
As lovers wont, who fancie nothing lesse
Than speeches tending all to their availe:
Not much valike the lame, for whose redresse,
When counsell commes, they lightlie turne their taile,
Louthing to lend an eare to holsome lore,
Of such as seeke to salve their lingring fore.

Yet they like friends would neuer blin or ftint,
To fliew him meanes to better his eftate:
Whereby, As often drops do pearce the flint,
So they at length by many fpeeches, gate
His free confent to trauell for a fpace,
To trie what chaunce would hap by change of place.

Judge you that loue, and can difcerne a right,
How great annoy departure bredde in minde
To him that loude a paffing proper wight:
(Though not belovde) and now must leave behinde
The idoll that was shrinde within his brest
Whose rise remembrance lowde him little rest.

But yet away for promife fake he would, All needfull things were ready for the fame, Both cates and coyne, with plate of beaten gold: And for his better comfort, kinfmen came, Who ioyed to fee him part away from thence, Where she abode that caused his lewde expence. To forraine coast Nastagio now was bent,
But not resolude what special place to see,
Eyther Flaunders, France, or Spain, I thinke he ment
For that those feates of civile nature be:
To make it short, hee tooke his horse in poast,
And so departs the soyle he sansied most.

They had not trauailde farre, before they came
Vnto a place, that from Rauenna flood
Three miles or thereabout, the village name
Was Claffye, there Naftagio thought it good
To make aboade for eafe and folace fake,
Wherefore he pight his tent, and thus befpoke.

I thank you (friends quoth hee) with all my hart,
I hold myfelfe indebted for your paine,
Now here you may (if fo you lift) depart,
And to Rauenna fhape returne againe:
For I and mine will respite here a space,
I like the feate, and fancie well the place.

Here doe I meane to make affured flay,
Vntill the rufull Gods doe eafe my woe,
And Cupide chafe my forowes cleane away,
I purpose not a foote from hence to goe:
Lo here I pledge my faith to come no more
Vnto the foyle where I receiude my fore.

Which promife, if I hold, you have your willes, Who gave aduife and counfell to the fame:

There reftes no more, your penfine friend fulfils
A heavie charge, to flee fo faire a Dame,

As to my doome, there are not many moc, To match with her, whose beautie breedes my woe.

But well content I am, at your requeft
To liue exilde, in manner as you fee,
I will no more procure mine owne vnreft,
By louing her that loathes to pitie me:
And having thus at full declarde his minde,
They tooke their leaves, he paufde and ftaid b[eh]inde

Thus he at plafure lodgde, did banket more,
And led his life at greater libertie
Than in Rauenna he had done of yore:
Hee did exceede for courtly iolitie,
There wanted no delight that youth doth craue,
Which he for coyne or any coft might haue.

And whylom, as his auncient cuftome was,
For divers of his friendes he vfde to fend,
In gladfome ioyes the wearie day to paffe:
Whereby no loue care might his eafe offend:
Was never wight that loude in greater glee,
Nor fpent his time in brauer fort than hee.

When May, with motly robes began his raigne,
(A luftic time for every louing lad)
Naftagio pondering in his buffe braine,
The flender hyre that he received had,
And foule repulfe for all his good defart,
Gan walke abrode, and wild his groomes to part.

Whereby he might the better call to thought, The caufeleffe rigour of the cruell Dame: Whose smal regard his former spoil had wrought And turnde his torments into pleasaunt game: Along he paced into a gladsome groue, Whilst in his head ten thousand fancies stroue.

There stalkte he on, as foste as foote could tread,
In deepe discourse of beautic and distaine,
Vntill himselse a mile or more he lead
Into the Coppyse, not having any traine:
So long he staide, as dinner time drew neare,
Which he forgot, not minding bellye cheare.

Loe fee the hap, that him did there betide,
Within a while he heard a dolefull noyfe,
Of one that in the groue full fhrilly cryde,
Who feemde to be a virgin by her voyce:
The fodayne feare fo much amazde the man,
As streight to leave his pleasant thoughtes he gan,

Vplifted he his head, and glewde aboute

To fee what woofull wight it was, and why

She fo exclamde, and made fuch fodaine fhoute:

And as alongft the lawnde he keft his eye,

A naked Nymphe well fhapte in euery lym,

With fpeedie pace, he fawe come towards him.

Retcheleffe fhe ran through thick and thin amayn,
Bebrufht with bryers her broofed body bled,
The brambles fkirmifhte had with euery vayne,
Vntruft her haire hoong rounde about her head:
And euer as fhe ranne athwarte the wood,
Mercy fhe cryde with open mouth a good.

Two monftrous maftyues eke he fawe that ran Clofe by her fide, two vgly curres they were, Who euer as they onertooke her, gan Her haunches with their greedie teeth to teare: To view (alas) it was a wofull fight, Such hungrie houndes on naked flesh to light.

He lookte a little more afcance, and vewde One riding fafte, as jenats legges could goe, A hydeons knight, to feeming fwarthie hewde, And (as appearde) he was the maydens foe: For in his hande a naked fworde he had, Whofe face was grimme, and he in blacke yelad.

Who gallopt on, and glewde with fell regarde, Pronouncing threates and termes of hye difdaine, With cruell tooles for murther well preparde:
And cryde fo londe Naftagio heard it plaine,
That he reuenge of her by death would take,
With other thundring words which thoe he fpake.

Thus for an houre fpace, or thereaboute,
In one felfe brake Naftagio mazed floode
Perplexed fore, and greatly in a doubte,
Beholding howe the dogges athwarte the wood,
Did chace the wench, and how the wrathful knight
With gaftly looke purfewde this fillie wight.

So long he gazde, that pitie grew in fine,
And fwelling yre incenft his manly breft,
Pricking him on, and making him repine,
To fee a fillie dame fo fore diffrefte:

So as valeffe he refcued hir from foes, She was affurde eftfoone her life to lofe.

But bootleffe twas to meane to helpe the mayde, Not having weapons fit, nor fworde, nor launce, But yet, bicaufe the cafe required ayde, He raught a truncheon from a pyne by chaunce, And therewithall against the armed knight And both his curres he made with all his might.

The horfeman when he fawe Naftagio bent For her fupplie, whom he would reaue of life: Exclamde alowde, withftande not mine intent Naftagio, ftinte and breede no further ftryfe, Forgoe thy force, let maftiues haue their will. Sith they and I this monfter meane to kill.

He fcarfly fpake the worde, but by and by
The egre curres vnto her flankes they flewe,
And with her bloud that ran abundantly,
Their monftrous mouths they haftned to imbrewe:
Withall the knight difmounted from his fteede,
And in he ranne his hungrie dogges to feede.

Naftagio feeing this, approcht the knight,
I mufe (quoth he) how thou fhouldft know my name
Who neuer earst, eche other sawe with sight,
But this assure thy selfe, it is a shame,
A man at armes his honour to distaine,
With conquest of a mayde so fowly staine.

A blouddie facte, a fimple wenche to kill With cruell fworde, whose force confiftes in flight:

A beaftly parte, fuch maftiues mawes to fill, With giltleffe bloud, a villaines nature right. Thou dealfte with her, as though flue were a beafte. In forest bredde, not tasting womens breaft.

Affure thy felfe as much as lyeth in me,
I meane to garde her, maugre all thy might,
I compte her cleare without offence to be,
She is vnlike to be a guiltie wight:
I may not brooke fuch wrong in any wife,
Against my kinde and honour fore it lies.

Wherto the knight to this effect replyde:
Naftagio would thou wift and knewft it well,
That I to thee am verie neere allyde,
Both borne and bred where thou and thyne do dwell:
My first descent I tooke of noble race,
Thou knowest my stocke. Now listen to my case.

I lyued when thou wert but of tender age,
A mortall man, and hight Sir Guye by name,
My lucke was fuch as fanfie made me rage,
And fall in liking with this flately dame.
Whom here thou feeft, my loue was nothing leffe
Than that which doth thy yeelding heart poffeste.

I likte her well, I helde her verie deare:
But cruell fhe fo tygrelyke requites
My great good will with fuch a fkornfull cheare,
As lacke of ruthe berefte me my delightes:
Defpaire fo grewe within my hapleffe breft,
As on a time to compaffe greater reft,

This fauchion fell, in deepe defpite I drewe, To flinte my woes which neuer would aflake, And with the fame my felfe I fowly flewe, In hope thereby an ende of bale to make: Which wicked deede the Gods detefted fo, As I was judged to hollow hell to go.

And there affignde by rightfull doome divine,
For fhortning of my life to live in payne,
Where lingring griefes fhould make my ghoft to pine,
For life mifpent, the fitteft hire and gayne:
With Pluto thus it was my lot to ftay,
Woe worth the time that I my felfe did flaye.

But liften on, within a little fpace,
This haughtie dame that haftned on my death,
For yeelding me fuch flender hire and grace,
Who thought it none offence to ftoppe my breath,
Likewife did dye, whome mightie Ioue and iufte,
For her defarte, among the Furies thruft.

To quit her shame, in hell she had a share, With diuelish impes, that whilom wanted grace: And after that she had remayned thare, And plungde her limmes in frozen pittes a space, She was aduanste vp to the earth againe, And I with her to breede eche others payne.

Loe thus the Gods did will it for to bee,

Whose sentence may at no time be undone.

That she in poaste (as thou thy felse doest fee)

All bare of roabes before these dogs should ronne,

And I on horfebacke after her flould goe, Not as a friende, but like a mortall foe.

And looke howe ofte I reachte her on the way, So oft I fhould difmember all her corfe, With felfe fame fworde that did his maifter flay. She giuing caufe, though I did vfe the force: And butcherlike to rippe her downe the raynes, Who for good will, allowde me bitter paines.

And having cut her carkaffe quite in twayne,
That I should crushe the heart as colde as stone,
Not sparing to dispoyle eche little vayne,
Eche tender corde and string that grewe theron:
And take those other inwarde partes, to seede
My hungrie dogs, to serve their present neede.

This heavie doome was by the Gods affignde
The cruell dame, for wanting dewe regarde:
She is affurde no greater eafe to finde,
This torment is for her outrage preparde:
These curres and I in order as you see,
Appointed are her daily scourge to be.

And in this felfe fame groue where now we goe, Eache Friday neere about this tyme of day, This wicked wenche bewayles her wretched woe, And I with helpe of curres my part do play. The maftiues they doe chace her thwarte the wood, And I imbrewe my weapon with her blood.

Ech place where flue hath wroth my wo ere this, And yelded griefe in guerdon of good will, Vnto her plague that place appointed is, There muft I her with bloudie weapon kill: And marke how many monthes I fpent in loue, So many yeeres muft flee this penance proue.

Wherefore doe let me put the fame in vre,
Which she deserves, and I oue did give in charge,
Let her for former pride such paines endure,
As she may smarte, and I my selfe discharge:
In any wife take not her cause in hande.
In vaine it were for man with God to stande.

Naftagio having hearde the tale he tolde,
And waying well the earnest words he spake,
Although he were a ventrous wight and bolde,
Yet gan his trembling limmes with fear to quake:
He had not the a haire but stoode vpright,
Wherwith he starte abacke as one assight.

And gazde vpon the girle in woful cafe,
Marking the rigour that the knight would vfe
And practife thereupon the wench in place,
Who was to bide his force, and might not chufe:
His harte it bled within his breaft to vewe,
Howe tho the knight to diuelifh choler grewe.

For when he had his tedious proceffe donne. Full lyke a bedlym beaft in forrest bred, He gan vpon the filly wretche to ronne, Who to escape, before the mastines sled: With naked sworde he preast to do the deed, And came behinde, full cowardlyke to speede.

Bootleffe it was for her away to flye:
The jenate was too good for her of foote,
And more than that, the tyrant was fo nye,
As to appeale for pitie was no boote:
Wherfore with faint, forfeebled as flee was,
With bowing knee flee fell vpon the graffe.

The greedie houndes eftfoone began to bite, Seazing vpon her carkas with their iawes: With that comes in the gaftly fweating knight, Who thrust her through, and made no longer pawse: Streight down she went, with bloudy brest to ground Vnable to sustaine fo great a wounde.

Then backe he put his hand behinde his hippes, And drewe a fhoulder knife of purpose made, Wherwith the beast the bricket bone vnrippes, As is the bluddie butchers common trade:

And out he heads the backy leaping hearte, Whereof eche various nathric had a parte.

They quickly copto is vp, and made difpatche, As carrion curses and ramening whelpes do vfe, That every fieldy morriell lightly friatche, And being hips with femine, nought refuse:

As foone as this are doone, the virgin rofe, And was on form, and in the feavorde goes.

As though the control bene no fuch matter patt, And by her falls the residues round a mayne, The knight he control on his horte in hafte, Not fparing forces, and on he drow agains

The dreadfull fworde, as he had done of yore: Within a while Naftagio fawe no more.

They vanisht soone as those that went apace,
On neither side was slacknesse to be sounde.
The mayde she mounted, being had in chace,
Life made her leape, euen as the Hare doth bound:
The hungrie dogs, that hunger starued weare,
Layde on as fast her sleshye slankes to teare.

The ruftie knight he gaue his horfe the rayne,
And followde harde, as men for wager ronne,
Vpon defire to plague the wenche againe,
Who earst to him so great a wrong had donne:
Thus famine, feare, and fell reuenging minde,
Made mastiues, maid, and knight their legs to finde.

Naftagio having feene this pageant plaide, Stoode ftill in parte to pittie movd withall, In part with ftrangeneffe of the fight difmaide, Began to ponder with himfelfe, and call To minde afresh, how that the knight had told, Ech fryday that he might the like behold.

Which fitted well he thought for his intent.

It might perhaps turne him in time to good:

Wherefore he markt the place, and home he went,

Leauing a figne vidoubted where he flood,

Till time he were difpozde to put in vre,

That newe deuife, his quiet to procure.

Retirde vnto his tent, his man he fends Vnto Rauenna, out of hand to will His nearest kiu, and best beloued friends
To visite him in proofe of their good will:
Who being bid, came posting streight away,
To whom Nastagio thus began to say:
Mine auncient friends, you counseld me of yore
To shun the shamefull loue, that whylom I
Bestowde on her, that me tormented fore,
And plagude me so as I was like to die:
You warned mee to slie my pleasant foe,
Within whose brest no tender ruth might grow.

And more than that, you friendly did aduife That I should part my countrey, to avoide My monstrous charge, that dailie did arise And mount so hie as I was much anoyde. Now friendes, the wished time is come, for I Am readic here vnto your hest to plie.

I yeeld you heartie thanks in humble fort,
In great good part your holfome reade I take:
I craue no more, but that you will refort
Vnto my lodge on Friday next, to make
Good cheere, bring Paule Trauerfar then along,
And eke his wife, or els you do me wrong.

In any wife let not the Matron leaue
That daintie peate her daughter deare behind,
I meane in friendly manner to receiue
My friendes as then: fuch fare as you shall find,
Accept in gree, faile not to come, I pray,
And bring with you these parties at the day.

So many as were prefent there in view,
Both gaue him thankes, and promift not to faile
Themfelues to come, and bid the refidue,
Which they performde, the fute did foon preuaile
With all the gueftes, faue with that rockie maide,
Who found his feaft, and gladly would have ftaid.

But yet at length with much ado fhe went, The prefence of her parents led her on, Who being come vnto Naftagios tent, With courtly grace he greeted euerie one, Reioycing there to fee fo braue a traine, But her chiefe, that bred him all his paine.

Just vinderneath a very statelie Pine,
That shadowed all the troupe in compasse round,
The table stood, where all these states should dine:
To tell you truth, it was the selfe same grounde,
Where earst the knight had had the maid in chace:
The seaster prayde eche one to take his place.

And fo they did, regarding their eftate
That worthie were the highest roome to holde:
The fourme was fraught, vpon the bench there fat
Euphymia, fo as shee must needes behold
From first to last all thinges that fortunde tho,
There was no shift, Nastagio meant it fo.

I leave to defcant of their daintie fare, (Set bankets made by courtiers lacke no cates,) We may prefume the feruice there was rare, Because the board was virond round with states: So much the more because his mistresse came, Whom he had found so coy and queint a dame.

When fecond course was served in order rowne:
Euen then the blooddie Tragedie began:
The Sewer set the meate no sooner downe,
But by and by was heard of euery man,
A yelling noise that echode in the skies,
The wofulft sound that man might well denife.

Whereat ech one that fate at meate did muze, Demaunding who that wretched wight fhould bee, And afking what fhould meane that fodain newes, They heard a voyce, but coulde no creature fee: They vaunst themselues, and stood mee bolt vpright, Because they would the sooner haue the sight.

Within a while, ech one might plainly viewe A naked Nymph with maftiues by her fide, And eke an vgly knight that did purfue, And pofting on a Croyden jenate ride:

It was not long before they proched neere
The place, where as was held this royall cheere.

Wherein among the gazing guefts the flewe.
Exclaiming there for ruth with open armes:
With that regrete and tender pitie grew
Within their breaftes, to refcue her from harmes:
To whom the knight cryde, let alone the maid,
Reciting that which he before had faid.

He fhewde at large, both who the partie was, And did vnfolde the caufe of all her woe, And why the fentence of the Gods did passe.

In cruell fort vpon the mayden fo:

Which processe made them muze and marueile much,
So as none durst the knight or curres to touch.

Then he behavde him as he did of yore,
Slafhing the Lady with his fauchion fell.
The dogs received their pittance as before:
Who fed vpon the heart, and likte it well:
As many men and women as did view
This wofull fight, and both the parties knew.

And eke the houses whence they did descende,
And wist the cause of all this cursed case,
Both how fir Guye for faithfull loue was shend,
And how the cruell maiden wanted grace:
With one consenting minde lamented so,
As out brast teares in witnesse of their woe.

When that the knight had vfde the matter thus
In blooddie fort, as you have heard it told:
Amongst themselves the feasters gan discusse,
And diversly debate from young to old,
From first to last, what lately hapned there,
Toucht all with dread, but most that dame did fear

Whom good Naftagio lovde, and tendred much Because she thought within her guiltie minde, That her in chiefe this tragedie did touch, For soule distaine and being so vnkinde To him who for good will deserved ruth,

And could atchieue but scorne for all his truth.

Then first of all reforted to her thought,
What rockie heart and brasen breast she bare
The courteous knight, her loue that dearly bought,
And who for her had languisht long in care:
And hereupon as there shee sate in place,
Shee thought herself the wench that was in chase.

Full fore fhe feard her flanks, and thought fhee fawe Her friende purfue her on his fretting fteed, And how he did his wrathful weapon draw To take reuenge of that her curfed deed: And meant befides his hungrie hounds to fill With flesh of her, for want of due good will.

So paffing was her dread, as then there grewe A deepe defire within her mellow breaft,
Her louing friend in gentle wife to rewe:
Whereby her felfe might purchase quiet reft,
And fcape the fcourge and penance for her pride
Beftowde on him, who deepe in fansie fride.

When finisht was this feast and royall cheare,
And every guest returned backe again
Vnto her home, Euphymia did appeare
Tormented fore, and vext with monstrous paine,
The fodaine feare of what shee saw of late,
Had planted in Loue, in place of former hate.

The filent time that others doe beflowe From heavie cares and troubles of the day To quiet fleepe did breed this Ladies woe,
Who might not chafe those deepe conceites away:
No wished winke could enter in her eye,
Vnto her pillow fansie sate so nie.

When day drew on, and Phœbus with his waine Had cleard the pole, and darkneffe put to flight, She felt a fresh supply of pleasant paine, And wept the dayes as shee had watcht the night: Naslagio stacke so firmely in her breast, As for her life shee could not compasse rest.

Wherefore flee calles a chamber maide of truft, (A wittie wench, and one that knew her good)
And told her that in all the haft flee muft
Vuto Naftagios tent in Claffy wood:
To let him wit, that if he would vouchfaue
Her honeft loue, he might his purpose haue,

For fhee was fully bent without delay
To floupe vnto his will, if fo it were
His pleafure, then with fpeed to come away.
The maid departs, and being entred where
Naftagio was, fhee told her miftreffe minde
From point to point, as dutie did her binde.

All haile (good fir) quoth fhee, in luckie houre And bleffed time I viewe thy louely face:
Mine vnexpected comming to thy boure,
And preaffing here thus ouerbold in place,
Is by my ioyfull newes to wright thy cafe,

Whose noble minde in loue hath melted long, As to thy pains, so to thy open wrong.

Sufficeth now thy fad and folemne cheare,
Difcharge those cankred cares that fret thy mynde,
Lay forrow quite aside, which thou too deare
Hast bought, by means my Mistresse was vnkinde:
Plucke up thy spirites, hencefoorth be sure to sinde,
As great good liking at my Ladies hand,
As thou wouldst wish, she means thy frend to stand.

And for a proofe of what I vtter now,
Loe the lines that flatly do vnfolde
Her yelding necke, that to thy yoke doth bowe,
With fuch good will as may not well be tolde,
So faire a frend is worth her weight in gold.
Thus much by mouth my miftreffe wild me fay,
The reft (I iudge) this paper will bewray.

## The Ladies Letter of pittie to her afflicted friend, to whom She had been cruell.

S thou wilt muze to reade,
fo I might blufh to write
Thefe lines of loue, who for good will
haue fed thee with defpite:
And from the day when thou
becamft a thrall in loue,

Could neuer spare one sparke of grace that was for thy behoue:

Till now, both cleane against mine honour and mine vse, A Ladie, and a mayden both, I sende thee terms of truce.

I fende thee termes of truce. But liften well vnto

the tale that I fhall tell,

Ere rafhly thou my kindneffe deeme, and thinke I vfe thee well.

For Lions feldome fewe vnto the fillie sheepe,

No porter to their captines crouch, whom they in chaines doe keepe:

Few Ladies of eflate, few Dames of hie degree,

Doe bow vnto their vasfals willes, as I doe now to thee.

But knowe that though I write the wordes of great good will:

Yet I regarde mine honour aye, and keepe my countnance ftill.

No luft procurde my lynes, my credite to impaire:

No fleshie fitte my fancie forst to speake Nastagio faire.

But feeing how in feas of forow and diffresse,

Thy body bathde for love of me:
I could not doe no leffe,

But feeke to falue thy harmes, by pitying thine anov,

Who, to poffeffe my liked limmes, bereft thy felfe of iov.

I faw howe for my fake thou wafted hadft thy welth,

And planting battrie to my fort, wert retchleffe of thy health:

Deuifing how to raze

the bulwarke of my breft,

And fcale the walles of my good will, whom thou didft fancie beft,

I plainly did perceiue

(as Louers foone will fee,)

Howe thou forfookeft thy natiue foyle, and all for love of me:

Quite careleffe of thy coyne, thy friendes and yeerely rents,

Not forcing stately builded bowres, nor gallant garish tentes:

Which when I flatly found, from fanfie to proceede,

(Although thou thoughtft me ouerproud)
I pitied thee in deede.

Yea Ioue fhall be my iudge, when thou beganfte to fewe,

And in Rauenna wert inragde, and first to liking grewe: Thy courtly grace was fuch, fo comly was thy corfe, And all thy partes fo pleafde mine eves. as I had had remorfe, And bended to thy bowe, faue that I dreaded guiles: My fearefull youth bid me beware, of mens miftruftfull wiles. Who faine to frie in love, and melt with fansies flames: When their denife is only how by craft to compasse dames. I reade in auncient bookes, how Iafon playde the Jew, And to the Queene that favde his life. in fine was found vntrue: Not forcing her a figge, who for his fake forwent Both aged fyre, and tender babes, and crowne by due defcent. Againe I calde to minde how falfe Eneas fled, And left the curteous Carthage dame fast sleeping in her bed: Whofe bountie earft had bounde by det and due defart, When weatherbeaten he arrivde.

this trayterous Troyans hart.

Then Thefeus came to thought, and pranking Paris eake:

Who like vnfaithfull fickle men, their fworne yowes did breake,

Fayre Oenons wofull writ can witnesse of the tone:

Thother from Ariadna fled and left her post alone.

With fundrie futers mo, who being bound to loue,

Saunce quarell good, or matter why, their likings did remoue:

Renouncing to their flames, those Ladies, who did rewe

Their bafe eftates, and did relieue the men they neuer knewe.

These partes produced my pawse, and wilde me to beware,

Leaft I by giving rafh confent to love were trapt in fnare.

My loue was like to thine, I fryde with egall fire,

But nature helpes vs to conceale the sparkes of our defire.

Kinde aydes vs to conuey our fittes in finer wife:

For honours fake, than men, who shew their fancies by their eyes,

Which if we Ladies did, Defame would ring her bell, And blaze out armes in colours bafe although we meant but well. You men like Marchants are that fet their wares to showe, Whereby to lure the lookers eyes that by your wyndowes goe, And fundrie times in fleade of right and coftly clothes, You vtter trash, and trisling stuffe, which enery chapman lothes. But we like Goldfmithes deale. that forge their plate within: Whofe hammers plie the anuil aye, and yet no working feen. No fmoke nor fmoother flies. for any to beholde, Vntill the rude vnperfite maffe be brought to burnisht golde. We worke, but all within, our hammers are not heard: We hotly loue, but keepe it close, for feare our match be marde. For who esteemes the mayde, or holdes the virgin pure: That standes a stale for euerie guest, and stoupes to euerie lure?

Yea, be she maide or wife,
if once her lookes be light,
And that in fundrie suters tales
she place her deepe delight:

Downe is her credite cut with hatchet of mifhap,

Her honour hewde in peeces firaight, by meane of open lap.

O Goddes, what griefe were this vnto a noble minde?

How would it vexe an honeft Nymph, whose credite clearely shynde?

For offer of good will, with meaning not amiffe:

To beate the badge of Helen, or of Crefide, for a kiffe?

Then ought not we (I pray) that noble maydens are,

So guide our tender steppes of state, as vertue may prefarre,

And place vs in the ranke, that is for Ladies dewe?

Should we lende light beliefe to loue? or euery futer rewe?

So might we reape the crop of care, and foule defame:

Where earst we neuer meant to sowe the finfull seedes of shame.

I write not this of all that louing futers bee, Or in fuch fort, as though I thought the like deceit in thee,

As earft in Iafon was, or in the wandring Prince,

And fundrie other Lordings mo, that have bene louers fince.

One Swallow is no figne that Sommer time is come,

No more must all Cupidos knightes be cast because of some:

Birdes are not plumde alike, yet all birdes in kinde:

So men are men: but yet in some more fickle partes we finde.

I counte thee no fuch one as lightly will remoue:

Thy lingring fute, my long delayes confirme thy faith in loue.

Whom fith I finde fo firme and fledfast in defire,

As neither lowring lookes, nor lacke can make thee once retyre,

Or folter in thy fayth,
which thou haft yowde to me:

Proceede in loue, but haft thee home, that I thy face may fee.

Plucke vp thy manly minde,

and fprites forfpent with woe:

Drie vp the deaw that from thine eyes and drearie cheekes do flow:

Doe barbe that boysterous beard: that ouergrowes thy face:

Either cut, or kembe thy feltred lockes to mende thy manly grace.

Put on thy golden gyte, and former fresh aray:

Bestride thine auncient stately steede and quickly come away.

Backe to Rauenna ride, euen there to purchafe ioy,

Where thou ere this (the more my blame) haft liude in great anoy.

Forgo thy folemne walkes, bandon Claffie wood:

Leaue off to leade thy life in lawndes, imbrace thy townish good.

Thou art no vowed Monke in Cloyfter clofe to dwell:

No Ancker thou enjoynde with Beads, to hyde in fimple Cell.

But thou a comelie knight, in field a Martial man:

And eke in time of peace, a wight that rule Rauenna can.

Wherfore as I enforft thy bale and caufeleffe care: And was the onely fhe that made thee mourne and languish there: So (good Naftagio) nowe let me reuoke thee thence: That hande that did the harme ere this nowe vfe in thy defence. I shot, I must confesse, the dart that gaue the dynt, For which, lo here the bleffeful balme, thy deadly griefes to flint. Surceasse thy wofull plaintes, difcharge thy darke difpaire: The golden beames of my remorfe, fhall cleare thy cloudy ayre. When angry frowning foes encounter in the fildes. With murdering mindes, the ftronger flaies, when once the weaker yeeldes. Vp goes the wrathfull fworde into his fheath againe: The yeelding of the tone, doth caufe that neuer a man is flaine. If weakeft thus may winne by flouping to be flrong, In combate fell for life and death:

thou doeft mee double wrong,

That hold in virgins hand, thy bale and eke thy bliffe,

And am thy Queene, and only ioy,

and frankly offer this:

If thou my kindneffe fcorne, and rather makfte the chovce

To fpill thy gallaunt prime in plants, than with thy frendes rejoyce.

Thou feeft how I do fue, to whom thou for fuedft grace.

Sith I doe pitie thy diffresse,

to hight thy dolefull cafe:

Difpatch without delay, treade torments vnder foote,

That mirth within thy mourning minde may take the deeper root.

The banquet latelie made, where I beheld my cheere,

And marckte thy moode from point to point, in whome did plaine appeare

A kinde and conftant heart, not bolftered vp with gyle:

Enflamde my liuer fo with loue, as I was forft to fmyle.

And had by outward fliewes, bewraied thee my good will,

Saue that my mother prefent was who markt my countenance ftill.

I fawe, when we approcht, the tent amid the wood: How all thy guefts reioyft thee, but twas I that did thee good. My prefence bred delight, within thy blooming breft: And to diffemble liking thou, didft welcome all the reft. I markt at table how thou flilie cast thine eie. On me afkance, and caruedft too my mother by and by: As who would fay, behold the meate I meant to thee. I am enforft to giue it here least they my fansie see. And when I raught the wine, and dranke my thyrft to quell, In felf fame peece how thou would pledge I yet remember well. I faw, when after meat wee parted home againe, How all thy former frolicke fit, was quickly changde to paine. My comming brought thee bliffe, my parture made thee pine. My beautie for the time enflamde

and heat that heart of thine.

I faw (what wilt thou more)

my prefence was thy life,

And how mine abfence fet thy wits at cruell warre and strife.

Then fith thine eyes are bent to feed uppon my face,

And that the want of my good will hath made thee runne this race:

I rew thee now at laft, I pitie thy diffresse,

I yeeld that thou the caftle of thy comfort now possesse.

I am no Lions whelpe,

I fuckte no Tigers teat,

In fpoyle of fuch as fewde for loue, delight I neuer fet.

l neuer pleafure tooke, in forcing foe to death.

Much leffe my tender heart wil brooke to floppe Naftagios breath.

Time gives affurance good, of thine vnfained truft:

Thou bearft no treafon in thy breft, thou haft no lechers luft.

Whom fithence I have tride in love fo perfect true:

To quit thy faith, I am thy friend, referuing honour due.

If marriage loue thou meane, then franke confent I giue, To yeeld thee vp Dianas bowe, and loue thee whilft I liue.

In Iunos ioyfull yoke,
to ioyne and draw with thee:

It likes me well, there refts no more but that my frends agree.

Small fute fhal ferue the turne, for if they doe not yeeld:

Then I my felfe enright thee with the conqueft of the fielde:

My felfe do keepe the key, where lies the iewell, which

Is thy delight, and onely ioy whom thou defirst fo much.

But no miftruft I haue, thy motions are fo good:

Thy flocke, and flate, fo noble, as thou fhalt not be withflood.

Wherefore (O makeleffe man) fet all delayes afide,

Thy Ladie loues, and is content to be thy bounden bride.

Retire, thou retchlesse wight, whose lingring woundeth twaine:

Two noble hearts fhall thinke them bleft when thou returns agains.

These wordes I wrote in bed, where oft I wisht for thee: Mine honour bids me pawfe at that, as yet it must not be. Farewell, with Neftors yeeres, God fende thee happie daies: Remember, thou that louing mindes can broke no long delaies. Alas, for thee I die ten thousand times a day: My fits be fierce, my griefe is great, wherefore difpatch away. I wish thee Dædals wings, or Perfeus praunfing fteed, Or els the cart that Phæton rulde. but better farre to fpeed. In heart I am thy wife, if that content thy will: Once more adeu, thy lingring long, thy faithfull friend will fpill,

Thy long beloved in RAVENNA, EVPHYMIA.

Guerra el mio stato, dira, e di duol piena. Vegghio, penso, ardo, piango.



FTSOONE replyde the knight, with friendly face,

With gladfome heart, and trembling tong for ioye:

Faire Nymph (quoth he) thy comming to this place

Delights me much, and quits my great annoy. The thing, whereto thou faift I fhall afpire, Is that which long Naftagio did defire.

Thy meffage likes my minde exceeding well,
And fith thy Ladie deales fo friendly now
With me her thrall, forget not thou to tell,
That by the Gods I make a folemne vow,
Not to abufe her honour or defile
Her noble name by any wanton wile.

My purpose is, in good and godly fort,
To take her to my lawfull wedded wife,
And so vnto the Lady make report,
I sweare my felse her husband during life:
Doe give my Loue this Amathiste from mee,
As pledge that I ere long with her will bee.

And for thy paines, loe here a flender fumme, But better this, than no reward at all: I meane to friende thee more in time to come, Farewell (faire fweete) accept my guerdon fmall. The maid had money, thanks, and leaue to part, Whofe answere made her Ladie light of heart.

And thereupon withouten longer flay,
Vnto her friendes flee brake her whole intent,
As touching marriage, and withall did pray
With willing mindes that they would give confent,
Vnfolding her effection to the man,
And how in heart that onely courfe flee ran.

The aged parents of this willing wight,
Perceiuing how their daughters minde was fet,
And knowing eke the fanfie of the knight,
Triumpht for ioy, and thought it finne to let
Such honest loue, or hinder marriage bande.
The short is this, they wedded out of hand.

A marriage day no fooner gone and pafte,
There were not in Rauenna man or wife,
If you had fitted all from first to last,
In greater glee that wasted all their life:
She shewde her felse not halfe so hard before,
But being matcht, she loude him ten times more.

And not alone this one good turne befell Nastagio, through this sodaine forced feare, But divers moe, that there about did dwell, Bepitied those that louing hearts did beare: And such as for good will had rigour showen, No more for foes, but louers would be knowen.

## The Acmusy.



HRICE happie those I deeme aboue the rest,
That ground good will, and fixe affection so,
As in the end it fall out for the best,
Not broken off by fortune, nor by foe:
Seedes wisely sowen will prosper well and growe.
But where aduise and wholsome counsel wants,
Trees may not proue, they perish in the plants.

Who makes his choice to loue in tender age,
And seomes the skill of such as time hath taught,
And headlong runnes at riot in his rage,
Is like the birde in net by fowler caught,
Bringing himselfe and all his wealth to naught:
It cannot be but such as counsell scorne,
Must needes at length be viterly forlorne.

The sicke that loathes to listen to his cure, And scehes no meane his maladic to cease, To dic the death, for lacke of helpe is sure. The carelesse man is full of wretchednesse: So raging love brings balefull end, vnlesse The patient plie, and lend a bending eare, Vnto his friend, that willes to forbeare.

Which seldome when in frantike youth is found, In case of low where pleasure strikes the stroke, They hate the plaister that should heale the wound, And like the beast runne willing to the yoke, That with his straightnesse sundrie times doth choke. The least anoy that fraile desires bestow, Is wracke of wealth, if quite the carcasse goe:

Yea divers times goodes, life, and al decayes, Through foolish luste, and wanton witlesse wil: So many be the driftes and double waies: That craftic dames doe put in practise still, As some they sotte, and other some thay kill. They little force, how raging louers rewe, So they themselves in peace the pageant vewe!

Not much valike the wilie witted boy
That tiles his trappe to take the subtile foxe,
Who clappes his handes, and makes the greatest ioy,
When he perceiues false Reynard in the stockes,
And for his labour gives ten thousand mockes:
So eraftie Dames contended are to lure
Men on to love, but seorne them being sure.

Their pranking beauties pricke them on to pride,
Their feitured limmes bedeckt with natures die:
Makes them followe rigour for their guide,
And ouerlookes their friendes with haughtie eye,
Who for their loues are euen at point to die:
Without regarde of spoyle, or of expene<sup>5</sup>,
Deeming them selues quite cleare of all offence.

As in this processe plaine is set to viewe, Wherein a heauie mistresse playde her parte, Right weill contente to let Nastagio rewe, And for good will to reape disdaine and smarte, That loude her from the bottome of his hearte: Who though he were ritche, and noble by descent, Yet might not make her marble minde relent.

By lingring loue she made his monie mealte, As waxe doth weare against the flaming fire: Through her disdaine outragiously he dealt, Wasting his wealth to compasse fond desire, A great deale more than reason did require: She was the cause, for had not fancie bene, He would more neere vnto his profite seene.

But womens beauties bleare the clearest eyes, Their feeble force makes weake the wisest wittes, Their limber chaines the sturdie Champion ties, The grauest sage is thrall to louing fitts, The rockiest brest with bolt Cupido hittes: And who so thinkes to scape most cleare away, Is soonest caught, and makes the longest stay.

I coulde accompte Cupido for a God When I respect his puissance and his might, If in his shaftes he were not found so odde, But would in case of liking deale aright, And force faire dames their louers to requite. But commonly when men in fancie burne, Then womens hartes are most vnapt to turne.

When man doth rage, his Ladie lies at rest,
When he laments, she liues at quiet ease,
She coldely loues, when he doth fancie best,
And when she powtes, yet he must seeke to please,
And make faire wether in the roughest seas:

Yea, and perhaps, at last when all is done, As farre to seeke as when he first begonne.

As proues this noble man who having spente
No slender summes in service of his love,
And barde himselfe, by racking of his rent:
Yet could by no desert good lyking move,
In ruthlesse brest no pitties plantes might prove,
Till feare of harmes her late repentance wrought,
She could to clothe by no devise be brought:

But when in fine this bloody broile she sawe,
And plainely vewde, amid the open groue
The Ladies plagues, then was she pincht with awe
Of like successe: then little Cupide stroue
Within her bulke, because that she had woue
The web that wrought Nastagio all his woe:
And thereupon she lefte to be his foe.

Then fell she flatte to fansie out of hande,
Than sent she messege to bewray her mynde,
Then did she let Nastagio vnderstande,
How that she meant no more to be vnkinde,
But willing was her selfe in matche to binde:
Whereby we see that sundry things are done,
By force of feare, which wit had never wonne

But sure good will of feare that takes his grounde,
But badly proves, a fancie forst in harte
Full lightly fades, and seldome when is sounde,
With every heate tis ready to departe,
It doth resemble colours made by arte.

The franke consent in love, tis ever best,
Whom meere affection breedes in yeelding brest.

Faire Ladies, beare with what I vtter here, Concerning women, and their deepe disgrace. I gyrde the coye, I leave the courteous cleare, And this I say: Who fawnes vpon the face Of any dame, and reapes a scornefull yrace: Were she as brave as Paris Ladic was, For loving so he proves himselfe an Asse.

Who serves a sot, and bowes at every becke,
Without the guerdon that to love is dewe,
And playes his game at chesse to gayne a checke,
Deserves the mate that doth the checke ensewe,
Because he scornes his mischiefe to eschewe:
And she that hath a perfite friend to trust,
Deserves a plague, if she be found vniust.

You stately Dames, that peacocklyke do pace, Through pride abusing such as are your thralls, Enforcing them for lacke of better grace, Vnto their bane, which sundrie times befalles, Not finding salue to cure their griefull galles: Euphymias plagues imprinte in heedefull mynde, And looke for like, if you be found vnkynde.

Ama chi tama.

Minor pæna Tantall ne linferno Pate, che chi di donna sta al gouerno.

## The Argument to the second Hystorie.



COCRATES a cruell tyrant, slewe
Sir Fædimus, who had vnto his wife
One Aretafila, of gallant hewe,
And after, (hauing reft the husbands life)
Did wedde this dame who though were made
a queene
Might not forget the murther she had seene.

No loue deuise, no iewels fet from farre, Could so reclaime this noble Ladies minde, But that she would aduenture him to marre, Who slew her knight, whereat she so repinde: By poisoned drinke she meant to do the deede, But that was found, it might not well succeede.

The tyrants mother Caluia, tygreleeke,
Procurde her plagues, and torments diuersly,
For that the Queene to slay her sonne did seeke,
But wisely she did slacke this crueltie:
And made him thinke her sirupe was to proue,
Where she might force in him a greater loue.

Which shift allowed, she more in credit grew,
The king forgaue, but she could not forget,
But once againe deuisde a drifte anewe,
Which as she thought, might lightly haue no let.
The king a brother had, a wilfull wight,
Bente all to loue, and he Leander hight.

This Ladie bare by Fedimus of yore,
A daughter faire, whom she by practise sought,
To couple with Leander euermore,
Which macht at length with much ado was wroght,
Then all the mothers skil, and daughters drifte,
Was by this youth, the king from crown to lifte.
By day the Queen the daughter did perswade,
The wife by night did play her part so well,
As in a while these two Leander made
To vndertake to rid this tyrant fell:
No dew regard of bloud, no care of kinde,
Could stay the fact, this princoxe was so blinde.

The king was slaine by cruell brothers hande,
The realme releast of such bloudie foe,
Leander then did gouerne all the lande,
The hope was great that matters wel should goe:
But when this youth had once atchiude the state,
He scornde the Queene, and all her friends forgate.

Puft vp with princely pride, he wore the crown,
And lawlesse liude, so neare his brothers trade,
As needefull was to seeke to put him downe:
And thereupon the Queene this practise made,
She hirde for coyne a noble man at armes,
To slay her sonne, to salue her countries harmes.

This warlike Captaine came from Libie lande, Who tooke by force this tyrant coward king, And gaue him vp into his mothers hande:

A Noble dame that compast twice to bring Her realme to reste, and rigour to subdewe.

Lo here the summe, the processe doth ensewe.

ITHIN Cyrene earft
there dwelling was a Dame
Namde Aretafila, of birthe
and noble bloud the came,
Elator was her Syre,
a man of great renowme:

Sir Fædimus her hufband hight, the chiefe in all the towne For noble minde and wealth: this Ladie was fo well With bewtie dighte, as flue the refte, not onely did excell For feature of her face, that was full fayre to looke, But eke for graue Mineruas giftes, and cunning in her booke: Her facred giftes were great, her wifdome was as rare. As was her face, for fewe with her in learning might compare. What time this Ladie liude, a tyrant fierce and fell, Nicocrates, poffeft the lande where did this matron dwell.

Who many of the men that in the Citie were, Did do to fowle and fhamefull death. he kept them all in feare. They wist not what to doe: Apollos prieft he flewe, His handes he nothing flucke with bloud of prophets to imbrue: Whom fhame, and finne it was with rigour to entreate, Refpecting what their office was, and why they kept the feate. At length this cruell king thus having fundrie flaine, To trap Sir Fædimus in fnare did beate his wilie brayne, And neuer gaue it off, till he had wrought his will: He thirfted for his bloud, whom he without offence did kill. And after hufbands death, this noble dame did wedde: Who had as leuer loft her life, as layne in tyrants bedde. But force did take effect, to ftriue it booted nought, (For tyrant luft doth ftande for lawe)

to yeelde it best she thought.

So monftroufly his minde too bloudie deedes was bent, As fauing death without deferte might nothing him content.

And looke as many as
he forced fo to die,
Hee caufed to be carried out,

without the walles to lie,
Amid the open fieldes,
that they might neuer haue

The reuerence to corfes due, nor honour of the graue.

His Subjects when they fawe him bath him fo in blood,

And that to flay the giltleffe wight it did this monfter good.

Some, to avoide his handes, did make in wife they were

Quite voide of life, to the ende they might be borne on the beare.

And carried to the fielde, where dead did use to lie,

They thought them bleft that by this wile could bleare the Princes eie.

At length this fubtile fhift, the cruell king perceiude,

And faw how to efcape his fcourge, they had him long deceyude:

To worke a furer way, at euery gate there was Appointed one, with charge to looke that no man there might paffe, In colour of the dead, who cause he did not trust The bearers with his naked fworde the bodies vfde to thruft Through coffin where they lay, to make the matter fure: This great outrage of his, the Queene no longer coulde endure, But verie much mislikte thefe Tyrants trickes, and had Compaffion of her native foyle, and woulde been very glad With hazard of her life to rid this monfter quight, For hatred which flee bare to him that murthred fo the knight Whom fhee full dearely loude: and albeit the king Made very great account of her, yet did shee minde the thing Which shee conceuide before and purpofde in her breaft, And till shee had atchieude the same, could neuer line at reft.

And though the Prince his power this dayly greater grewe, Had bred the Subjects to dispayre their freedome to renewe, Or euer fafe to liue within their natiue land, Where fuch a cruell king did holde the fcepter in his hand: Yet did this noble dame conceiue a greater truft, To finde a time to worke her feate, which eyther doe shee must And fo at freedome fet her countrie men againe, And venge her louing hufbands death, or let them all be flaine, As hee, good knight, had beene. To pricke her on the more, Shee cald to minde the practife of a Theban dame before, That wife Færæa hight: for doing of the which, The valiant women wan renowme, and was commended much. Whom fhee had great defire to follow in this deede: But when shee faw for lack of aide

and helping hands at need,

(Which the Theban had,) flee could not doe the leeke: Shee meant to doe it with a thing that was not farre to feeke. Deuifing by a drinke, to rid the Tyrants life, Who flue her hufband by deceite and forft her to his wife. A poyfon fhee preparde, whereby as I fhall tell, In prefent perill of her life this ventrous Ladie fell. For still her purpose failde, and being in the end Difcouered, and the matter found. which flee did then pretende, Diffembling could not ferue to falue the fore againe. For what good heart flee bare the king did then appeare to plaine. The Tyrants mother eke, that Madame Caluia hight, Not louing Aretafila, (a dame of great defpight) Full fit to breede a babe of fuch a blooddie minde. (For children commonly are like

vnto the mothers kinde)

Perfwaded, that to death this Ladie should be done, As one that did pretend the fpoyle, and flaughter of her fonne. But what the great good will to her the Prince did beare. And answere bold that shee had made with vfage voyde of feare, Before the mother Queene. who there in open place, Accufde her of her murther ment. there standing face to face, Did quit her from the death. But when the proofe was fuch, And euidence fo plaine appearde, fo that fhee mought not much Excuse her of the fact, but that the poyfoned cup Was made by her, and meant vnto the king to drinke it vp: There Aretafila. before the Iudges face, In prefence of the Prince her fpoufe, did thus declare the cafe. My Soueraigne Lord and Loue, I cannot doe no leffe, But, that this cup I did procure, before thee now confesse.

My felfe the fyrrope made, and meant to giue it thee: But this I will protest againe, not knowing it to be

A venim rancke and vile, but verily did thinke

By cunning to deuife this cup, and make a craftie drinke

To caufe a man to loue: for knowe you this, that I

Am fpited at, of fundrie that my marriage doe enuie.

It greeues a number, that you beare me fuch good will,

It is a gall to fome to fee that I shoulde have my fill

Of treasure and attyre, and be a Prince his wife,

And they themfelues to liue vnknowne, and lead a private life.

I knowe they cannot well my happy ftate endure,

But that they will at length deuife your friendship to allure,

And cause you cast me off: which was the cause that I

Did brewe this drinke to keepe good wil.

I thought it good to trye

By art to flay a friend, whom I by fortune wonne: And if fo be I did offend, you cannot deeme it donne For malice, but good will, for hatred, but for zeale: Why fhould I then condemned be that never meant to deale But as a louing wife? And if your pleafure be I shall bee punisht for my fault, yet doe account of me Not as a witch, that woulde bereaue you of your life, But one that by enchauntment thought to make you Loue your wife, And match her in good will that doth extreemely loue: And who, to be beloved alike. dyd meane this fleight to proue. When thus the Matron had, with manly mouth and grace, Ypleaded for her felfe, the Prince to whom pertaind the cafe, \*Well liking this excufe, woulde not in any wife

That flee, who was his wife, shoulde die:

but this he did denife.

That there thee thould be rackt till time thee would confesse The truth, and what flee meant thereby in open place expresse. When torment readie was, and rack there fet in place, Then cankred Caluia plaide her part, and laid her on a pace, Vntill thee wearie woxe: fhee longed for her blood, Which made her earnest in the case, and plague the Queene a good. But Aretafila. as one that forced nought Of all the paines flee had indurde, difcouered not her thought: She nothing would confesse, but kept it in her minde, And hereupon deliuerde was. Nicocrates could finde No due defart of death. Then grew within his breaft A great remorfe for rigour showne to her he loued beft. Whom he without offence had put to cruell paine. Wherefore within a fpace the king began to loue againe:

And fanfie her as faft, deuifing fundry fhiftes,

To winne her olde good will, he gaue her many goodly gifts.

She could not want the thing the tyrant had in flore,

Who then but Aretafila, whom he had rackt before?

And fhe that was full wife, by countnance and by cheare,

Did make as though flue did embrace and helde the tyrant deare:

But still in store she kept within her wrathfull minde,

Remembrance of reuenge, till flue fit time and place might finde.

And in her head fhe cut the patterne of his paine,

How, if occasion fervde she mought auenge her husbande slaine.

By Fedimus fhe bare whilfte he yet liuing was,

A daughter that for honest life and beautie braue did passe.

And fo befell it, that
the king a brother had,
Leander namde, a wilfull youth,

and eke a wanton lad,

Much given to the love of light alluring dames, To whom, as to a byting fish, a bayte this mayden frames. To take him by the lippe, by forcerie fhe wrought, And cuppes that caufe a man to loue: whereby this youth fhe brought Into her fubtil net: thus was Leander caught By loue deuifes, that the Queene vnto her daughter taught. This damfel having woonne Leander to her lure, So traynde him on, as fhe at laft the Princesse did procure The tyrant to request, to yeelde him his defire, As touching mariage of the Mayde, that fet his minde on fire: Who when Leanders loue and purpose vnderstoode, To Aretafila to breake the fame he thought it good. She willing was thereto, as one that wrought the wile: Nicocrates perceiuing that, denying it a while,

Yet graunted at the length: not willing to be feene

An enemie vnto the mayde, the daughter of the Queene.

When all good willes were got, the mariage day drew neare,

Vntill Leander wedded was, he thought it twentie yeere.

To make the matter fhort,

I leave for you to fcan,

Both of the maydens rich attyre,

I leave the musike out,
I let the banket go:

and iewels of the man.

I fpeake not of the noble men that were at wedding tho.

I write not of the wine, nor of the daintie cates,

Affure your felues there wanted naught that fitted royal ftates.

When wedding day was done, the wife to chamber went,

And after her Leander came: where they in pleafure fpent

The night, as cuftome is, and maried folkes do vfe:

And felfe fame pleafure night by night from that day forth enfues.

The lately wedded wife behaude her felfe fo well, That still Leander ten times more to doting fansie fell. Which when fhe vnderftoode, a wench of wily witte, To fet her purpose then abroch, fhe thought it paffing fit. A fyled tale fine framde, and thus begun to fpeake: Mine owne (quoth flee) the great good wil I beare you, makes me breake My minde and meaning nowe: the carke and care I have. Is caufer that I will you from your brothers fword to faue Your life, whilfte yet you may: you fee his monftrous minde, And how his hatefull tyrants heart is all to blood inclinde. You know his cruell deedes. I fhall not neede recite The fundry men that he hath flaine vpon a meere despight: You viewe the gorie ground, where yet the bodies lie, You fee how tyrant like he deales,

you fee with daily eye,

Such vndeferued deathes as we it is to tell:

In my conceite, if you fhould feeke, his fpoyle, you did but well.

It were a worthie deede, and well deferuing prayfe,

To murther him, and reaue his realme that fo his fubicets flays.

To rid your natiue foyle of fuch a monster, may

Not onely gaine immortall fame that neuer fhall decay:

But winne you fuch good will, in countrie and in towne,

As by the meanes thereof, you may attaine the royall crowne,

Which now your brother weares against the peoples will,

Who would (no doubt) elect you prince, if you the tyrant kill.

To quit fo good a turne, and noble deede withall,

But if you let him raigne a while, I feare, at last you shall

Repent your long delay:

your flate is neuer fure, As long as he, the monfter liues,

he will your bane procure.

What thraldome like to yours? howe wretched is your life? Haue you forgotten how you fude to him, to take a wife? Fie, fhame, Leander, fie, I greatly difalow, That you who are his brother, fhould vnto your brother bow. Put cafe he owe the crowne, is that a caufe that you May not go marry where you lift, but must be forst to sue So like a boy, for leaue to choose your felfe a make? Oh that I were a man, I would enforce the beaft to quake. Leander, if you loue or make account of me, Bereaue the monfter of his life: my mother longs to fee The flaughter of her fo, that flue my father earft. With thefe her wordes Leander felt his heart fo throughly pearft, As vp from bed he flew, with minde to murther bent: To fucke his brothers bloud, ere long this wilfull marchant ment.

Leander had a friend
whom he did loue as life,
Callde Danicles, to whom he rode
and tolde him what his wife
Had willde him take in hande,

wherein his ayde he muft In whom efpecially he did

In whom especially he did repose assured trust.

Leander with his friend, when time and place did ferue,

Nicocrates the tyrant flue, as he did well deferue.

And having done the deed, achieude the kingly Crowne,

He ftrake the ftroke, and ruler was, and gouernde all the towne.

Thus he in office plafte, puft vp with princely might,

Not forcing Aretafila, his mother law awhit,

Nor any of hir blood: once having got the raigne,

Did all the worlde to vnderstande

by that his high difdaine,
That he his brother flue

for rancour and despight:

Not for defire his Countrey foyle from tyrants handes to quight. So loathfome all his lawes, fo ftraunge his ftatutes were, Such folly in his royfting rule, as made the people feare, Their former foe to haue bene rayfde to life againe, Who was not many dayes before by this Leander flaine. When Aretafila fawe howe the game did go, And that Leander in his fwav did vfe the matter fo. And proudly rulde the realme, efteeming her fo light, Who hoped by his brothers death, the countrie had bene quight Releast of tyrants rage: when fhe perceiude (I fay) Howe haughtily his heart was bent, fhe meant her part to play: In ridding of the realme of fuch a cruel king, That kept his fubiccts fo in awe, and vnder yoke did wring: A fresh report was blowne of one Anabus, bred In Libie lande, a Martial man that all his life had led

In face of foraine foes:

with him this wily dame

Did practife, and fuch order tooke,

as he with army came

Leander to fubdue:

who being nigh at hand,

With mightie troupe of warlike wights,

to ouercom the land:

The Queene, his mother lawe,

as one that were difmaide,

To worke her wile, Leander cald,

and thus to him fhee faid:

Loe here (good fonne) you fee how nie your mightie foe

Is come to bid you battaile, and

your Captaines are (you know)
Not to be matcht with his:

behold what men they are:

Well skild in feats that touch the fielde,

and traind in trade of warre.

Your fouldiers are but sheepe,

for battaile farre vnfit:

Befides their pollicies are great,

your Captaines haue no wit

To deale in fuch a cafe,

that toucheth Princes state:

Againe, there commes no honour by

fuch brawles, and broyling hate:

Confider with your felfe, you fcarfly haue as yet Good footing gotten in your raigne, vnftable (fonne) you fit, And like to take a fall: whereof if womans braine May give good counfaile to the wife, I would (I tell you plaine,) Your foe and you were friendes: I would allow it well, If you with Captaine Anabus to truce and concord fell. I doe prefume on this, and dare to vndertake. That you shall fafely come to talke, by meanes that I will make With him that is your foe: the wordes his mother fpake Leander liked verie well and in good part did take. Defirous of a parle, but ere the pointed day Of talke betwixt the Captaines came, fhe fent a Poast away, A meffenger of truft, Anabus to entreate. That when Leander iffude out. then he should worke his feate.

And either flaye him there, by force in open fielde,

Or vnto her, the cruell king in chaines a captiue yeeld:

In recompence whereof fhe made a large beheft,

Of gold that fhe would franklike giue:

whereto this greedie gest,

The Lybian man of warre, full gladly lent his eare.

Leander (as the nature is of Tyrants) flood in feare,

Deferring day of parle, vnwilling foorth to goe,

But Ladie Aretafila

ftill lay vpon him fo,

As very fhame at laft did further this intent:

And fhee, to egge him on the more, made promife if he went

To fet her foote by his,

and looke the foe in face:

Which moude Leander very much, and mended well the cafe.

So out at length they paffe, difarmd he and his,

As one that meant to treate of truce, for fo the cuftome is.

Anabus feeing this,
to counter him began,
And with his power approached no

And with his power approched neare:

Leander fearfull man

Would gladly made a ftop, and gazde about the place:

To viewe his gard that flould affift and helpe in needfull cafe.

But how much more he feemde to linger on the way:

So much the more his mother lawe, by words, that flue did fay

As touching his reproch of fearefull cowards heart,

Did pricke Leander onward ftill, not letting him to part.

At length the Lady, when
of force he would have staid,

Vpon the wretched daftard wight hir feeble fingers laid:

And by the ayde of men whom there fhee had in place,

She brought him bound both hand and foot, before Anabus face.

And captiue gaue him vp, to liue in lothfome holde,

Vntill the Queene, as promife was, hee payd him all his golde.

Then he eftfoone retyres vnto the towne againe, Declaring what fuccesse she had, and what a fpitefull paine Shee tooke or eare flee could that blooddie beaftlie king Depose and rid him from the realme, and fo to bondage bring. The people paffing glad that he was fo difplaste, Did make a common purfe, to pay the Lybian Duke in hafte: Who having told the crownes, did fend Leander backe Vnto the Queene: and shee enclosed the monfter in a facke, And caufd him to be caft. from off a mountaine hie. Into the Sea, to drowne the beaft that wel deferude to die. Then Calnya, fhee was caught, and to a piller tied, And there the cruell croked queane, with flaming fagots fried, Till all her aged bones to ashes were confumde, That oft in youth with Ciuet fweete and Amber were perfumde.

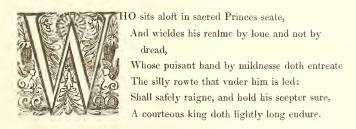
When all this broile was done, the townefmen in a ranke. Kneeld downe to Aretafila. and highly did her thanke, For freedome got againe, with perill of her life. I neede not here expresse the ioves of maiden, man, and wife. For all rejoyft alike, not one in all the towne. Nor countrie, but was glad at heart that they had wonne the crowne Into their hands againe, and fhapte the Tyrants fcourge, Then gan they all with one confent the aged dame to vrge, With helpe of chofen men, to gouerne all the land: For vantage of the publike weale, fhe tooke the charge in hand. Becaufe we lightly fee when Peeres and Princes faile. Then runnes the common welth to wreck, as shippe without a faile. But when the faw the realme

at good and quiet ftay,

And vnderftood that commons did with willing minds obay

Vnto their lawfull heads. the Senate she bethought, To take the gouernment a fresh: her felfe vnfit fhe thought To deale in cafe of flate, then tooke they all the charge, And did the Ladie from the crowne, and troubles quite discharge. Thus having rid the realme of two fuch blooddie foes, Into a Nunnrie, there to ende her life this Ladie goes. Where fhe deuoutly dwelt, and to her praiers fell: And as shee liude in vertue earst, fo dide shee very well.

## The Lennoy.



But who so raignes in threatning tyrants throne, Bathing in blood his haughtic hungre chaps, And rules by force, is surely ouerthrowne.

The Goddes assigne such Soueraines sory haps,
It may not last, that so exceedeth reason,
The truest hearts, by force are brought to treason.

A pleasant porte doth rule a raging horse,
When harder brakes doe breake the mouth too much,
And makes the colt to steare with all his force:
Rough handed Surgeons make the patient grutch.
The Pilote that by skyll the shyp doth guide,
And not by myght, makes vessels brocke the tyde.

A lawlesse peere by law deserues to die,
True iustice payes the blooddie home their hyre,
And blood mispilt for vengeance aye doth crie,
Lex talionis doth the lyke requyre:
As in this tale that heere my Muse hath told,
Of brothers two, each man may well behold.

Could Dyonisius deale with greater force?
Or fearefull Phalatis with more despite?
That did Nycocrates, without remorse
That slew hys silly subjects lawlesse quight?
Did not Leander deale in moustrous wise,
Whom brothers blood might not alone suffyce?

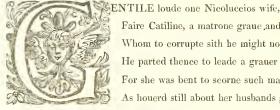
Prease hither Peeres, whose heads with crownes are clad, Who hold the kingly scepters in your hands:
Behold the end that blooddie tyrants had,
A mirrour make of these to rule your landes:
With all, see heere a Ladies manly minde,
Whom God to wreake this bloodshed had assignde.

Marke how the fyrst was blinded all with blood, The husband slayne, and sundrie moe beside, To wed the wife this monster thought it good, Note how the Gods herein theyr scourge dyd hide, For who but he woulde trust a wronged wyght, Or place her in his naked bed at night?

Looke how Leander lewde by wyle was wonne, And led by lust to worke his brothers woe: And more than that, see how this beast did runne A wicked race, and woxe his mothers foe. Note how the heauens made leuell yet at last, And plagude by death his blooddy dealings past.

Aut sero, Aut citius.

## The Argument to the third Historie.



Faire Catiline, a matrone graue and wise: Whom to corrupte sith he might not deuise, He parted thence to leade a grauer life.

For she was bent to scorne such masking mates, As houerd still about her husbands gates.

Within a while this Nicoluccio. (His Ladie great with childe) was forst to ride In haste from home, and leave her there as guide: Whom sodayne griefe assaylde by fortune so, As Phisicke, friends, and all that sawe the chance, Did velde her dead, she lay in such a traunce.

The senslesse corse was to the Church conucide. And buried there with many a weeping eye: The brute was blowne abrode both farre and nye. Reporte once spread is hardly to be stayde. Gentile hearing how the matter went, His Ladies losse did bitterly lament.

At length when teares had well dischargde his woe, And sorrowe slakte, a friend of his and hee, Tooke horse, and rode by night, that none might see Whether they ment, or wherabout to goe. To Church he came, dismounted from his horse, He entred in, and vp he tooke the corse,

With full intent to dallie with the dead, Which he in life by suite could never winne: He coide, he kist, he handled cheeke and chinne, He left no limme vnfelte from heele to head:

So long he staide, at last the infant steerd Within her wombe, whereby some life appearde.

By fellowes helpe he bore the body thence, Home to his aged mother where she dwelt: Who moude to ruthe, with her so frendly delt, As to reviue her, sparde for [no] expence. She could not use her owne with greater care, So choyse her cheere, so daintie was hir fare.

When time was come for nature to vnfolde Her coferd ware, this dame was brought a bed. And by Gentiles meanes had happily sped: And he forthwith a solemne feast did holde, Where, to the husband, both the wife and boy Surrendred were, to his exceeding ioye.



OLOGNA is a towne
of Lumbardie you know,
A citie very brauely builte,
and much fet out to fhewe:
Where as in auncient dayes
a famous knight there dwelde,

Who for good giftes and linage both all others farre excelde:

A man commended much,
Gentile was his name.

This worthy gallant fell in loue by fortune, with a dame
That Catilina hight,
one Nicoluccios wyfe,

A paffing faire, and featurde wenche, and ledde an honeft life,

And loude her hufband fo, as fhe did little waye,

The frendship of enamored youthes, nor ought that they could fay.

This Gentleman that fawe the Ladies faithfull breaft,

And how he could by no deuice to him her fanfie wrest,

Nor enter in her grace, whom he did loue fo well,

Nor by good feruice gaine good will, to deepe defpaire he fell.

And hereupon vnto Modena he retyrde,

And bore an office in the towne, as one thereto defyrde.

It fortunde on a time when Nicoluccio rode

From home, as touching his affaires, and that his wife abode

A three myles off the towne, where he had buylte a graunge,

To make her mery with her friendes, and eke the ayre to chaunge:

Then being great with childe, not many weekes to goe:

This Lady had a great mifhap, as here my pen shall showe.

A griefe, I wote not what, with fuch a fodayne force

And monftrous might, befell the dame, and conquerde fore her corfe,

As in the Ladies limmes no fparke of life appearde,

And more than that, an other thing there was, that most discheerde

Her kinffolkes then in place: for fuch as had good fight

And skill in Physike, deemde her dead, and gaue her ouer quight.

And thereupon her friends
that wifte howe matters went,

By her report in time of life, and howe that fine had fpent

Not full fo many monthes, as give a babee breath,

And make it vp a perfect childe: when once they fawe her death.

Not making farther fearche, in cafe as there she laye,

Vnto a Church, not farre from thence, the carcaffe did conuay,

And gaue it there a graue, as Ladies vfe to lye.

The bodie being buried thus, a friende of his did hye Him to Gentile straight, to tell him of the newes, Who though was fardeft from her grace, vet could none other chufe But forrowe at her death. When greatest greefe was past, And that he had bethought awhile, thus out he brake at last. Loe (Lady) lo, (quoth he) nowe art thou dead in graue, Nowe (Madame Catilina) I, who during life could have Not one good frendly looke, nor fweete regarding eye, Will be fo bolde to fteale a kiffe as you in coffin lie. Nowe booteth no defence, you cannot now refift: Wherefore (affure thee) Lady nowe, thou fhalt be fweetely kift. Howe dead foeuer thou arte, nowe will I take delight. And having tolde his tale, the day withdrewe, and made it night: Then taking order howe he mought, that none might fee,

Difpatche and goe vnto the place, his truftie frend and hee, Vpon their geldings mounte, and neuer made a flave Vntill they came vnto the Church, where dead the Ladie laye: Where being lighted off their horfes, in they goe, And vp they brake the coffyn straight, and he that loude her fo. Laye by the Ladies fide, and clapte his face to hers, And lent her many a louing kiffe, and bathde her breaft with teares, Lamenting very fore. But as we daily fee, The luft of man not long content, doth euer long to bee, Proceeding farther on: but moste of all the rest. The fonde defire of fuch as are with raging loue poffeft. So he that had refolude no longer there to flaye, But doe his feate, and home agayne, thus to himfelfe gan faye: Oh, fith I nowe am here why fhould I idle ftande?

Why doe not I this breaft of thine imbrace, and feele with hande? I neuer after this. fhall touch it fo againe, Nor neuer mynde, Gentile thus proceeding in his vaine, Into her bosome thrust his hande beneath her pappe, And flaying there a little fpace, did feele a thing by happe, Within her wombe to wagge, and beat against her brest: Whereof at first he woxe amazde, but after repossest Of wittes and fenfe againe, a further triall hee Did make, and then he found the corfe not thorugh dead to bee, Though little were the life, yet fome he knew for trouth, To reft within the Ladies limmes: wherefore the gallants both, From out the coffyn tooke this lately buried corfe, And vp they leapte in all the poaft, and layde her on the horfe Before the faddle bowe, and home in hafte they ride,

Both to recouer life againe, and fearing to be fpyde. Thus closely was the brought within Bologna walles, Vnto Gentiles house, where he vpon his mother calles, Requesting her to helpe, the cafe required hafte. His mother being graue and wyfe, receiude the corfe as fast As the good matron mought: which deede of pitie done, Both who fhe was, and what had hapt, demaunded of her fonne: Who tolde her all the newes, and how the fortune fell, Which when the matron vnderstood, and wift the matter well: To ruth and mercy moude, (as is a womans guife) Shee makes her fire, the heats her bathes, and fo the carkas plyes, With chafing vp and downe, and rubbing euerie vaine: As fhee at laft had made the life and fenfes come againe:

Her wandring wits retyrde, that earft had been aftray, And being thus reuiude, at length thus fighing gan fhee fay: Alas, where am I nowe? what place is this (quoth fhee?) Gentiles chearfull mother faide, a place full fit for thee. With that flee fomewhat woxe aduifde, but wift not where Shee was beftead, when that at laft the fawe Gentile there: Amazed in her minde, requefted of the dame To tell her of the cafe, and how vnto her house she came. Gentile thereupon the whole difcourfe begonne, And did vnfold from point to point how euerie thing was done. Whereof the wofull woxe and penfiue for a space: But yet at length flee gaue him thankes for all his former grace

And curtefies imployde:
and as he euer bore
A true and faithfull heart to her
in all her life before,
And as he was a man
in whom good nature were:

So did fhee craue him that fhee might not be abufed there:

But fafely be conuaide

vnto her graunge againe,

And to her hufbandes house vntouchte without dishonours staine.

To whom Gentile thus

replide: Well dame (quoth hee)

How great foeuer the loue hath been which I have borne to thee,

Before this prefent day,

I doe not purpose now,

Nor after this at any time, (fince God would this allowe

Me grace to faue thy life, and raife thee from the pit:

And loue which I have alwayes meant to thee hath caufed it:)

I purpofe not, I fay,

to deale in other wife,

Than if thou were my fifter deare, this promife shall fuffice.

But this good turne that I have done to you this night,

Doth well deferue, that you the fame in fome refpect requight.

Wherefore I shall defire that you with willing breft,

Wyll friendly graunt me my demaunde, and yeeld me one request. Whereto the humble dame agreed, and was content, If fo she coulde, and honest were the fute Gentile ment. Then fpake the courteous knight: Well (Madame) this is true, That both your parents and your friends of Boline, thinke that you Are buried low enough in coffin cloflie layde, None taries you at home as now, they all doe deeme you dead, Wherefore my fmall request and fimple fute shalbe, That with my mother here to ftav yee will vouchfafe, and me, In fecrete and vnfeene, vntill fuch time as I May to Modena goe and come againe, I meane to hie. The caufe that makes me craue and aske this lingring stay, Is, that in prefence of the best, and chiefe that beare the fway Within the towne, I minde

to giue you as a gift,

And to prefent you to your fpoufe, this is my only drift.

The Ladie knowing that Gentile was her friend,

And faw that honeft was his fute, did quickly condefcend:

Though greatly flue defirde, new brought to life againe,

To fee and comfort those her friends that mournde for her amaine:

Shee promift on her faith, with her to tarrie there.

And yer her tale was throughy told, her time was come to beare

The Babe wherewith flue went, flue must to trauaile straight.

The Matron euer at an inch did on this Ladie waite:

And vide the matter fo, as in a day or twaine,

She was deliuerde of a boy, and ouercame her paine.

Whereat Gentile ioyde, and eke the dame that had

Such great good hap and paffing lucke, did waxe exceeding glad.

The knight difposde his things, and vide the matter fo,

As fhee had been his wedded wife: and thereupon did goe Vnto Modena, where an office he had borne, And there he flaied vntill fuch time as all his yere was worne. And felfe fame day that he accompted on, to make Returne vnto his mothers house at Boline, he befpake, That divers of the flates. and chiefest men that were Within the towne, flould be his gueftes. There was of purpose there, That Nicoluccio, who did owe this gentle dame. As foone as to his mothers house this luftie gallant came, The mafter of the feaft difmounted, in hee hyes: Where, when among his other gueftes, the Ladie he espies, And eke her fucking fonne, that hung vpon her breaft, Hee was the meeriest man aliue: then plafte he euery guest In order as their ftate

and calling did require.

There wanted not a deintie difh, that Courtiers could defire: When washing time drewe nye, and euery man at boorde Had vittled well, and all was whifte, and no man fpake a worde: The Ladie being taught her leffon long ere that, And well instructed in the case, and knowyng what was what, Gentile thus begunne his folenme tale to tell: My Lords and gueftes (quoth hee) I like the order paffing well That men of Perfie vfe: for when they make a feaft, In honour of their friends whom they doe loue and fansie best, They bid them to their house, and fet before their eyes The chiefest iewell which they have, and good, of greatest price, What thing foeuer it be: his wife, with whom he fleepes, His daintie daughter, or his wench, whome hee for pleafure keepes. He nothing hides as then,

or locks from open fight:

Affirming by this deede of his, that likewife (if he might) He woulde vnfold the heart that lyes within his breaft, Which cuftome I in Bologne minde to practife to my guest. You honour this my feaft with noble prefence here, And I will play the Persians part: looke what I hold most deare, And chiefly doe esteeme, or fauour in my heart, Or euer shall regard or weigh, will show you or you part. But first I shall request or ere I bring it out, That you will heere decide a cafe, and rid me out of doubt, Which I myfelfe will moue. There is a noble man. Who hath a feruant in his house that doth the best he can

hee doth at nothing flick:

This truftie painfull feruant falles at length exceeding ficke,

The retchleffe mafter, not regarding him at all,

To please his masters minde,

Nor forcing what by fuch difeafe
his feruant may befall,
Conuayes him out of doore,
in open ftreat to lie,
To finke or fwimme, to mende or paire,

to liue or els to die.

A Straunger commes by happe, and he to mercy moude,

To fee the poore difeafde foule fo flenderly beloude,

In danger of his death, to lie amids the ftreat:

A place for fuch as are in paine, too colde and farre vnmeete:

Doth beare him to his home, and takes fuch tender care

Of him, and plies him fo with fire and comfortable fare,

As both recouers limmes and gettes his former strength,

And fettes this feeble feruant vp vpon his legges at length:

How gladly would I learne which of thefe both doth beft

Deferue to haue this feruaunt, who was lately fo diftreft?

Where he that ought him first and gaue him off in grief, Or he that pitied him in paine and holpe him to relief? And if the maifter, who fo cruelly did deale In time of ficknesse, will the man that did his feruant heale, To veelde him vp againe, where he by lawe and right May well with hold the feruant, whom he holpe in wretched plight? The gentlemen among themfelues debated harde. But drewe in one felfe ftring: at length the matter was refarde To Nicoluccio, who (because he could full well Difference of matters, and his tale in fkilfull order tell) Should give the verdit vp. He highly did commend The vfe of Perfia, with the reft concluding in the end, Which was, that he whom first this filly foule did ferue, Of right could lay no lawfull clayme: full ill he did deferue A maifters name, that when his feruant was at worft.

Would turne him off, and let him lie:

Had played this cruell parte, did curteoufly entreate

The ficke and outcast, ayding him with Phisike and with meate,

He mought by law and righte, no prejudice at all

Done to the first, enjoy the man, and him his feruant call.

Then all the other gueftes that at the banquet were,

Affirmde the fame that Nicoluccio had pronounced there:

The knight who moude the cafe, as one that was content

With fuch an answere, and the more, for that with him it went.

Concluded, that he thought as all the other faide:

And now (quoth he) I thinke that I fufficiently haue ftayde.

Now time it is that I performe my promife made,

In that I meant to honour you, as is the Perfians trade.

With that he calls to him a couple of his friendes,

Familiar, and of greatest trust, whom he in meffage fendes Vnto the Ladie, that was clad in braue araye, Within a chamber, willing hir that fhe would come her way, To cheere his Royall gueftes, with prefence of her felfe. The Ladie taking in her armes that litle puling elfe, That was fo lately borne, came in, and thother too Attending on her, and as earft Gentile willde her doe. She fate her downe befide a gueft, a Noble man, And then the Knight that made the feath his processe thus began: Loe, Lordings, here beholde the thing whereof I fpake, This is the iewell, whereof I fuch great accompt doe make, And euer doe entend, of nothing elfe fo much I force, as this: now iudge your felfes, where it be worthy fuch Regard as I bestowe: marke euery member well:

With that the ftates, to honour of this featurd Ladie fell,

And praifde her very much, affirming to the knight,

That finne it were not to esteeme fo favre and braue a wight.

The gueftes begonne to gaze, and fome there were in place,

That would have fwome, that she had ben the very same she was,

Saue that they knew that fhe was buried long agoe.

But most of all the other guestes, that Nicoluccio,

The husband of the Dame, this louely Lady eyde:

And when Gentile did by chaunce and fortune steppe aside,

As one that had defire to question with the Dame,

No longer able to withhold: demaunded whence she came,

Where the a ftranger were, or els in Bologne borne?

The Lady knowing who it was, flould fhe not bene forfworne.

Would to her hufband tolde and opened all the cafe:

But to discharge her promise made, fhe helde her peace, with face As modeft as fhe mighte. Some other asked, where That little pretie boy was hers which she at breast did beare? And other did demaund. where fhe were ought allyde, Or were Gentiles daughter deare? fhe not a word replide. With that the feafter came. your iewel fir (quoth fome That fate at borde) is paffing faire, but is too feeming dombe. What? is fhe fo in deede? whereto Gentile faid: It yeeldes no flender token of her vertue that fhe ftaid And helde her tong as now. Declare (quoth they) to vs What Dame she is? to which request Gentile answearde thus: I will with all my heart declare the truth (quoth he) If you, vntill the whole difcourfe be told, will promife me. Not once to moue a foote,

but euery one to keepe

His place: whereto they all agreed, and gan to fweare by deepe

And very folemne othes to complifue his request.

The table being taken vp, the keeper of the feaft

Sate by the Ladies fide, and thus began to tell:

This woman is the feruant true, that ferude her mafter well,

Of whom I fpake right now, when I your judgements craude.

This is the feruaunt ilbeloude, that when she had behaude

Hir felfe in eache refpect as fitted fuch a one,

Was fhaken off, and turnd to graffe, in ftreetes to make her moane:

Whom I, to pitie moude, did fuccour as I might,

And by my care and handie helpe, from prefent death did quight:

And mightie God, that fawe the great good heart I bare,

Reftord her from that loathfome corfe vnto this bewtie rare.

But to the ende you may more plainely vnderstand How thefe aduentures me befell. I purpose out of hand, In fhort difcourfe to fhewe and open all the cafe. Then gan he to vnfold his loue, and how he fude for grace Vnto this worthy dame, whose bewtie pearst his brest: And passed so, from point to point, vnripping all the reft, Distinctly from the first: which made the hearers mufe, To liften to this long difcourfe of strange and wondrous newes. And having tolde the whole as I before haue pende, Both how he loude, and how fhe died, thus clofde he vp the ende. Wherefore (my Lordes) quoth he, vnleffe you have of late Ychangd your thoughts and minds anew fince you at table fate: And chiefly you, (and points to Nicoluccio) she

No lawfull tittle may, or rightfull clayme be layde

and only due too me.

Whom here you view, of right is mine,

To chalenge her from me againe, was no man there that fayde

A woorde, but all were still to heare those matters paste,

And for defire to learne the reft,

Good Nicoluccio,

and all the rest beside

That prefent were, and eake the dame

no longer could abide,

But out they burst in teares,

and wept for pities fake.

With that Gentile flanding vp, the little babe did take.

And bare betwixt his armes,

and led the Ladie eke

By one hande to her hufband warde,

and thus began to fpeake: Stand vp (good Goffup mine)

I doe not heere reftore

To you your wife, whom both her friends

and yours refuld before,

And as an outcast fcornd:

but frankly giue this dame

My Goffup and her little childe

that of her bodie came,

To thee, for this of troth

I know, the babe is thine,

Begot by thee, I christened it, it beares this name of mine, And is Gentile calde: and my request shall bee, That through three months, this Ladie hath been foiornesse with me, Thou wilt no leffe efteeme of her, or worfe good will Beflow on her, than though fliee had with thee continued still. And by that felfe fame God which forced me to beare Such loue, as by that loue to faue her life, to thee I fweare, That, neither with her friends, nor with thy parents, flee, No, not with thee her fpoufe, fhe coulde in greater furetie be As touching honeft life, than with my mother deare: Affure thy felfe, fhee neuer was abufde, nor tempted heere.

This proceffe being tolde,
Gentile turnde him rounde
Vnto the Lady (dame quoth he)
you know, I had you bounde

By faith and lawfull oath:
I quit you heere of all,

And fet you free aboorde againe, and goe againe you fhall

To Nicoluccio, and with that both wife and brat

To Nicoluccios handes he gaue, and downe Gentile fate.

The hufbande did receiue his wife with willing hande,

And eke the babe: and how much more he in difpayre did stande

Of having her againe, whom hee accounted dead:

The greater was his ioy and mirth when he fo happily fped.

In recompence whereof, he yeelded to the Knight

Gentile, for his great good turne, the greatest thankes he might.

And all the reft befide, that were to pitie moude,

Gentiles nature did commend:

hee dearely was beloude
Of all that heard the cafe,

and feafted there that day.

Thus will I leave the matron, and

her fonne at home to ftay.

These matters ended thus,
ech guest his horse did take,

And parted from Gentiles house, that did the banket make. Home rode the man and wife vnto their grange with fpeede, The cheare which was at her returne. and welcome, did exceede. The people maruailde much, that shee who buried was, Could liue againe, and euer as fhee through the streetes should passe, In Bolyne men did gaze, and greatly view the dame. And from that day Gentile still a faithfull friend became To Nicoluccio, and the parents of his wife, Whom hee by vertue of his loue

had raifde from death to life.

## The Lennoy.



NBRIDELED youth is prickt to pleasure aye,
And led by lust to follow fansies fyts:
Vnskilfull heads runne retchlesse on their way,
Like wylfull coltes that broken haue their bits:
Not lookyng backe, till foultring foote doe faile,
And all consumde that was for their auaile.

Vnhappy they, by scathe that purchase skyll,
And learne too late how youth dyd lead awrie:
Vnluckie men for wit that follow wyll,
And foule delights in golden prime apply:
More wisedome were ech one to wed a wife,
Than marryed dames to lure to lewder life.

For though that nature let vs runne at large,
And all things made by kynde to common vse:
Yet man must lende an earc to civill charge,
That points a bainc for every foule abuse:
And bids (beware pollute no marriage bed)
Without offence let single life be leed.

As honest loue by custome is allowde, (Both law and reason yeelding to the same In single wyghts) no parties being vowde To marryage yoke assaulted are with shame: Both God and man such sluttysh sutes detest, The lawfull loue is euer counted best.

Which makes me blame Gentiles rash assault,
On Catilina fayre, from former vowe,
Whom he pursude to charge with heavie fault,
And sought to sinne to make this matron bowe:
Yet grace at last prevailed in both so well,
As shee stayd chaste, and he to vertue fell.

His foule desire, his lewde and lustfull mynde,
Was cause of lyfe, and wrought a double pleasure:
This buried dame in pit to death had pynde,
Had he not loude, and likt her out of measure:
Thus ill sometime is cause of good successe,
And wicked meanings turne to happines.

Had some rash ympe beene in Gentiles case,
So farre inflamde wyth Beautie of a dame,
And after that had had so fyt a place
To worke his will, and done a deed of shame,
I doubt mee much, hee would have reapt the frute,
By leave of force of all hys paynefull sute.

Here all were blest, the mother well reuiude, The infant borne, the matron full of ruth: Thrice happy he, for being so truly wiude, Gentile worthie praise for loyall truth. All louers may hereby example take, And learne of him blind fansies to forsake.

## The Argument to the fourth Historie.

WO Knightes did linke in League of great goodwill,

At length the one corrupts the others wife,
And traitourlike procurde her vnto ill,
Which vile abuse bred deadlie hate and strife,
And was the cause this leacher lost his life.
For why, the Knight to whome this wrong was
wrought

This traitor slue, when he full little thought.

The murther done, he gaue his Cooke the hearte Of him that had conspired this filthie feate, And made him dresse it curiouslie by arte, And gaue his wife the same at night to eate, Who fed thereof, and thought it passing meate: But when she knew, the heart, the hap, and all, She loathde to liue, and slue her selfe by fall.

Quid non cogit amor?



HILOME in Prouance were,
as they that knew the fame
Doe make report, two Courtly knightes,
both men of worthie fame:
Ech knight his Caftle had
well furnifht euery way,

With store of feruants at a becke their pleafures to obey. The tone Roffilion calde. a bold vndaunted knight, The fecond, egall to the first, fir Guardastano hight: Who being men at armes, and paffing well approude For valiant courage in the fielde, like faithfull brothers loude. They dayly vfde to ride to Turneies both yfeare, To tilt, to iuft, and other feates perfourmde with fworde and fpeare. Their garments eke agreed, and were of egall fife: To fliew the concorde of their mindes vnto the lookers eys.

And thus though either knight his feuerall maner held,

And either ten myles at the leaft

from others Caftle dwelde:

Yet hapneth it at last that Guardastano fell

In liking wyth Roffylions wife, and loude her verie well.

A dame of beautie braue, renowmed very much,

Whofe featurde face and goodly grace the knight fo neere did touch:

As hee reiected quight
the faith he should have borne
Her husband, and his trustie friend
that was his brother sworne.

Hee vfde his geftures fo vnto this gallant dame

At fundrie times, that fhe at length his friend in loue became,

And liked well the knight, and fo began to place

Her fanfie, as fhee nought fo much did tender or imbrace

As Guardaftanos loue:

Shee euer lookt when he

Would frame his humble fute, and craue her fecrete friende to be.

Which fortunde in a while:
for he bewraide his cafe,
And she lesse wife than wanton, streight
did yeeld the louer grace.
There neaded slender force,
fo weake a fort to winne,
For she as willing was to yeelde,
as he to enter in.
And thus for twice or thrice,

the luftie louers delte
In Venus fport, whose frying hartes
with Cupids coles did melte.

But in this loue of theirs, they did not vfe fo well

The matter, but the hufband did the fmoke by fortune fmell

Of that their filthy flame: who highly did difdaine,

That fuch outrage and foule abufe his honour fhould diffaine.

Whereby his former loue to mortall hate did growe,

And then he purpoide with himfelfe to flay his deadly foe,

That fowlie fo abufde a Knight that gaue him truft.

Meane while came tidings that in France the Lystes were made to iust.

The Trump proclaymde the tilte, Roffilion out of hand,

To Guardastanos Castle fent to let him ynderstand

The newes: and eake withall did will his man to fay,

That if he would the morrow next vouchfafe to come away

Vnto his house, they would conclude vpon the case.

Full friendly Guardaftano did the meffenger imbrace,

And told him that he would (if God did lende him life)

The morrow night come ouer, to Roffilyon and his wife.

Which answere when the knight received had, he thought

The time approacht, wherein to flay the traytor knight, that wrought

Such falfehoode to his friend.

I leave for you to scanne,

The thousand thoughts, the broken sleepes, and fancies of the man,

That fuch a murther meant: and eke the knightes defire,

Who thought it long before he came in place to quench his fire.

When morning came, the knight well armde from foote to creft, Tooke horfe, and had a friend or two, whom he did fancie beft, Well mounted on their fleades: they had not ryd a myle, Before they came vnto a wood, a place to worke their wile. There laye he clofe in wayte within the cops, whereas Full well be wift that Guardaftan of very force must passe. There having staide awhile, a farre he might difcry The Knight vnarmde, with other two that rode vnarmed by, As one that feard no fraude, nor any force at all: When that Roffilyon did perceiue him iuft againft the ftall Where he on horfebacke fate full ready for the chafe, A vallie fit to worke his feate: with grimme and gaftly face He fets his fpurres to horfe and put his launce in reft, And gallopt after, crying loude, thou knight and trayterous geft,

Now be thou fure to die, in penance of thy fact:

And with the word, he ftrake him through:
the flueuered launce it crackt

Against the broken bones, and thorough pearst his corfe.

Vnable Guardaftano then for to relift the force,

Or once to fpeake a word, fell downe vpon the blowe,

And prefently gaue vp the ghoft, the fpeare had fpoyld him fo.

With that his friends amazed, and very much in doubt

What this flould mean, flood ftill a fpace, at laft they turnd about

Their nagges, and fparde no fpurres, vnto the Caftle ward

Of Guardaftano, whence they came, feare made them gallop hard.

When thus Roffilion fawe his foe bereft of life,

He left the faddle, and withall drewe out a fhoulder knife,

And ript me vp the breft of him that murdred lay:

Which done, with egre hands he pluckt the trembling heart away,

Wherein the treafon lodgde: and having there by chance Or els of purpofe, (fkilles not which) the pendant of his launce, He wrapt it vp therein, and willd his man to looke Vnto the carriage of the fame: the heart his feruant tooke. Then having straightly charge, that none fhould dare to fay A word of that which they had feene and he had done that day: He mounted on his horfe, and in the euening rode Vnto his Caftle backe againe, and there the knight abode. His wife that hard him fay, that Guardaftano came That night to fuppe with him at home, and looked for the fame, Did wonder at his ftay: and being one difmayde, How hapt that Guardiftano commes not now (good fyr) fhe faide. To whom the knight replyde, he fent me word right now He could not come to day, good fayth his let I doe allowe.

The Lady wofull woxe,
and lowring gan to looke,
Roffilyon lighted from his horfe,
fent one to call the Cooke:

Who being come in place, take here (quoth be) this heart,

I flue a Bore of late by hap, herein bestow your arte.

Do make fome daintie dishe, according to your skill,

And ferue it vp in filuer plate: difpatch, you know my will.

The cooke receiude the heart, and made a cunning meffe

Of meate thereof, as men are wont that curious cates can dreffe.

He minft it very fmall, not fparing any coft,

For why, the Knight his maifter, did alow him with the moft.

When time of eating came, Roffilyon fate him downe,

And eake the Lady, who for lacke of Guardastan did frowne.

The meate was brought to borde, than he that ganne to thinke

Vpon his murther lately done, could neither eate nor drinke.

At length the cooke fent vp that other meffe of meate, But he, as one that had no lifte, did will his wife to eate, And fet the dayntie dishe for her to feede vpon. The Lady, fomewhat hungrie, fell vnto the cates anon, And felt it very fweete, which made her feede the more: She rid the difhe, and thought it had beene of a fauage Bore. Roffilyon, when he fawe her ftomacke was fo good, And that the meate was all confumde. the dishes emptie stoode: How thinke you wife (quoth he) how like you of your meate? Good fir (quoth fhe) I like it well, I had good lifte to eate. No wonder (quoth the knight) by God, although this cheare Do wel content thee being dead, in life thou thoughtft it deare. The Lady hearing this, ftoode ftill, as one difmayde Vpon the wordes: when paufe was paft, vnto the knight fhe fayde,

Why? what is that (good fir) which you have given me

To fup withall? who answerde thus:

I doe protest to thee,

The foode whereof thou fedst

was Guardastanos heart,

Whome thou didft fo entierly loue, and playdft the harlots part.

Behold it is the fame,

this knife his belly ript,

And from the rootes, with these my hands, the traytors heart I stript,

And crackt the ftrings in twayne, to eafe my heart of woe,

That could not reft contented, but by murthring fuch a foe.

The Lady, when the heard

that Guardaftan was flayne, Whom fhe had loude, to afke where fhe

lamented, were in vayne,

Coniecture of her cares, imagine her diffresse.

At last (quoth she) thou cruell knight,

(I can not tearme thee leffe)

Haft playd a wicked part, and done a curfed acte,

In flaying of a giltleffe man,

(O bloudy beaftly fact)

A wight that woed not me, twas I that earned death, If any did deferue at all the loffe of vitall breath. Twas I that did the deed. I loude, I doe proteft, And did of worldlie men account that worthie knight the beft. How might he death deferue who lovall was to thee? But (mightie Gods) it is your will and pleafure now I fee, That there fo noble cates, the heart of fuch a wight, In chiualrie that did excell, a pafling courteous Knight As Guardaftano was, thoulde be my latter meale, And that I thould with bafer meates no more hereafter deale. Wherefore (good faith) quoth the. I doe not loath my foode, And therewithall vppon her legges the louing Lady floode Before a windowe, that was full behinde her feete. And fodainly from thence she fell into the open streete.

Which deede no fooner done,
the window was fo hie,
But out of hand, her breath was ftopt,
and fo the dame did die
With carkaffe all to crusht,
by reason of the fall.
The knight her husband feeying this,

(who was the caufe of all)

Stoode like a man amazde,
and then mifliked fore

Both of the Ladies loffe, and eke
the murthred knight before.

And being then adrad, and ftanding in a doubt Of Counte Province, and the

Of Counte Prouince, and the reft that bordred thereabout:

He fadled vp his horfe, and roade in poft away:

The night did fauour his intent.

As foone as it was day,

Twas all the countrey through that fuch a dame was dead,

And prefently vpon the fact the knight him felfe was fled.

Then they that feruants were of eyther caftle, came

With bitter teares, and tooke the dead, the knight and eake the dame,

And in the castle Church,
in marble hewde for twaine,
They buried both the murthered knight,
and eke the Ladie slaine.
With verses on the graue,
to shew both who they were,
And what was cause that Guardastan
and she were buried there.

## The Aennoy.



HE Poet that to Loue did pen the path,

And taught the trade Cupidos ympes to traine,
Within his second booke aduised hath,
That who so lookes, and would be willing faine,
To keepe his loue vnto himselfe, he must
Neither brother, friend, nor yet companion trust.

And herevpon his grounded reason growes,
That ech man seekes to serue himselfe in chiefe:
And he to sight that friendliest countenance showes,
Yet for his flesh will soonest play the thiefe.
As stolne Deare in taste exceedes the gift,
So gallantst game is that which commes by shyft.

In greatest trust, the greatest treason lyes,
Where least we feare, there harme we soonest finde,
An open foe each man full quickly flyes,
Hee woundeth most that strikes his blowe behinde:
But little hurt the open Adder workes,
The Snake stings sore, that in the couert lurkes.

The barking Hound hath seldome hap to bite, His mouth bewrayes his meaning by his erie: No byrde vpon the open twigs doth light, The naked Net eeh foolish foule doth flye: The hidden hooke is hee that doth the feate, Of sugred bane the wiliest mouse will eate.

Who feares no fraude, wyth ease you may beguyle,
The simple minde will soone be ouergone:
He takes least harme that doubtes deeeyt and wyle,
And dreading thornes, doth let the Rose alone:
The Trumpets sound bewrayes the Foe at hand,
And warning giues his furie to withstand.

The glewing grome that fyghts before he commes, Is eyther voyded, or by sleight subdued,
The way to wynne, is not to beate the drummes,
For threatning throates are easily eschued:
The surest meane to worke anothers woe,
Is fayre to speake, and be a fryend in showe.

Had not this knight reposde assured trust Vpon his fryend, that loude him as his life, Could he so well haue serude his fylthie lust? Or leysure had so to abusde his wife? No, had he thought such treason hyd in breast, He would haue lookte more nearely to hys guest.

But louing well, and meaning not amisse, He lowde him seope, without suspect of ill, To come and goe, to vse the house as hys, A perfect showe of very great good wyll: Both purse and plate, both lands, and lyfe, and all, (Saue wife alone) lay pledge at euery call.

Which makes his fault and foule offence the more,
That dyd this deede and wrought this trechery
Against his friend that loude him euermore,
And thought him void of vice of lechery:
Good nature deemd that Guardastan could not,
For fleshly lust so deare a friend forgot.

But see, how synne once scasing on the minde Doth muffle man, and leades him quight away: It makes him passe beyond the boundes of kynde, And swerue the trade where truth and vertues lay, Refusing friendes, rejecting lawes, and right, For greedy care to compasse foule delyght.

And as the man herein descrueth shame,

For stoupyng so to base and beastly vice,

So are those dames exceedingly too blame

Whose glaueryng glee to lewdnesse doth entice:

Who frame their lookes, their gesture, tongs, and tale,

To serue their turne in steede of pleasant stale.

Two sorts I fynde descruing trust aleeke,
The mounting minds that sue for hygh estate,
And such againe as sensuall pleasures seeke,
And hunt the haunt of enery louyng mate:
Both which to come by what they like and lone,
Renounce theyr friends, and scorne the Gods above.

But marke yet well the sause that doth ensue, Such stolne flesh is bytter as the gall, Great are the plagues to such disorders due, From skyes reuenge and fearefull scourge doth fall: The dome divine although it suffer long, Yet strikes at last, and surely wreakes the wrong.

For Helens rage king Menelaus wife,
The Stories tell how Priam and his towne
Confounded were, and how for broyle and strife
In wrongfull cause, the walles were battered downe:
Full many a knyght in battayle spent his blood,
And all because the quarrell was not good.

So when this Traitor knight had fed his fyll Vpon Rossilions wyfe, and wrongde his friende, By foule abuse: in guerdon of his ill, The wrathfull Gods brought him to wretehed end To quit hys glee, and all his former sport, He dyed the death in most vnhappie sort.

And shee, who falst her faith and marriage heste,
And double penance for her pleasure past,
For fyrst she eate his heart she fansied best,
And desperately did kill her selfe at last.
Note here the fruites of treason and of lust:
Forbeare the like, for God is euer just.

Nihil proditore tutum.

Amore,

Puo piu che ogni amicitia, et che ogni honore.

## The Argument to the fift Historie.



HE Lumbard Albyon conquered Cunimund,
And after death of him inioyd the state,
And married with the Ladie Rosamund,
The Princes daughter whom he slue so late:
Whose skull he did convert into a pot,
Because his conquest should not be forgot.
His custome was at everie feast hee made,

To drinke therein for pompe and foolish pride, And on a time his Queene he gan perswade To doe the like: whereto she nought replide, But so much scornd his offer of disdaine, As straight she drew a plot to haue him slaine.

A noble man that Don Ermigio hight,
With on Parradio, by the Queenes deceate,
Were wrought to kill this monster if they might,
And by the sworde they meant to doe the feate:
And so they did within a little while,
When least the king mistrusted anie guile.

Vpon his death, Ermigio out of hand, Espousde the Ladie Rosamund to his wife, Which when Longinus chaunst to vnderstand, He practisde with the Queene to reaue his life, To thend that he might marrie with his dame, Who gaue consent to do this deede of shame.

With venim vile to worke she thought it best, Which when Ermigio dranke, and found the drift, By force he draue the Queene to drinke the rest, Who seeing that there was none other shift, The poyson supt, and tooke it patientlie, As iust rewarde for both their villanie.

Parradio eke, whose helping hand did further
The Lumbards bane, and brought him to his death
For guerdon due to him, to quit the murther,
First lost his eies, and after that his breath:
That men might see, how trulie God doth strike,
And plague offences, lightlie with the like.



MONG those warlike wights

That earst from Almaine came,
And other Northly parts beside:
Those men that beare the name
Of Lombards chaunst to light
In Italy, and there

Two hundred yeeres and fomwhat more, The only rule did beare

Throughout that realme, which we Now Lombardie do call:
Vntill fuch time, as Charles the great Had difpoffet them all,

And draue them thence by force, And meane of kingly might: What time (I fay) it was their lot In Italy to light.

One Alboine was their chiefe, A man of monftrous wit, And valiant in the feates of armes, For martiall practife fit. This Alboin, ere he came To Italy, had flaine
King Cunimundus, and bereft
Him of his princely raigne.

And not content with death,
Nor having belly full
Of noble bloud, cut off his head,
And of the clouen skull

Did make a quaffing cup,
Wherein he tooke delight
To boufe at boorde, in token of
His pompe, and former fight.

This Cunimundus had A daughter paffing faire, Rofmunda hight, that was his ioy, And fhould haue bene his heire,

If he had kept his crowne,
And not bene conquered fo:
But being flayne, his daughter was
A captiue to his foe.

This Captaine kept her thrall,
And ment it all her life:
Till loue at laft this Lumbard forst
To take her to his wife.

When marriage day was past, And he to battell fell, And conquering of Italie He loude his wife fo well, As fine might neuer parte:
But like a warlike dame,
She euer logde in open campe,
Where fo her hufband came:

Who fundrie-cities tooke, And conquerde many a towne, By force of fworde, and Lyonlike Went ramping vp and downe.

Vntill at length he came
To Pauoy, where of olde,
(As in the chiefest place of all)
The kings their courte did holde.

When full three yeeres and more,
This Lumbarde there had layne:
Vnto Verona he remoude,
With all his princely trayne.
And prefently preparde
A folemne banket there,

A folemme banket there,
To feaft his frendes, and others that
Of his retinue were.

Amids which princely cheere
And royall feaft, the king
Dyd will the wayter on his cup,
That he to boorde fhould bring
The mazare that was made
Of Cunimundus head:
And having it in prefence there,
(Where he with wyne were fped,

Or elfe by malice moude, I wote neare what to thinke) But having it in place, he gaue His Queene the cuppe to drinke.

The cuppe her fathers fkull,
O wilfull witleffe acte,
Which no man well aduifde would do,
But one that were diftracte.

The Queene perceiuing this
In mockage to be ment
Of Alboyne, as it was in deede,
And fawe his lewde entent,

And how he fkofte the king
Her father in the fame,
Was fluft with raging rancour flreight,
And blufht for verie fhame.

In forte that all hir loue
Which flie had borne before
Vnto her hufbande grewe to hate,
She loathde him tenne times more

Than euer fhe had loude
Or fanfied any wight:
And thereupon refolude to doe
A mifchiefe, if the might,
And to reuenge by death
Of Alboyne, monftrous man,

Her father Cunimundus bloud, Loe here the broyle began. For Rofmonde all in rage, Confulted with a peere, Ermigio calde, a courtly wighte, This noble man to fteere

To murther of the Prince.

I leave her wordes vnpende,
This noble, hearing whereunto
Her long difcourfe did tende,

Declarde the Queene his mynde, And vttred his conceite, And faid Parradio was the man That muft difpatche the feate:

Without whose helpe (quoth he)
I wote neare what to fay:
I thinke him such a one as dares
Such ventrous parts to play.

Your grace were best to proue,
If he confent, you shall
Not sayle of me, but stande assured
To have me at a call.

Forthwith the Queene did caufe Parradio to appeare: Who after fundrie offers made, And wordes of courtly cheare,

To mone him to the fpoyle
Of Alboyn, thus replyde:
In vayne your grace doth goe aboute
To have the king destroyde

By these my guiltlesse handes, That day shall neuer be, I truste, the world shall neuer proue So soule a sact by me,

As to procure the death
And murther of the king:
Of treafon vile, to have a thought
To practife fuch a thing.

Leaue off your lewde entente, Or feeke fome other wight To worke your feate, I neuer yet In flaughter tooke delight.

The Ladie hearing this,
And having earnest zeale
To worke her will, reiecting shame,
Bethought her howe to deale.

There did at felfe fame time, Vpon the Queene awayte A proper wenche, of comely grace, Full fitte to make a bayte,

To take fuch louing woormes
And hang them on the hooke,
Whofe greatest pleasure is vpon
A courtly dame to looke.

This gallant likte her glee,
Her gefture, and her face,
And by deuice did hape at laft
To purchace prime grace.

Meane whyle the fubtile Queene
That found this louers haunt,
And knew he daily plyde her mayde,
Thereby to make her graunte

And yelde him his defire,
Thus thought it beft to worke
In felfe fame place where they did meete,
In fecrete forte to lurke,

As though it were the wenche
With whome he would debate,
And fo perhaps fhe might both checke
And giue the foole a mate.

Which hapned fo in deede:
For on a certaine day,
The Queene, to compaffe this her crafte,
Put on her maydes aray,

And in the wonted place,
Where they did vfe to talke,
Bestowde her felf. When night was come
Forth gan this gallant walke,

And to the flanding came
Where lay this lodged doe,
Whome he had thought to be the mayde,
But it was nothing fo.

Streight he in wonted wyfe,
As custome was of yore,
Pronounste his painted termes of loue,
And flattred more and more,

Bewraying all his thoughtes,
And ripping vp his harte
Vnto the wenche (for fo he deemde)
And playde the Louers parte.

Ten thousande wordes he spake, And tending all to loue: Whome after all his long discourse, The Queene did thus reproue:

Parradio, doeft thou knowe
With whome thou ftandeft here?
Who thus replyde in louing wyfe:
Yea that I doe (my deare)

And namde the felfe fame mayde, Who was his friende in deede, With whom he had conferrde of loue, In great good hope to fpeede.

What Sir? you are beguilde,
I am not fhe you weene:
No feruing mayde affure thy felfe,
I am (quoth fhe) a Queene.

And Rofmond is my name,
Nowe doe I knowe thy minde,
And privile am to all thy guyle,
Thou shalt be fure to fynde

Of me a mortall foe:
Nowe make thy choyce of twayne,
Where thou wilt fpoyle the king my fpoufe,
Or thou thy felfe be flayne,

For this outrage of thine,
Which thou hast done to me:
Leaue off delayes, dispatche with speede,
It may none other be.

Parradio hearing this,
And pondring in his thought
To howe extreme a poynt by wyle
Of Rofmond he was brought:
Refolude to flay the Prince,
And ridde him of his lyfe:
And for the better working of
His feate, did yfe the wife

The diuelish Queenes deuise,
And Don Armigios ayde.
And in this forte these wicked solkes
The cruell pageant playde:

The king as custome was,
Because the day was hotte,
To take a nappe at after noone,
Into his chamber gotte.

Where being foftely layde,
The place was voyded ftrayte,
And eurie groome had leaue to parte
That vfually did wayte.

To yelde the king his eafe, Thus dealte the futtle dame: And to be fure to have her will, She shifted thence with shame Her fleepie hufbandes fworde, Who then in flumber lay, For that he fhould by no deuife Haue powre to fcape away.

This done, the cruell wightes
(Of whome I fpake before)
With bloudie mindes, and armed handes,
Approched to the doore:

And vp they thrust the same, And softly entred in: And stole vpon the heavie prince, That slumbring long had byn.

Yet wrought it not fo well,
For all their theeuish pace,
But that [the] king perceiude them when
They came vnto the place:

Who mazed in his minde,
And chargde with fodaine feare,
To fee thefe two fuspected wights
To prease in presence there:

Gate him vp with Lions rage, From Cabbin where he flept, And to his fworde, for fafegarde of His life and honour, leapt.

But out, alas, the Queene
Had reft the weapon thence,
Which earft the Prince was wont to vfe,
And weare for his defence.

The Ruffians that in rage
For blood and mifchiefe fought,
Beftowde their blowes vpon the kyng,
That no fuch practife thought:

And fo beftirde themfelues,
His weapons being bad,
As in a while they flue him there,
And fo their purpofe had:
Vnwift of any wight,
The murther was vnfeene,

And knowne of none, but of the two,

And of the curfed Queene.

When this deuife was wrought, Ermigio out of hande Did feyze vpon the Pallace, with Intent to rule the land,

And thought to wed the Queene,
And fo he did indeede:
Whereto the Queene, and all the reft
That fauourde her, agreede.

Imagine of their ioyes,
Whom filthie finne did linke,
What pleafure they in kingdome tooke,
I leaue for you to thinke.

But fure in my conceite,
Where murther brings the wife,
There wealth is woe, luft turnes to loath,
And liking growes to firife.

But turne I to my tale,
That plainly may appeare,
What hap befell, and whether they
Did buie their marriage deare:

The Lumbards privile that
Their king was fouly flaine,
And that by meane thereof they might
Their purpose not attaine:

But flould bee forft to flee, Or worfer hap, to haue By longer flay their chiefeft goods And iewels for to faue,

Trufft vp in fardell wife,
And fo conucide by ftealth
The Ladie Aluifenda thence,
(And eke good ftore of wealth.)

Who daughter to the king
But lately murthred was,
Not by this wife, but by the first:
Away the Lumbards passe

Vnto Rauenna, where
As God and fortune woulde,
Longinus the Lieuetenant to
Tyberius, courte did holde:

Great Conftantine his fonne, Whofe Empire stretched wide, And vnder whom Longinus had In trust those Realmes to guide. This Captaine entertainde
Them in good louing wife,
And did the greatest friendship vse,
That he mought well deuise.

It fortunde fo at laft,
(The caufe I wote not well)
Longinus to good liking of
The Ladie Rofmonde fell,
Whofe fanfie grew fo great
Vnto the featurde wight,
As marrie out of hand he would
To further his delight.

To bring this match about,
He practifde with the dame,
And gaue aduife that flue floudde take
In hand a deede of flume.

The murther of the man
That vide her as his wife:
There was no choyce, but fhee must reaue
Ermigio of his life.

The Queene that cleane had caft
The feare of God away,
And awe of men, not weying what
The world of her might fay:
And thirfting for eftate,
Whereto she hoapte to clime:
Preparde a poyfoned drinke for him

Against his bathing time,

And made in wife, fhe gaue
A holefome Goffups cup,
Which he fhould finde exceeding good,
If he would drinke it vp.

Who having no diftruft
Of wife, or divelifh drift,
With witling hands vnto his mouth
The poyfoned pot did lift:

And drank a greedie draught
His former heat to quell:
It was not long before the drinke
Vnto his working fell:

Which when he felt to rage
And boyle within his breaft,
And knew himfelfe vnto the death
With venim vile posset:

He drew his desperate sworde,
In choler and despite,
And draue the Queene to quasse the rest,
And empt the vessell quite.

Which done, at one felfe time, Both he and eke his Queene Did end their liues, that haftners of King Albyons bane had beene.

One poyfoned fyrrupe flue
This curfed couple tho,
Whofe beaftly liues deferude fo vile
A death for lyuing fo.

Which when Longinus heard, And how that matters went: The Ladie Aluifinda ftreight Vnto Tyberius fent,

And all her treafure eke
That earft her fathers was.
Withall, Parradio who did ayde
To bring thefe feates to paffe,

Who being there in place, In cruell fort was flaine, And ere he dyde, was reft his eyes, To put him more to paine.

Nullum peccatum impunitum.

Ogni peccato a morte a'l sin lhuom meua.

## The Lennoy.



O heere the fatall end of murther done,
Such blooddie factes deserue no better hyre:
Behold the threede that of such wooll is spon,
Marke well their lot that mischiefe doe conspire,
It lightlie doth vpon their heads retire:
And those that are the workers of the deed,
Though long forborne, at last no better speed.

See, to reuenge when Rosmond once began, Incenst thereto by wrath and deepe disdaine, She could not stint by murther of a man, Nor leave, although she saw her husbande slaine, But thought she woulde attempt the like againe: Her vile conceite was blinded all with blood, She could not turne about to see the good.

Sewst once in sinne, and washt in waues of ill
She banisht ruth, and pitie flung aside,
Yelding her selfe to spoyle the slaughter still,
Whom she mislikte, should streight haue surelie dide.
Such flames of wreake withyn her bowels fride:
And being cald to hie and princelie state,
In foule attempts, she could not want a mate.

Worth whyle to note how such as beare the sway,
And sit in seat of royall dignitie,
The righteous Gods without respect, doe pay,
And plague them for their hellish crueltie,
With losse of honour, liues, and iolitie:
And such as are their ministers in ill,
Either gallowes eates, or fatall sworde doth kill.

Crude'lta sta spesso in donna bella.

## The Argument to the sixt Historie.



HE king of Thunise had a daughter faire,
Whose beauties brute through many countries ran:
This Lady was her fathers only heire,
Which made her loude and likt of eury man,
But most of all the king of Granate than,
Began to loue, who for he was a king,
By little sute, this match to cloth did bring.

The promise past betweene these noble states, They rested nought, but onlie her conuey In safetie home, for feare of rouing mates, Who would perhaps assault them by the way: Wherefore the king Cicils pledge they pray, Who gaue his word and Gantlet from his hand, Not to be vext by any of his land.

Away they went, the ships forsooke the shore,
And held their course to Granate warde amaine,
When sodeinly Gerbino (who before
Had lovde the Queene, and did his match disdaine)
With Galies came this royall prize to gaine:
The fight was fierce, a cruell battaile grewe,
But he at length most likelie to subdue.

When Sarizens saw the force of blooddie foe,
And that they must surrender vp the dame,
Maugre their might, and needs their charge forgo:
What for despite, and what for verie shame,
And partly to discharge themselues of blame,

They kild the Queene, Gerbino looking on, And threwe her out, for fish to feed vpon.

To venge which deede, and cursed cruell acte,
He slue them all, not leaving one aliue,
With fire and sword the Sarizens he sackt,
For that they durst so stoutlie with him striue,
And did his loue of life and light depriue.
Yet backe againe to Cicill Ile retyrde,
Missing the marke which he had long desyrde.

When newes was brought vnto the aged king
The Grandsire, how his nephew willfullie
Had broke the league, and done a heinous thing,
Committing spoile, and shamefull Piracie:
Although he loude Gerbino tenderlie,
Yet did adiudge him to the death, because
He did prefer his lust before the lawes.



ING William, by report of fuch

As dwelt within his lande,
Who fecond Prince of Cicil, held
The Scepter in his hand:
Two babes begot vpon his Queene,
A male, that Ruggier hight:

And eke a daughter, Cuftance cald,
A Dame of beautie bright.
This Ruggier while his father liude,

By fortune had a Sonne,
Gerbino namde, of whom this tale
Efpecially doth runne.

Who by his Grandfyre nourifht vp And nurtred from a boye, At length became a proper man, And was the Princes ioye.

His courteous nature wonne renowne, His valiant courage knowne Not only in Cicilia was, But brute abroad had blowne

The fame thereof to foraine realmes: His praife doth paffe the boundes Of all the Ile, where he was bred, And in Barbaria foundes:

Who to the king of Cycill payde
Their tribute money then:
Which greate renowne of Gerbins name
Vnto the eares of men

Was brought that every one extolde His vertues to the fkye: Who but Gerbino all abrode, Whofe fame like his did flie?

Among the reft that heard reporte Of Gerbin, was a dame, The daughter of the king of Tunife (I wotte not well her name)

But as (the men that fawe her vaunte)
Shee was the faireft hewde,
And trimmeft shapte, that euer kinde
Had cast or creature vewde.

Whofe body was no brauer deckte
With louely limmes without
Than was her mynd with maners fraught
And vertues round about.

This Lady hearing noble men
Oft reafoning of renowne
That Gerbin wanne, by worthy deedes,
And how his fame did drowne

That chiualry of all the reft:
And that his courage was
So great as he in manly feates
All other knightes did paffe.

Delighted very much therein, Shee likte the talke fo well, And flood fo long deuifing of His proweffe, that shee fell

To like Gerbino, though vnfeene:
Shee felt her breft to frie
With fancies flame, and was of him
Enamord by and by.

So that it did her good at harte To heare of Gerbines fame, And eke her felfe among the reft To publish out the fame.

As willing as fhee was before To heare of others talke, So glad this Lady woxe at laft, To haue her toung to walke. The playness proofe of great good will, That lurking lyes in brest: For when the minde doth like, the mouth Can neuer be at rest.

And on the other fide, as faft
This peerleffe Princeffe fame
Was noyfde abroad, and fo in fine
To Cicill He it came:

There was hir beautie bruted much,
As other where befide:
So long till Gerbin through reporte
Of his fayre Lady fride,

And felt himfelfe enlaste in loue, And tangled in the net: That willie Cupid earst to take His louing Lady set.

This heate did daily grow to more Within the gallantes breft,
And did torment him fo within,
That he to purchase reft,

Deuifde an honeft lawfull fkufe
To parte from Cicill Ile,
And gat him leaue to trauaile vnto
Tunife for a while,

Vpon defire to fee the dame, Whofe fanfie bound him thrall: And gaue in charge vnto his frende, And folkes he went withall, As much as euer lay in them
To further his intent,
As euery one fhould thinke it beft:
And tell her what was ment

Of Gerbines parte, and how he loude, Enduring bitter payne For her, and from the noble Queene To bring him newes againe.

Of whom, those men that had the wit
To handle matters well,
Went Merchant like vnto the court,
Fine iewels there to fell:

Which they of purpose brought from hom, And Ladies vie to bye, As rings, and stones, and carkenettes, To make them please the eye:

And by this practife in they gotte Within the Pallace gate, And made their fliew, and marchantlike In euery pointe they fate,

To fpye a time to moue their fute Vnto the noble dame: Who, in a whyle that they had bene In place, by fortune came,

And twharted where Cicylians fate, Vpon defire to fee Such iewels as might like her beft, Now here began the glee: For one that had a fyled tong, And durft his tale to tell And looke a Ladie in the face, Vnto his purpose fell.

And after reuerence done, began To fay in fobre forte, That Gerbin willd him to repaire Vnto her fathers courte,

To fee, and to falute her grace, Whom he did tender more Than all the Ladies on the earth, That he had feene before.

Her loue had pierft his noble breft, And cleft his manly harte: And he was well contented with The ftroke of Cupides darte.

Both he, and all the wealth he had Was hers to vie at will, Requesting her to take in worth Gerbinos great good will:

I cannot pen the tale he tolde, So well in euery place, As he, perhaps, pronounft it then: The gefture gives the grace.

But this you may affure your felfe, He dealte fo orderly, As needed: for the Princeffe did Receive him thankfully: And did accept his meffage well, With answere to the same, That as Gerbino burnt in loue, So shee did frie in slame,

And felte as hot a coale as hee Within her tender breft:
If inward loue, by fecret ache,
And griping might be geft.

And to thend her former talke Vnfayned might appeare, Shee fent Gerbino fuch a ring, As shee did holde most deare.

A iewell of no flender price,
The value did excell:
This meffage being borne him backe
Did like the louer well.

The token highly was efteemd, No richeffe mought haue pleafde His fansie halfe fo well, as that, For why? his smarte was eastde.

And after that, he fundrie tymes Sent freindly lynes of loue, And tokens to the Princesse, by The man that first did moue

The fute, and brake the matter vp: Deuifing how he might, And ment him felfe to talke with her, If fortune fell aright. But matters being at this hande, And luckely begonne: Deferring off from day to daye The thing that should bene done:

Whilft Gerbin melted with defire His Lady to imbrace:
And fhe againe did long afmuch To fee her louers face.

It fo befell, the king of Tunife
His daughter fpowfed had
Vnto the Prince of Granate, which
Did make the Lady fad.

She woxe the wofulft dame aliue, For being matched fo:
It did not only grieue her, that
Shee was compeld to go

So farre away from Gerbin: but The thing that nipte her nere, Was, that flue feard flue neuer should Haue feene her louer deare,

Once being parted from the place, In all her life againe: And hereupon the willing was, And would bene very faine

To fcape the king her fathers handes, And liude with Gerbin aye: She beate her braynes, deuifing meanes By ftealth to runne away. Likewife the knight was cloyd with care, And liude a wofull man. Her mariage knowen, his valiant breft To throbbe and ake began:

Was neuer wight in greater woe,
Nor angry moode than he:
At length when care was fomewhat paft,
He thought his helpe to be,

And only ayde to reft in force,
Wherefore he did entend
By ftrength of hand to win his loue,
When fo the king fhould fend

Her home vnto her hufbandes realme: Loue had poffet him fo, As, he the Princeffe to enioye, Through fire and floudes would goe.

The king of Tunife having heard Some inckling of good will, That was betwixt the knight and her, And doubting of fome ill

That Gerbin would pretend: befides, Well knowing that he was A valiant wight, and one that did Full manly proweffe paffe:

When time was come to fend the queene Vnto her hufbands land,
By letters which he fent, hee let
King William vnderstand

His meaning and his full inteent,
And did request beside,
To have assurance at his hands,
That he would so provide,

That not a man within his Realme Should hinder his pretence, Nor Gerbin make refiftance, when He fent his Ladie thence.

The hoarie graue Cicilian king,
That loden was with age,
And wift not of his daughters loue,
Nor yet Gerbinos rage,

Nor deeming that the kings demaunde Did tend to fuch effect, Did frankly yeld his fute, as one That did no ill fufpect.

And for affurance of the fame, To rid the prince of feare, He fent his Gantlet, for a pledge That things confirmed were.

Who having fuch affurance made,
Let builde a mightie barke
In Carthage Hauen, and did rig
The fame with earnest carke,
And finely finisht vp the ship,
In minde, without delay,
Vnto Granata, by the Seas,
To fend the Queene away.

He wanted nothing faue the time To complifh his intent: Meane while the wanton Princes, that Knew her father ment,

And fmelling out his purpofe, caufde Her man in poaft to goe Vnto Palermo couertly, To let Gerbino knowe,

Both of the Ladies late contract, And that by fhip fnee must Within a while to Granat goe, To ferue her husbands lust.

Wherefore tell Gerbine, if he bee The man in deed (quoth fhee) And fuch a valiant Knight at armes, As he hath bragd to mee,

And often boafted of himfelfe, Or beare me halfe the loue, He made in wife: he knowes my minde, I fhall his courage proue.

The meffenger that had the charge Did as the Queene had wild: And made returne to Tunife, when He had her heft fulfild.

When Gerbin had received the newes, Both of her going thence, And also that his Gransire gaue His gloue for their defence That should convey the Princesse home Vnto her husbands land:

He doubtfull woxe, and wist not what Was best to take in hand.

But waying well the Ladies wordes
Whom he did most imbrace:
To make a proofe of faithfull loue
In fuch a doubtfull case,

Vnto Meffina ftreight he went,
And there two Gallies made:
And armde them well with valiant men,
And fkilde in Rouers trade:

And to Sardinia did conuey
Him felfe, and all his route:
Entending there to make his ftay,
And linger thereabout,

Till time the Queen by fhipping came, Which was within a fpace:
For why Gerbino had not long
Continude in the place.

But that he might perceive aloofe
One vnder faile that came,
And had but flender gale: he knew
It ftreight to be the fame

Wherein the Queene his miftreffe went:
The Gods would haue it fo,
For at that inftant flender was
The winde that there did blow.

Then (quoth Gerbino to his mates)
If you be valiant men,
(As I have thought you all to bee,
And doe account you:) then

There is not one among you all I dare anowe, but earft
Hath been in loue, or prefently
With Cupids fhaft is pierft:

And certainely withouten loue Within the breaft of man, No goodnesse growes, as I doe deeme, Nor any vertue can.

And if you loue, or euer did, Then lightly may you geffe The great defire, and burning loue That doth my heart oppresse.

I doe confesse I am in loue,
And Cupid caufer was
That I procurde you hither now,
To bring my will to passe,

And vndertake this prefent toyle. The yonder ship you see, And in the ship doth rest a dame, The only ioy of mee.

And eke befides my Ladie deare Whom I would haue fo faine, Great wealth there is, to quit your toiles, An eafie thing to gaine. Small fight (no doubt) will ferue the turne,
If you will play the men:
Which bootie, if wee may atchieue,
(My mates) affure you then
I only will the Ladie gaine,
That is my only care:
As for the goods, I am content
Among your felues to fhare.

Wherefore (my friends) attempt the fight, Let courage neuer faile: The Gods you fee are willing that We should the ship assaile.

You fee fhe hath no gale to goe, She can not paffe away: Fight freely, all the fpoyle is yours, You shall be made to day.

Their needed not fo many wordes
Their willing hearts to win:
For why encountring rather than
Their lives they would have bin:

The bootie bred the great defire, They thought his tale too long: The greedie luft of pray did pricke Those luftie Lads along.

Wherefore as foone as he had told His tale, the trumpets blewe:
And euery man his weapon caught,
And to the oares they flewe,

And to the fhipwarde on they went, With all the fpeede they might:
The men aboord that fee them come
Preparde them felues to fight.

For why they could not fcape away,
The Gallies were fo neare,
And eke the winde fo flender was
To cause the ship to steare.

When Gerbin did approch the barke, He wild the chiefest men, That were the guides, and rulde the ship, To come aboord him then,

Vnleffe they ment to fight it out,
The Sarizens that faw
Both who they were, and what they would,
Said that they brake the law

Which earft the Prince of Cicill made Vnto their Soucraigne, and To make the matter plaine, they fliewde The Gantlet of his hand:

Loe here King Williams Gloue (quoth they)
Behold it here in fight:
This is your Pafport, nought yee get,
Vnleffe it be by fight.

Gerbino having earft defcride
The beautie of the dame
Aloft the Poope, began to frie
And melt with greater flame

Than euer he had done before:
For then her feature feemde
Farre fresher than in all his life
The lustie louer deemde.

And thereupon inraged thus
By beautie of the Queene:
He gaue his fcoffing answere, when
He had the Gantlet feene:

Good faith (quoth hee) I neede no gloue,
My Faulcon is away:
I haue no vfe to put it to:
But if without delay

You doe not yeeld the Ladie vp, Prepare yourfelues to fword: For fure, vnleffe I haue my will, You shall bee layde aboord.

And prefently vpon the fame
Without a farther talke,
The arrowes flewe from fide to fide,
The bullot ftones did walke:

A cruell fight began to grow
On eyther part a fpace:
But when Gerbino faw at length
His force could take no place,
He lades a Lyter all with fire
And with his gallies went
Full closely to the mightie ship.
They seeving his intent,

And knowing this, of verie force
That they must yeeld, or die:
Did make no more adoe, but causde
The Princes by and by,
(That vnder hatches sobbing sate,

Gerbinos only loue)

To leaue her teares, and fhew her felfe
Vpon the decke aboue.

Who as vpon the foreship stoode
In presence of them all,
The hellish houndes the Sarizens,
Vnto the Knight did call.

And full before his face, they flue, With many a blooddie blow, The Ladie, crying out for grace: And hauing done, did throw

Her carued carkaffe from the fhip
Into the brackifhe flood:
And to Gerbino therewithall
Exclaymde, and cryed a good:

Loe, take fir Knight, we yeeld her vp Vnto thy crauing handes, In fort as lyes in vs to doe, And as the broken bandes

Which thou haft (wretchleffe man) despisse,
Deserve: now doe thy best.
Gerbino, having viewde the deed,
And wayed within his breast

The tygres harts, and bloudy mindes
Of those that flue the dame,
Did make no more adoe, but close
With dreadlesse courage came

Aboord the ship, and there begon Without respect of grace,
Full Lion like, that lackes his pray,
When bullockes are in place:

To doe those wicked flaues to death,
He did not fauour one.
Some rent he with his eger teeth,
He set his nayles upon

Some other, breaking all their bones, To glut his hungry hart, That longd for vengeance of the fact. Then gan he play his part,

With fharpe and cruell fword in hand, As one without remorfe: He fcard me one, and fcotcht an other, And mangled enery corfe.

Meanwhile the flame began to grow,
And kindle all about
The bloudy barke, and bodies flaine,
The fparkes began to fpout.

The knight to faue the taken fpoyle,
Did caufe his watermen
To beare away fuch bootie as
Serue their purpose then.

Which done, he left the burning fhip, And to his gallies goes, With wofull conquest of the Mores That were his mortall foes.

Then willd he all the Ladies limmes
That in the water were,
To be vptaken peece by peece,
Not one to tarry there.

Which bones he long bewept with teares, That in abundant wife, For very griefe diftilled were By lymbeckes of his eyes.

And after many dolefull plaintes, And profes of louers paine, Returning home vnto the Isle Of Cicille againe,

He caufde her body to be tumbd In Vflica, an yle Full fore againft Trapponus foyle. And then within a whyle,

He hyed him to his natiue home,
A man of heauie hart:
Meanewhile the king of Tunife, that
Had tiding of the part

That late was playde, attyred all In blacke, his legates fent To Cicill, to the king to fhew His grace how matters went, And all the order of the fact,
And let him vnderstand
How that his nephew broken had
By rash attempt, the band.

Whereof King William wrothfull wox, And feeing that he must Of force, or shew himselfe a Prince, Or not be counted iust:

He made Gerbino to be tant,
And kept in yron gyues.
His nobles could not change his minde,
And purpofe, for their liues.

He iudged his nephew to the death, And loofing of his lyfe: There past not many dayes, but that Gerbino felt the knife,

And did endure his grandfires wrath,
Who rather wifht to fee
His nephew murthred, than him felfe
A faithleffe King to be.

And thus thefe two vnhappy wights
Without the fruites of loue
Had fhamefull deathes, as you have heard
By this difcourfe above.

## The Aenuoy.



HO works against his soueraigne Princes word,
And standes not of the penaltie in awe,
Well worthy is to feele the wrathfull sword,
And dye the death appointed by the law:
No favour is to such offendours due,
That, eare they did amisse, the mischiefe knew.

For Princes willes are euer to be wayde,
The statutes are the strength and stay of all,
When lawes are made, they ought to be obayde,
What royall Peeres, by pledge, or promise, shall
At any time confirme to friend or foe,
Must stable stand, the law of armes is so.

For they are second Gods in earth belowe, Assignde to rule and strike the onely stroke, Their crownes and scepters, be of perfect shew, That all estates are vnderneath the yoke: What they shall say, or doe in any case, By dutie ought to take effect and place.

Wherefore who dares aduenture vp so hie,
And proudly presse to alter kings decres,
Not fearing what may light on them thereby,
Nor forcing what they shall by folly leese:
Of law descrue the hardest point to byde,
For scorning those whom God appoyntes to gyde.

When royal Rome dyd flourish in estate, In auncient age, the Senate bearing sway, The lawes were so seuere, as who forgate To liue vpright, and doe as they did say: Was presently committed to the blocke, Without respect to blood, or noble stocke.

Some in exile were sent to foreine landes,
Leauing their wyues and little babes behinde.
Some sonnes were slayne euen by the fathers handes,
Who fauouring right, forgot the lawe of kinde:
Justice in Rome bore then so great a sway,
As no man durst good orders disobay.

We reade of one, a ruler graue and wyse,
Who made a law, and that to this effect,
That he should be bereft of both his eyes,
Whom any of adultery might detect:
And bring good profe that it was so in deede,
Vpon which acte the sages all agreed.

It so befell, his sonne against the law
Did first offend, that first deuisde the same,
Which fortune when the wofull father sawe,
And that his sonne could not auoyde the blame:
For justice sake did thus deuise to deale,
To giue example in the common weale.

Where as the law expressely willde, that he Who did offend, should be bereft his sight, The father with his sonne did so agree As each did loose an eye the faulte to quite: Wherein the father shewde himselfe seuere, And yet as ruthfull as the law could beare.

O worthy wight, O ruler fit to raigne,
That rather chose his childe to punish so,
And eake himselfe to byde some part of payne,
Than parcially to let offences goe:
A double tumbe was due vnto his bones,
For being just and ruthfull both at once.

King Romulus who let the citie builde,
And founder was of all that royall race,
That none should ouerleape his rampire wild,
Which Remus did the fortresse to disgrace:
Which when his brother saw in mockage ment,
With wrathfull sworde he slue him ere he went.

So here this aged Prince of Cicilic,
When he had plegd and pawnd his honor downe,
Though lesse offence to slay by crueltie,
His nephew, than to stane his kingly crowne:
For iustice is the chiefe and only thing
That is requirde and lookte for in a king.

Wherefore what Peeres and Princes once haue wild, No subject should endeuour to vndoe:
For Kings will looke to haue their hostes fulfild,
And reason good that it should aye be so.
As beastes obey the loftie Lyons looke,
So meane estates must puysant Princes brooke.

Ill fares the barke amid the broyling seas,
Where every swayne controlles the maisters skill,
And each one stires at helme him selfe to please,
And followes not the cunning Pylots will:
So realmes are rulde but badly, where the base
Will checke the chiefe, that sit in highest place.

## The Argument to the seventh Hystorie.



MERCHANTS daughter loude her brothers boy
That kept the shop, of linage basely borne,
Whiel grome became the damsels only ioy,
Whereat the brothers tooke no little scorne:
That he who was a youth of no account,
Presumde vnto their sisters bed to mount.
So deepely sanke disdaine within their brest,

As nought saue death their maliee might assuage,
Those stately merehants mought not be at rest,
Till time they had dispatcht the sillie page:
Wherefore they all, with one consent agreed,
To murther him, and so they did in deede.
Whose absence long did grieve the tender maid

Whose absence long did grieue the tender maide, That wept the dayes and spent the night in teares, Not knowing where he was, nor why he stayde: It so fell out in fine, the Ghost appeares Amyd her dreame, of him that so was slaine, And bid her stint her teares, that were in vaine.

He wried his wounds, he shewde the shameful blows,
He told the traytors treason, and the traine
That wroght his bane, and whence their malice rose,
And where his mangled earkasse they had laine:
Which process tolde, he vanisht out of sight,
The wench awoke, a heauic wofull wight.

To trie the truth of what her vision spake, She got a mate of trust, and on she hide Vnto the place, a perfect view to take: Where after search, the body she espide, The body of her friend so lately dead, Whose limmes she buried, bearing thence the head: Which head she plasht within a Basell pot, Well couered all with harden sovle aloft, Her daily vse was to lament his lot, That so was slayne: she wept and sorrowed oft: So long, vntill her brothers stole away The Basell pot, wherein her louer lay. This second griefe compared to the furst, That she (poore wench) had suffred for hir friend, Increast her cares, and made her hart to burst, Whose life did whole vpon the pot depend: The merchants, when they sawe their sister ded, For feare of lawe, in poste their countrey fled.



F yore within Meffyna dwelt
Three brothers, marchant men,
Left wealthie by their fathers death,
Who died by fortune then.

This marchant had befide his formes, A daughter, very young,

Elizabeth by name, in whom With beautie nurture fprong.

Which nymph, as nature furnisht had With feemly shape to view:
So in her tender breast, a troupe
Of honest maners grew.

Which gifts of courfe are wont to caufe Good liking, and good will:
But yet for all these vertues rare,
This virgins lucke was ill,

Or els her brothers cruell were: For fhe was ripe to wed. And yet without a married mate, Her luftie prime fhee led.

It fortunde fo, at felfe fame time This damfels brothers had A yonker, that did keepe the fhop, A very handfome lad.

Lorenzo was the prentife name,
To whom they gaue the charge
Of fhop and warehoufe, all was his,
To buie and fell at large.

This ympe being verie neate and trim
Of perfon, and of wit,
And paffing pleafure in deuife,
A man for follie fit:

By gefture and demeanure, fet
This damfels heart on fire,
Who but Lorenzo with the wench?
He was her chiefe defire.

When thus the virgin liude in loue, This prentife did perceiue, By noting her from day to day, He then began to leaue His forraine haunt at game abroade, And only bent his breaft To loue of her, of whom he faw Himfelfe fo fure poffeft.

Thus lyking grewe from leffe to more, The faggot equal was That burnt within thefe louers breafts, And brought the match to paffe:

For why there were not many dayes, Before the wench and he Gaue full affurance of good will, It might none other be.

Ech felt the fruite of former gripes, Ech louer found fuch fweete In Venus ioyes, as fundrie times At pointed place they meete,

And fport as the maner is Of wanton Cupids crue, That more refpect the prefent toyes, Than troubles that enfue.

And thus in play they fpent the time, But loue gives fuch a flame, As few, or none, have reason howe To quench, or hide the same.

For why the light bewraies it felfe Vuto the lookers flight, So farde it by these louers two, For on a certaine night As fhee (good wench) was hafting to Lorenzo, where he lay:
Her eldeft brother chaunft to fee
And tract her on the way,

And knew for certaine that she went Vnto the prentise bed: But like a wittie man he held His peace, and nothing sed.

Although it was a death to him So foule a fact to knowe, Yet reason and good nature did Perswade this marchant so.

As after fundrie doubtfull thoughts That wandred in his hed, He was content to hold his tong, And fo he went to bed.

I leaue to defcant of his dreames: But fure I fcarce beleeue He flept at eafe, who fawe a fight That fo his heart did greeue.

When morning came, and ftars did ftart,
The man that faw the deed
The night before, rofe vp, and gate
Him to the reft with fpeede,

And tolde his brothers what had hapt:
And after long deuife,
And counfell had vpon the cafe:
Because their fifters vice

Should purchase them no open shame, Nor yet their linage blot: They purposde so to deale in things As though they wist it not:

Vntill fuch time as fortune ferude,
Without miftruft or blame,
To rid away the partie that
Had doone them all the fhame:

Meane while they bore a merie face, And fhew of friendly heart, To outward fight, vnto the man That plaide fo vile a part,

The better to reuenge the wrong. For that an open foe
Is easie to be voyded, when
His lookes his rancour shew.

Which made them laugh in wonted wife, With him that had defilde
Their fifter, till fuch time as they
The leacher had begilde:

Which hapned in a little fpace. For being in this glee,
The brothers did deuife to take
Their horfe, and ride to fee

The countrie for a day or twaine:
And as the Prouerbe goes,
The moe the merrier is the feaft.
And thereupon it rofe,

They prayed Lorenzos companie
For fport, and folace fake.
Who though would gladlie ftay at home,
His wonted myrth to make

With her that was his only ioy:
Yet graunted his confent
To goe abroade, fufpecting no
Such mifchiefe as they meant:

These merchants, and the prentise thus
Their prauncing ienates tooke,
And brauely out of towne they rode
In all the hast to looke

A place wherein to doe the deede,
I meane Lorenzos death.
They had not iourneied farre, before
They came vnto a Heath
Befides the way, a defert where

No trauell was in vre.

And being brothers there alone, They thought themselues as fure

As needed, to difpatch a man,
That no fuch force did feare.
The fhort is thus, they made no wordes,
But flue Lorenzo there.

Mine author writes not of his wounds, But reafon giues it fo, That in reuenge of his abufe Ech brother had a blow: Whose body thus bereft of life, They buried in fuch fort, As no man faw the fact, nor none Could euer make report.

The Prentife flaine, the carkaffe laide In graue, the marchant men Vnto Meffyna, whence they came, Returned backe agen.

And to diffemble this their deede,
They bruted all abrode,
That lately in affayres of theirs
The youth Lorenzo rode,

And trauaild touching marchants gain: Which made the tale the more Of credite, for because he vide To doe the like before.

Elizabeth, at laft, that faw
The lingring of the man,
And that he ftaid beyond his time,
To languish fore began.

And as the custome is of loue,
To deeme ech houre a day,
Ech day a yeere, ech yeere an age,
When louers are away:

So fhee that thought his abfence long, And livde in bitter paine, Did question with her brothers, of His comming home againe. Demaunding when the time was fet, And when the day would be, That fhee Lorenzo fafe returnd, From foreine coast should fee.

To whom her brother thus replide, With countenance curft and grim, What doeft thou meane to question thus? Hast thou to doe with him

For whom thou doest demaund so oft? Good faith, vnlesse thou leave
These terms in time, thou shalt from vs
An answere sit receaue,

And well agreeing to thy deedes. Which bitter gyrde did nip
This filie maide, as fhe eftfoone
Began to byte her lip,

And woxe the wofulft wench aliue, Nor after durft to make The like demaund againe, for him That fuffered for her fake:

But fpent the day in dolefull plaints,
And fobde in fecrete wife,
The bitter torment of her breaft
Braft out and bathde her eyes,

With fundrie flowres of trickling teares
Diftilling by her face,
She often cald him by his name,
And wild him home a pace.

Lamenting much his long delay,
Whom fhee did loue fo well.
Whilft thus the maiden floode on termes,
Vpon a night it fell,

That after manie hartie fighes,
And fundrie cryes,
For lacke of Lorenze, flumber came
And flut her aking eyes.

Who was no fooner falne a fleepe, But dreames began to grow Within her raging retchleffe braine: Then feemd to open flew,

Her murthred friend to ftand in place, With vfage pale and wan, And cheekes with buffets blown out. The garments of the man

Were all to rent, his robes were ragd:
And, as the wench did geffe,
Lorenzo in her dreame befpake
Her thus: Thy deepe diftreffe

(O faithfull friend) I well perceiue, I fee my long delay Doth caufe thy cryes: for my returne In grief thou pynfte away:

My abfence is the caufe of care,
Thou doest accuse thy friend
Of longring, and thy heavy playnts
I see can have no end.

Wherefore (I fay,) dry vp thy teares,
That flowe like floudes of rayne:
Lament no more, I cannot come,
Though I would nere fo fayne.

For why, the day thou fawfte me laft, Was ender of my life:

Thy brothers, whilft I rode with them,

Slewe me with fodaine knife.

And therewithall he shewde the place Where dead his body lay: And willd her weepe for him no more, And vanisht so away.

The wench awooke, and credite gaue Vnto this dreame of hers,
Which made her to bemoyft her face
And bosome all with teares:

Full bitterly flee did bewale
The murther of her loue.
When morning came, and Phebus beames
The darkeneffe did remoue,

Not daring to difclose the thing Vnto her brothers, shee Did mynde to goe vnto the place, Of purpose there to see

Where that her dreame wer true, or no, Which troubled her the night.
And being that this Damfell was At libertie, and might

For pleafure wander out, and home,
In company of one
A woman frend, that wonted was
To walke with her alone,

And privy was of all her deedes:
As rathe as the might rife,
With mother nurfe the gate her out,
And to the heath thee hyes:

Where by coniecture lay the coarfe Of him that murthred was.
As fone as they ariued there,
She fcrapt away the graffe,

And where at first she founde

The hardest foyle, and stoniest bancke,
Began to delue the grounde:

Shee had not digged any depthe,
But lighted by and by
Vpon her louers wofull corfe,
Vnwafted that did lye

And vncorupted in the graue: Whereby the mayden knew That all the vifion which flue fawe The night before was true.

Whereat flue waylde and wept a good, But knowing that the place Was farre vnfit for fighes and teares, Which could not right the cafe: Shee would have gladly borne away
The carkaffe, to have layde
It in a decent tombe at home,
Saue that flee wanted ayde.

Wherefore fhe drew me out a knife, Wherewith away fhe fwapte Her louers head, and vp the fame In linnen cloth fhe lapte:

And couered vp the corfe agayne, And gaue the head to beare, Vnto the nurfe, her truftie frend, That was of purpose theare:

Shee tuckt it in her apron clofe,
(As women vfe to doe)
And fo vnfeene, from thence vnto
Meffina home they goe.

Where being come, and entred to Her chamber with the head, She shut the doore, and on the same So long her teares did shed:

Vntill with bryne fhee all befprent It, as it lay in place:
And now and then among her cryes,
Shee all bekift the face.

Which done, flee tooke an earthen pot, Wherein flee vfde to fette Her Bafill, or her Parfely feede, The best that shee mought gette.

## TRAGICALL TALES.

Whereto in foldes of filken lawne She put Lorenzos fkull, And after that, with garden foyle, She pourde the pitcher full:

And ftrewde her finest Basill seede About aloste the same, From whence like Orenge water, smell, Or Damaske roses came.

And daily after that, fhe fate
Imbrafing of the Canne,
And culling of it in her armes,
As though it were the man,

Whom fhe entirely loude before:
And after kiffing, then
She would to teares, and fighing fobbes,
From fighes to teares agen.

Continuing fo, vntill fuch time
As fhee had watred all
The Bafill, with the dreary droppes,
That from her face did fall:

So that at length by tract of time, Or groffeneffe of the ground, By reafon of the rotting head, The Bafill did abound,

And gaue a paffing pleafant fmell. The wench did neuer leaue
This folly, till the neighbours chanfte
Her practife to perceiue.

Who, (when her brothers muzed that Her bewtie did decay, And that into her hollow browes The eyes were funcke away,)

He fpake then thus: We ftand affurde, It is her daily gife, To goe into the garden, where The Bafil pot it lyes:

And there to weepe in wofull wife,
A wretched wench to fee.

The brothers when they heard the tale, And having willd that shee

Should leave that fonde and foolish trade,
But faw it booted not,
Did make no more adoe, but hid
Away the Basill potte,

Which, when the hapt to come againe,
And not to finde it there,
Full earneftly began to craue
The fame with many a teare:

And being harde thereof, begon
To wexe difeafde, and all
Her fickneffe time, for nothing but
The Bafill potte did call.

Her brothers not a little muzde
To heare her ftrange request,
In crauing of the potte, and thereVpon did thinke it best

To fee the fame, and make a fearch:
Who having powred out
The earth that was within the potte,
Eftfoone efpyde a cloute,

And in the cloth, the head inwrapte, So freshe and fayre to vewe, As it to be Lorenzos head, By curled heare they knewe.

Which fet them in a fodaine dumpe, And made them greatly dread, The murther would be brought to light By reafon of the head:

And hereupon they hid the fkull,
And layde it in a graue,
And from Meffina went by ftealth
Them felues from death to faue:

Entending, being fled the towne,
If they might paffe vnfpide,
From thence, in poste, vpon the spurre,
To Naples straight to ride.

And thus I leave the merchant men Their iourney forth to take, Who after fped, I wote nere howe: But thus an ende I make:

The filly wench, amid her griefe
Did neuer leaue to crye,
To haue the Bafill pot againe.
But when fhee did efpie,

That all her calling was in vayne,
Her teares did neuer blin
To iffue from her criftall eyes,
Till timy the harte within,
For very anguish, brast in twaine.

Then Clotho came to rid
The mourning Damfell of diftreffe,
And brake her vitall thrid.

Loe here the lotte of wicked loue, Behold the wretched end Of willful wightes, that wholy doe On Cupides lawes depend.

Vn puoco dolce multo amaro appaga.

## The Lennoy.



And all the Sea converted into incke,
It would not serve to shew Cupidos might:
No head can halfe his bloudy Conquests thinke:
Vnto his yoke he forceth every wight,
No one away dares for his life to shrinke.
Who most contends, the widest wound receaves,

For Cupid then by force his freedome reaues.

The sage who sayde, that (loue exceeded all)
Pronounst the troth, and spake as we do fynde:
He wist full well, that euery wight was thrall
Vnto the God that feadreth is and blinde:
No Poet him, but Prophet may we call,
For that of loue so derely he definde:
For Cupid with a looke doth wound moe hearts,
Then thousand speares, or thousand deadly dartes.

Which Cæsar sawe, who sundrie Realmes subdude, Whereby his fame did reach the stately starres, For when that he fayre Cleopatra vewde, He fell to loue, for all his civill warres:
In aged brest his youthfyll wounds renewde, Where Cupids scourge had left him sundry scarres. That learned Marcus, so renownde for wit, For Faustine fayre was rid with louing bit.

Eake Annybal of Carthage manly wight,
That past the Alpes to come to Italy,
Whose puissance put the Romane hoast to flight:
For all his force and prudent pollicy,
Did stoupe to loue, surprisde with deepe delight,
Of one, a wench bred vp vnciuilly:
And many moe, as fierce as he in fielde,
Cupido forst with tender bowe to yeelde.

And not alone this Archer masters man,
But by this power, doth pierce the golden skies,
And there subdues the greatest now and than:
Such subtill driftes the Godhead doth deuise.
As when that Ioue lovde Leda, like a Swan,
And prickt his plumes to please his Ladies eyes:

Another time became a milke white Bull, And all to steale away a countric Trull.

Who hath not hearde how Phebus Daphne lovde? How mightie Mars was bound in Vulcans chaine? And eke how Ioue his greatest cunning provde, When he became a golden showre of rayne. Endymion he was passingly belovde Of Phebe, who with him had often laine: On Latinus hyll, the gastly God of hell, Pluto him selfe, did like Proserpine well.

May Neptune boast or vaunt aboue the rest? Dyd he not loue as other Gods haue done? Hath Cupid neuer rasde his rockie breast? Could he for all his waues dame Venus shunne? No, he hath been by pangs of loue opprest, The water nymphs his godhead oft haue wonne, No storme could stint, nor frosen flood remoue, Nor water wast his flames of burning loue.

To banish him no wile or wit auailes,
No heart so hard, but melts as doth the waxe,
To cure his wound all learned Phisicke failes,
It burnes the breast, as fire consumes the flaxe:
The fort of force must yeeld when loue assailes:
Ech rebels mind with lingring siege he sacks.
No towre so high, no castle halfe so strong,
But loue at last will lay it quite along.

And looke who once is tangled in his net,
And beares his badge fast fixed in his brest,
By no decise or gile away may get,
But foorth he must, and march among the rest.

By nature so the law of loue is set,

As none hath will or power from him to wrest,

No griefe so great, no toyle or trouble such,

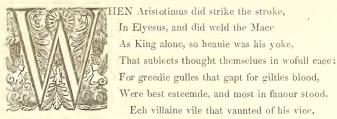
That faithfull louers thinke to be too much.

No counsell given by friend, no feare of foe,
No rulers rod, no dread of threatning law,
No wracke of wealth, nor mischiefe that may grow,
Can cause the wight that loues to stand in awe:
As flattly doth this former story show:
Where you a wench so deepe in fansie saw
As naught saue death might bring her woes to end,
When she had lost her faithfull louing friend.

Wherefore this wrong was great they did this maide:
The brothers were a little not to blame,
That would the wench from fixed fansie staid:
And thought by force to quench her kindled flame.
Loues heate is such, it skornes to be delaide.
With greater ease you may a Tiger tame,
Than win a wight whose liking once is set,
Either to forgoe a friend, or to forget.

Amor vince ogni eosa.

## The Argument to the eight Historie.



Ech loathsome leacher longing for his lust,
Was mounted vp, and held in hiest price,
Sinne sate at bench, extortion counted iust,
The best might bear no palme whilst he did rain,
He banisht some, and some with sword were slain.

Till Gods at last detesting murthers done
Incenst the hearts of sundrie noble wights,
For due reuenge, vnto his realm to ron,
Where matchte with suche as were his housholde knights,
With one consent this blooddy beast they slew,
Amid the Church for Gods themselves to view.

The woful Queen, the murthring monster wife, By fame assurde of dolefull husbands death, To flee the force, bereft her selfe of life, Enuying that her foes should stop her breath: Two Ladies eke, the daughters of the king, Had leaue to dic, who hung themselues in string.



HAT time the proude and puifant prince
Antigonus, in hande
The Macedonian Scepter held
And gouernd all the land:
There livde one Ariftotimus,
A beaft of blooddie kinde.

That all to monftrous murther did Imploy his Tigres minde.

Who, when by fauour and by force Of Antigon the King,
The flate of Elyefus to
His yoke and becke did bring:
Full tyrantlike he flrake the flroke,
And having got the crowne,

Gaue vp himfelfe to loathfome luft, And brought the fubiects downe,

That earft in freedome long had livde. So mightie was his raigne,
As to refift his cruell parts
Men thought it all in vaine:

What foule abufe was then vnwrought? What rigor left vntride? What wicked pranks and pageants plaide Whilft he the realme did gide?

His cankred nature all inclinde
To flaughter and to blood,
To kill the poore, and giltleffe foules,
It did this monfter good:

And to this murthering minde of his, He ioynde the vile aduife, Of barbarous people that to blood This tyrant did entife:

The beaftlieft men that living were Alone he did not place
In office, to controle the reft,
(Which was a curfed cafe:

That fuch vnciuill brutish beasts
Should rule a Princes land)
But choze them for his persons garde,
To have them neare at hand.

Of all the vile vnkindlie partes
That he aliue did play,
I note but one aboue the reft,
Wherein I minde to flay,

To fet this viper out to view:
That all the world may fee
What plagues in ftore for cruell Kings
By Gods referued be:

Who though to drinke in golden cup, And feast with daintie fare, And for a time abound in bliffe, Yet end their lives in care. And fixed of former fugred fops, They fixallow bitter gall, And from the top of kingly throne Abide the shamefull fall.

There dwelt within this tyrants realm A Citizen of fame, A man of wealth and great estate, Phylodimus by name:

Who father was vnto a wench
For feature that did paffe,
An A perfe, among the reft,
And nurtred well five was.

Faire Micca was this maidens name, Whofe beautie did excell. This Tyrant had a Souldier, who Did like the virgin well,

One Luzio, a royfting Roague In fauour with the king, That to the end he might the maid Vnto his bias bring,

A meffenger difpatcht vnto The father, ftraight to will Him yeeld his daughter to his hands, His pleafure to fulfill.

He let him vnderstand his lust,
The father feeing such
A foule demaund, and shamefull sute,
Was vexed very much,

And gripte with anguish of the minde:
But having wayde the case,
And knowing that this russian stoode
So in the princes grace:

And highly was efteemde of him:
Begonne to be afraide,
And thereupon his wife and he
Thought good to fend the maide:

Whom they perfwaded as they might, For fafetie of her life,
To yeelde the Souldier vp the fort,
Withouten farther ftrife.

But shee (good heart) that lesse esteemde Her life than spotlesse name,
Well nurtred vp from tender youth,
And aye, in feare of shame,

Fell proftrate at her fathers foote, Vpon her fainting knees, Imbracing him with bitter teares, The futes shee made were these:

That he would neuer fee her fpoilde
Of fuch a varlet vile,
Nor let a cutthrote fouldier fo
His daughter to defile:

But rather let her die the death With fathers willing knife: Than yeeld her vp to Luzios luft, To leade a ftrumpets life. Shee was content with any lot, So flee might fcape his hands. Whilft hearing thus his daughters plaints The wofull father ftandes:

And with the mother wayles the hap, And pities of the maide, Not knowing what to doe therein: The Leacher that had ftaide

And lookt for Miccas comming long, Impacient of his flame And beaftly heat, to fet the wench Himfelfe in perfon came:

Puft vp with deepe diftaine and wrath,
And fild with enuious yre,
That fine did linger there fo long,
Whom he did fo defire.

Who being come vnto the house Where did this damfell dwell, And seeing her at fathers soote, For rage began to swell,

And much mifliking her delay, With fierce and frowning face, Controlde the wench, and bid her rife And follow him a pace:

And must I Damfell come (quoth hee)
Mought message not suffice?
Doe way delayes, leave of those teares,
And wype your wantons eyes:

Difpatch and come along with me, Doe linger on no more. Whereat the wench renude her plaints, As shee had done before:

And made no haft at all to ryfe,
But fate vpon her knees:
Which Luzio feeing, all in rage
Vnto the mayden flees,

And ftrips her naked as his nayle,
And beate her round about,
A thoufand ftripes he gaue the girle,
That had not on a cloute

To faue the burthen of a blowe From off her tender corfe. But fhee continde on her minde For all the villaynes force,

Not weying all his blowes a beane,
A mayde of manly harte:
For though the beaft had beate her fore,
Shee made no shewe of smarte:

Nor yelded any fighing fobbes, In proofe of inward payne, But valiantly abid the fcurge, And ready was agayne

To doe the like, more rather that To yelde to fuch a flaue,
Or make him owner of the hold
Which he did long to haue:

The wofull parentes viewing this With griefe and dewed eyes,
Were greatly tho to pitic moude,
And out they made their cryes:

With fute of Luzio there to leaue
And beate the mayde no more.
But when they fawe they nought preuaild,
Their aged lockes they tore.

And out on God and man they call,
Their daughter voyde of blame
To fuccour being fore diffreft,
Euen then at point of fhame.

Which fute, and yelling crye of theirs Did make the monfter mad: And fet him farther in a rage, That earft fo plagued had

The mayden Micca voyd of gilt.
With that he drawes his knife,
And in the aged fathers fight
Bereaues the wench of life.

Out gusht apace the purple blood From Miccas tender limmes, In such abundance, as about The place the mayden swimmes:

A perfit proofe that all the zeale Which Luzio bore the wench, Did only growe of Leachers luft, Whom wrath fo foone could quench. For had he grounded luft on loue, Or fanfide Micca well, He would not fo haue flaine a mayd, Whofe bewtie did excell.

Farewell to thee Dianas Nimphe,
Thy vertue was fo great,
As well thou didft among the gods
Deferue to haue a feate.

For Lucrece could have done no more
Than yelde her felfe to dye,
And in defence of fpotlesse fame
A tyrants hand to trye.

What kingly hart, what princely breft? Nay more, what manly mynde Could fee, or fuffer fuch a facte, Against the lawes of kynde?

Would any man of womans milke, Endure fo foule a deede, Not yelding him that playd the parte, A gibbot for his meed?

And yet this butchers bloody rage,
This tyrant could not moue
To hate him ought the more, but eke
The good that did reproue

The filthy villayne for his vice,
The Prince did make away.
For fome of them with cruell fworde
He out of hand did flaye,

And other fome he forfte abrode As banisht men to rome, Eight hundreth at the least, into Aeolia sled from home,

For fuccours fake, to faue their liues, And fcape his hatefull hande, Who only fought the fpoyle of fuch As dwelt within his lande:

Where having certain months remaind Thefe exile wightes did wryte In humble wife, by lowly fute That they fuch fauour might

Obtaine from Aristotimus, As to enioy their wives And filly babes, the only staffe And stay of all their lyues.

But nought their letters moght auaile, He would not condifiend In any cafe, the Matrones to The banisht men to fend:

In hope by that to force them home, And fo to wreake his fpite Vpon those wise forecasting wightes That saude themselves by slight.

But yet he caufde a trumpe in fine To found in market place,
To fhew that he was well content,
And that it pleafde his grace,

That wives should feeke their husbands out:
And gaue them leave beside,
With bagge and baggage, babes and all,
Without restrainte to ride.

Hee licenft them to iourney thence,
And parte the citie quight,
Which tidings made the Matrons glad,
The newes did breed delight:

The packts and fardles then were made,
The wagons were puruayde,
Both carte and horfes readie were,
And women well apayde,

That to their hufbands they fhould paffe When poynted day drewe on, The fireets were fluft with cariage, wives Were readie to be gone:

Their little babes and all were there,
The porter only was
The caufe of ftay, without whose leaue
There might no carriage passe.

Whilft they at gate thus wayting were,
A farre they might efpye
A trowpe of fweating Souldiers runne,
That made a cruell crye:

And willd the women there to floppe,
And thence agayne to goe
Into the citie whence they came,
The Princes will was fo:

Those hewsters draue the horses back, The streetes were somewhat straight, Which made the prease exceeding great, The iades were fully fraight

With heavie burdens on their backes, Which fo anoyde the way,
As women might not well retyre,
Nor there in fafetie ftaye.

But by the meane of horfe and men Such hurlie burlie grewe, That there the iades from off their backs The little infants threwe.

The wofull fight that euer man Of honeft harte might fee, Such filly foules in fuch a throng Of cartes and coltes to bee:

Who could not helpe them felues a whit, Nor haue the mothers ayde, For they (good matrons) by this chaunce Were verie much difmayd.

For as their glee was great before,
And ioyfull eke the newes,
To parte the towne: fo this areft
Did make them greatly mufe.

Ther might you fee fome babes braines About the channel lie, Some broken legs, fome broofed armes, And fome with feare did crie. Were few but felt fome part of paines,
In fuch a retchles throng:
And fhee, that fcaped best away,
Was crusht, and curftlie wrong.

When the Souldiers reckned had,
And taken full accompte
Of wyues, and babes, and knew the fumme
Whereto the whole did mounte:

Vnto the Pallace ward they draue\_ Them like a flocke of fheepe, Which hired fhepherdes on the hills For meate and wagies keepe.

And beate the fillie foules a good,
That feemd to flacke the way,
Who, what for feare and faintneffe would
Bene very glad to ftay.

When to the tyrants court they came,
The monfter by and by
Bereft the matrons all their robes,
Both wyues and babes to lye

In pryfon eke he gaue the charge:
Thus were they foule beguild,
Who thought (good dames) to feeke their men,
From Countrie bounds exilde.

Here will I leaue with heauie hartes,
The wyues their woes to waile,
Who hoping to depart the towne
Were clofely kept in gayle,

And to the townes men will returne, Who, when they fawe the rage Their Prince was in, and wift not how His rancour to affwage,

Amongst themselves deuisde at last One practise to approue, Whereby perhaps they might have hap The tyrants hart to move.

They had within the citie walles
A forte of facred dames
Whom finne they thought it to abufe,
I wote not well their names:

Of Denys order all they were, Sixtene, or there aboute. The Citizens did deeme it good The Nunnes to furnish out

With robes and reliques of the church:
And in their hands to beare
Their painted Gods, procession wife,
As was the custome there:

Well hoping by this fubtill flight
To moue the Prince his harte,
Who though did murther men, they hopt
Yet had not layde aparte

All feare and dread of facred faintes, (As it fell out in deed)
For when that euery virgin had
Put on her holy weed,

Alongst the towne they gan to goe, In very graue aray, With humble fute to stirre the Prince To pitie those that lay

In prison, mothers with their babes, Which was a wofull case.

As then, by chaunce the Tyrant was Amid the market place.

The Souldiers feeing dames denoute So deckt with temple ftuffe, For reuerence of their order, did Begin to ftand aloofe,

And gaue them leaue to prease vuto The Tyrant, where he was: Who having licence, through the midst Of all the gard did passe:

And being fomewhat neere the prince,
The king began to ftay,
To know, both whe the women came,
And what they had to fay.

They told their tale, and movde the fute,
And opened their intent:
Which when the Tyrant vnderftood,
Perceiuing what they ment:

Vnto his traine he made a turne, With grim and ghaftly cheere, Controuling them, that did permit The Nunnes to come fo neere. I lay the Tyrants taunts afide,
I purpose not to put
His kingly chafe within my verse:
But Souldiers combes were cut.

With that the gard began to grudge, And for the checke they had, With Holbards, which they held in hand, They laid about like mad,

And bitterly did beate the dames, With many a clubifh blowe, Refpect of reliques laid afide, The Souldiers raged fo.

Thus did they vfe the facred Nymphes
That were to Denyfe vowde:
And to encreafe their griefes the more,
Ech virgin eke allowde

Two talents for a recompence,
Befides their hurts receivde:
Thus of their purpofe, both the dames,
And Citie was deceyvde.

At felfe fame time, there liuing was A man of great renowme, When this outrage was put in vfe, And dwelt within the towne:

Ellanycus this noble hight, Then stricken well in age, Whose sonnes though Aristotimus Had murthred in his rage: Yet did miftrust him nought at all Because he was so olde,
Was thought vnable ought to doe,
Which made the tyrant bolde.

This aged father waying well
His fonnes and countries fpoile,
Determinde with himfelfe to put
The tyrant to the foyle,

And take reuenge of blood, by blood, Of death, by murther done.

Loe here I leave the Prince a while His headlong race to runne.

I must againe convert my tale
Vnto those banisht wights,
Whom fore it yrkt so long to lack
Their wives and sweet delights.

For countrie loue by kinde doth worke In euery honest brest, And till we make returne againe We neuer liue at rest.

It was not long (I fay) ere they, That to Aolia were By Ariftotimus exilde, And forft to tary there,

With ioynt confent of many moe,
Tooke armes againft the king:
To bid him battaile out of hand
Their Souldiers they did bring

Within the tyrants countrie boundes, And did poffesse the land That bordred on the citie which This monster held in hand.

There making flout and flrong defence Against the Princes powre, From whence they might with ease affail, And eke the foe denoure.

And to increase their might the more, All fuch as fled for feare From Elyefus, ioynde their bandes, And were vnited there:

So that the whole affembled rout Vnto an armie grew: So many were those banisht men That from their countrie flew.

Wherwith the Tyrant gan to quake, And tremble verie much, For why? this battaile that did grow, His ftate did greatly touch.

The hammers beate within his brains, As on a fmithes forge, He wift not how to void the foe, Or troubles to difgorge,

That on his backe were like to light: At length he thus bethought, That having all their wives and babes Who all the mischiese wrought, In prison closely vnder key, He hopte he mought with ease, Deuise a meane the malice of His enemies to appease,

Not by entreatie but by force: For fo his cankred minde Was bent to rigour: as of courfe It is the Tyrants kinde.

Wherefore vpon a day he went Vnto the prifon, where The fillie captiue Ladies lay, With countnance full of feare,

With glowing eies, with bended browes, And angrie Lions looke, Commanding those whose husbands earst Their natiue soyle forsooke,

To write their letters out of hand,
And speede a poast away
With earnest sute vnto the men
From farther force to stay,

And do their wrathfull weapons down: Thus wild he them to write. This was the fumme that he would have Those women to endite.

Which of you do refuse (quoth he)
To complish by and by,
Be sure those eluish brattes of yours
And puling babes shall die:

And more than that, you (mothers) you Shall not be clere exempt
Of torment, but be duly fcurgde
For penance of contempt.

The women aunfwerd not a word,
Which chaft the tyrant fore:
Who being thus to choler movde,
Bid them delay no more,

Nor trifle, but refolue vpon
The matter out of hand,
If not, they shoulde his princely power
And pleasure vnderstand.

The Ladies doubtfull what to fay,
Vpon ech other gazde,
As who would fay, they feared not,
But fomewhat were amazde.

There was by chance amongst the rest, One wife, a worthie dame, Temoliont her husband hight, Megesten was her name,

Who for the honour of her fpoufe,
A man of good difcent,
And her good vertues, farre before
Those other matrons went:

One whom the reft did reuerence much And honor for her wit:
This Ladie whilft the tyrant talkt,
With fober grace did fit,

And neuer movde her felfe a whit, But caufde the others eke To doe the like: who when the Prince Had done his tale, gan fpeake,

Not honoring the king at all,
And thus the Ladie fed:
O Ariftotimus, hadft thou
Had iudgement in thy hed,

Or any wifedome in thy breft, Thou wouldft not thus entice, Or goe about to make vs write Our letters of aduice

Vnto our hufbands, teaching them How they fhould doe and deale, In cafe concerning good eftate Of this our common weale.

Farre fitter had it been for thee Vs matrons to have fent In meffage, vfing better termes To further thine intent,

And better order in thy deedes
Than thou haft done of late:
I meane the time, when we were ftaide
Euen at the caftle gate

At point to iffue out of towne.

Thou mockdft vs there in deede,

Full greatly to thy taynte and fhame.

But now that things proceede

Against thee as thou knowste no meane
To scape the present doubt:
If now (I say) by meane of vs
In speech thou goe about

Our hufbands to begile, as vs In deedes thou haft before: I tell thee plaine thou art deceivde, Thou fcanfte without thy fcore.

That they be not entrapt againe,
Wee women will beware:
I would not wish thou shouldst furmife
That we such Affes are

Or fotted fo, as feeking wayes
To ayde and faue our felues
From paine of prifon, and to eafe
Our little apifh elues:

We would aduife our hufbands to Defpife their countrie wealth,
Whofe freedome dearer ought to be
Than any womans health.

The loffe were light, though we decay, That babes and women be: And better were, our hufbands fhould Vs all in cofyn fee,

Than they fhould vnreuenged goe, Or die, without the foyle Of him that feekes to murther men, And worke his countrie fpoyle. This Ladie would have further gon And tolde the processe out, Saue that the Tyrant grew in rage, And gastly lookt about,

Vnable longer to endure
The force of furious rage:
Go firra, goe in poste and fetche
(Quoth he vnto his page)

This defperate dames vnhappie babe:
And ere I parte this place,
I will deftroy and flay the fonne
Before the mothers face.

Whilste thus the Page in message fent Went feeking here and there Among the other boyes, this dame (A Ladie voyde of feare)

Had fpide anon her little impe: Come hither, come (quoth fhe) My prettie elfe, yet rather I My felfe will murther thee

With friendly mothers forced hande, And reaue thy limmes of life, Than euer with thy bloud thou shalte Imbrue a butchers knife.

Which fpeach of hers fo spitefull was, And nipt the King so nye, As he in furie farther sette, Did sweare the dame should die. And therewithall fet hand to fworde To let the Ladie blood, That readie there to brooke his force Before his prefence flood.

And died doubtles there shee had,

And caught a fodaine clappe
To fet her packing, faue there was
A friend of his by happe,
One Cylo, whom he deerly loude,
That held the Princes arme,
And was the caufe, by flay thereof,
The Lady had no harme.

This Cylo he was one of them Who ment to flay the king With helpe of good Ellanycus: They had deuifde the thing

Long earft betwixt themfelues: for why?
They could no longer byde
This cruell monfters bluddie hande,
And flomache fluft with pride.

This fage appeade the Princes wrath, Who having throughly made
A truce betwixt his rage and him,
And caufde him fheathe his blade:

Perfwaded that it yll became, And was a brutish thing, For him that was a noble peere, Yea such a puisant King, To bathe his blade in womans bloud: The conquest was vnfitte

The conquest was vnsitte

For such as in the like estate

And royall roome did fitte,

Within a while that this was done,

A marueilous happe befell

To Aristotimus, that did

This tyrants death foretell.

For being with his Queene in bed In daliance and delight, His feruants, going to their meate,

An Egle fawe in fight,

That made vnto the Pallacewarde,

As fast as shee mought slie:

This vggly Egle came amayne,

And foaring in the fkie

Just oueragainst the very place,

Somewhat beside the hall

Where lay the Prince, from out her foote

The foule a stone let fall,

And prefently vpon the deed

Away apace did flie

Quite out of fight, and as fhe went

Shee gaue a cruell crye.

Whereat the feruants meruelld much, And made fo great a dyn, As therewithall the king awoke

That had in flumber byn.

His feruants tolde him what they faw, And how the cafe did ftande, He all in poaft, vpon reporte, Sent horfemen out of hand,

For one that was a deepe denine, In whom he did affye To fhewe the cafe, to heare his minde, And what was ment thereby.

The Prophet made him answere thus:
O puisant Prince, (quoth he)
Disgorge thy care, abandon feare,
Let nothing trouble thee.

Pluck vp thy manly harte: for Ioue
Doth tender thine eftate,
And makes a fpeciall care of thee,
The Egle that of late

Thy feruants fawe, his herald is Whom he in meffage fent, To fhew thee, that the mightie God Is very greatly bent

To ayde thy force against thy foes, Who long with murthring knife, To spoyle theyr countrie of their king And reaue the Princes life.

But boldly this prefume, that God Himfelfe will fland with thee, Gainft fuch as feeke thy death, and who Thy mortall enemies bee. The tale this cunning Calcar tolde, Did eafe the tyrants breft Of divers doubtes, wherewith he was By Egles meane oppreft.

Hee foundly flepte, not doubting death, Nor fearing ciuil fworde: But marke the end, and what it was To truft a Prophets worde.

For hereupon the men that ment
The murther of the king,
(Ellanicus, and all his mates)
Thought good to doe the thing
Which they pretended out of hande,
Not making longer flay.

And fo among themfelues eft foone Concluded, on the day

That followed next to worke the feate And bring their drifte to paffe, And that felfe night, Ellanicus, As he in flumber was,

Dreamte, that the elder of his fonnes Whom earft the tyrant flewe, Prefented him before his face, With wordes that here enfue:

Why fleepe, and flugge you (father deare)
Why doe you linger fo?
That you to morowe fhall fubdue
Doe you as yet not know?

## TRAGICALL TALES.

And reaue this citie from the king Who now eniouses the fame?
Departe your pillow (father mine)
And balke your bed for fhame.

Wherewith Ellanycus reliude,
And hoping then in deede
Of happie lucke, in breake of day
Sought out his crewe with fpeede.

That were confedered in the face: Perfwading them to cafte All dread aparte, and flat to fall Vnto their feate at lafte.

And at the felfe fame time the king (As hapte) a vifion had,
That fed him with affured hope,
And made him paffing glad.

This dreame prefented to his thought, That with a mightie trayne Craterus came, to take his parte, Refiftance was in vayne.

There was no caufe why he fhould care, But be of courage floute, For that Craterus had befet Olympia rounde about.

This vision vayne, of good fuccesse Did so affure the king,
As in the dawning timely hee
Not dreading any thing

Departes the Pallace, voyde of awe, With whom there only went That Cylo, which was one of those That all this mischief ment.

By one and one his other men Did followe fomewhat flacke: Which when Ellanycus perceiude, How hee his trayne did lacke:

The time is fitted finely then,
The feafon feemed good,
Vnto this auncient foe of his,
To let this tyrant blood,

Without the giuing any figne,
For fo deuifde he had
With fuch as were his fellow friendes:
But being very glad,

Vp lifteth he his aged armes
Vnto the azurde fkies,
And with the lowdest voyce he could,
Vnto his mates he cryes:

Why doe you loyter, (valiant laddes)
And men of great renowne,
To doe fo worthy deede as this,
Amid your noble towne?

Which worde no foner fpoken was, But Cylo first of all Set hand to sword, and drewe it out, And slewe me therewithall, First one of those that issued with The tyrant him to garde. Who so should take a tyrants parte, Deserves the like rewarde.

Then after that, when Cylo thus
The matter had begunne,
Lampydio, and Trafybule
With all their force did runne
Vpon the monfter, fully bent
Him out of hand to flay,
Who then began to truft his legges:

For why? he ran his way,

To fcape the danger of his death,

And to the temple fled

Of Iupiter the mightie God, In hope to faue his hed.

But heathen Gods mought nothing help,
His enemies were fo hote,
As him amid the facred Church
With flining fwordes they fmote,

And there bereft him of his life, That well deferude to dye: And after dragde him blooddy thence In open streete to lye.

There lay his loathfome carkaffe flaine For every man to vewe, The people did reioyce at harte For freedome gote anewe. So glad were neuer hungric houndes
Purfuing of the hare,
To fasten on the fearfull beast
Each dogge to have his share,

As were the fubiccts eger then
The tyrant to purfue,
With hatefull blood of fuch a beaft
Their wepons to imbrew.

Whilft thus the folkes debating flood
Of matter hapt fo late,
Ech wife began to gaze about,
And prie to finde her mate.

For now the banisht men were come Vnto the towne againe.

To tell the mirth at meeting tho I thinke it were in vaine.

For as their care was common earft, Whilft he the realme did gide, So femblant was their ioy no doubt, When fuch a monfter dyde.

This done, the people gan to preace Vnto their Pallaceward, But ere they came, how matters went, The quaking Queene had hard,

And of the flaughter of her King.
Full heavie newes, God wot:
Wherefore miftrufting what would hap,
Eftfoone her felfe she got

Into a prime counting house,
Where to escape their force,
About a beame shee hung a sheete,
And strangled so her corfe.

A doleful cafe that any dame That wes a Princes wife, Should for her hufbands fake, be forft To rid herfelfe of life.

But yet of both, more happy fhe, Than was her hufband flaine: For ventroufly fhee put her felfe To death, not dreading paine,

But he the captiue, cowardlike
To Ioue for fuccour ran,
And tooke the temple, like a wretch,
And dide not like a man.

But turne we to our tale againe:
The tyrant by this Queene
Two daughters had, the fairest wights
That lightly mought be feene,

And ripe in yeeres to match with men:
Who having heard report
How that their father murthred was
In fuche a cruell fort:

In minde to void the furious foes
(As virgins full of feare)
Conuaide themfelues into a vawte
To ftay in fafetie there.

But they that fought fo many were,
And pryed fo well about,
As in the feller where they lay,
They found the maidens out.

Whom thence, without delay, they drew,
And whet their eger knyues,
As fully bent as men mought be,
To reaue the Ladies liues.

But there by hap Megesten was,
Of whom we spake before,
At whose entreatie, and the sute
Of other matrones more,

Those noble Nymphs wer tho forborn, For thus Megesten faid To such as sought to doe the deede: In slaying of a maid

You do the thing that Butchers hearts Would neuer vndertake, Good faith it were a fhamefull fact So vile a fpoile to make,

As file your fifters with virgins blood, Against your manly kinde: Let greedie lust to be auengde Not make your eyes so blinde.

But rather, if fo be, there is
No nay, but they must die,
Giue leaue, at my request, that they
Their proper strength may trie.

Let them make choice vpon their death, And fcape your handie force. Whereto they all agreed in one, But no man tooke remorfe.

It irckt them that the tyrants blood
Shouldft reft fo long vnfhed:
There were appointed for the nonce
That both the Ladies led
Into an inner lodging, where
When they arrived were,
The eldeft fifter like a Dame
Vndaunted, voyde of feare,

From off her wafte did loofe the fcarfe That girt her loynes about, And bid her yonger fifter doe The like with courage ftout:

Then to a refter of the house,
Their girdles both were tide,
The knots and all were fitly made
To cause the filke to slide.

Who fo had vewde those virgins then He would have thought, that they Had not intended by and by Such break neck game to play.

Their faces were fo fresh to sight,
Their eyes did neuer stare,
Their tungs pronounst their tales as though
Their hartes had felt no care.

Their outward gefture flewde a ioy, More rather than diftreffe: When thus (I fay) the knots were knit, To do the feate, the leffe

Of both the Ladies tooke the elder Sifter by the hand, Requesting her, that shee as then So much her friend would stand,

As first to let her die the death,
And play her part before:
To whom the elder answered thus:
As neuer heretofore

I have denyde thee (Sifter) aughte In all my life, fo now Even at my death I am content Vnto thy will to bow.

Thou shalt have leave to let me live,
Till thou be dead and gone:
But that which greeues me most of all,
And gives me cause of mone,

Is, that I liue to fee thy death Before my loffe of life. The yonger Ladie thereupon Without a farther strife

Conuaid her head into the fcarfe: The other ftanding there, Gaue counfell fo to place the knot Just vnderneath the eare, As lightly the might loofe her breath, And rid her felfe of paine: The yonger followed her aduife, An eafie death to gaine.

A wofull thing for me to write, And loathfome eke to you, (Deare Ladies) who to paffe their time Shall hap my book to view:

To thinke that two fuch virgins, borne And bred in Princely bliffe,
Should be inforft in fine to make
So hard a choyce as this.

But (as the auncient Prouerbe goes)

Perforce obaies no law:

The crabbed carters whip will cause

A stately steed to drawe.

The yonger fifter thus bereft
Of life, the elder came
And cut the girdle of the beame
To hide her fifters fhame,

As well as fhee (good Ladie) might.
Then was her part to play:
Who putting on that other fcarfe
About her necke, gan fay

Vnto Megesten: Noble dame, When thou shalt see me ded, For honours sake vnto thy kinde See thou my carkasse led In place that is for maidens meete, Let not my body lie Defpoyld of robes, to naked fliew And view of euerie eye.

And with her faying, downe flee flipte, And by her bodies peafe, (Though light it were) did ftop her pipes, And foe flee dyde with eafe.

## The Lennoy.



HOSE realmes right happy are, where princes raigne,
That measure out by vertue all their deedes,
Abhorring with their vassals blood to staine
Their sacred hands, and gore their kingly weedes:
The subjects there with willing harts obay,
And Pecres be safe from fall and foule decay.

But (out alas) where awfull Tyrants hold In haughtie cruell hands the royall powre, And mischiefe runnes by office vncontrolde, There aye the great the lesser sort deuoure: By daylie proofe ech one may daily see, That such as rulers are, such subicets be.

Vnlesse the law forbid the lewde to sinne, Vnlesse the Prince by rigor vices quell, Disorders will by sufferance soone rush in: Who striues not then in mischiefe to excell? By nature man vnto the worst is bent, If holesome statutes stay not his entent.

A hungrie wight is hardly barde from food, The kindled straw is seldome when put out, A Tyrant that hath tasted once of blood, With much adoe forbeares the sillie rout: So sweete is sinne, as once from vertue fall, And thou art lightly lost for good and all.

No looking backe, no bending foote about,
No feare of fall for many a mischiefes past,
No ill reuokt, no dread of any doubt,
Till God by heapes powre downe his plagues at last:
As by this verse is plainly set to view,
No matter fainde, but auncient storie true.

Who would by might haue maintained Luzios lust, That slewe the childe before the fathers face? What king would wincke at matter so vniust? Or fauour Ruffian in so foule a case? The fact was vile, and dreadfull vengeance dewe Vnto a Prince, that such disorder knewe.

To bolster vice in others is a blame,

For such as may by power suppresse the deed:
But crowned Kings incurre the greatest shame
When they themselues on Subiects flesh do feede:
For Lions take no pleasure in the blood
Of any beast vulesse they be withstood.

And when such states so fouly doe offend,
Not they alone doe bide the bitter scurge,
But subjects are for rulers vices shend:
As when the Sea doth yeeld to great a surge,
The lesser brookes doe swell about their boundes,
And overflow like floods the lower grounds.

Lyacon lewdc, that fed on strangers blood,
Although himselfe were he that God forgate,
Yet causer was that Iouc with sodaine flood
Drownde all the world, saue Pyrrha and her mate:
Thus one ill yeere may worke ten thousands woe,
God hates yll kings, and doth detest them so.

As heere we see this vgly Tyrants wife,
And giltlesse broode that neuer did offend,
Raunsomde the fathers faultes by losse of life,
And he himselfe was brought to wretched end:
Wherefore let Peeres and states vprightly stand,
Least they and theirs be toucht by Gods owne hande.

For he that guydes the golden globe aloft,
Beholdes from hie, and markes the deedes of man,
And hath renenge for enery wicked thought,
Though he forbeare through mercy now and than:
He suffereth long, but sharpely payes at last,
If we correct not our misdoings past.

He spares no more the Monarche than the Page,
No more the Keysars than the countrie Clownes,
He fauours not the auncient for their age,
He cuts off Kings, for all their costly Crownes:
No royall roabes, no scepter, no deuice,
Can raunsome those that fauour fylthy vice.

## The Argument to the ninth Hystorie.



YMONA likt of Pasquine passing well,

And he did frie as fast with egal flame,
In sorte, as on a time these louers fell
To make a match, of purpose for the same:
With one consent where time and place was set,
This louing couple in a garden met.

There ech to other vttered their deuise.

To salue the sores that fancy fixt in brest,
They kist, they colld, thus neither part was nice,
To take the time of both is compted best:
Amid their glee, twas Pasquines hap to spie
A\_bed of sage, that there was growing by:

Whereof he pluckt a leafe to rubbe his iawes, And presently fell dead vpon the deede: The wench exclamde, whose soden crie did cause The neighbours by to come away with speede: The man was founde there senselesse as he lay, And she (boore wench) as captiue borne away.

The Crowner sate, the iurie was in place,
The witnesse came for triall of the truth,
The Iudge was there: who hearing all the case,
And having of the silly mayden ruth,
For pitic pausde, and to the garden went,
To learne the troth, and scan of her intent.

Symona straight vnto the border ranne,
Where grew the Sage, and pluckt a leafe or twaine,
And therewithall to frote her gummes began,
As one that would bene quit of murther faine:
Lo thus (quoth she) my Lord, did he before,
And thus was all, I sawe him doe no more.

And with the word before the Iudge his face,
The giltlesse maide fell groueling on the ground,
And there she died before them all in place,
And then the cause of both their banes was found
The tale ensues, which more at large doth tell,
Both of their loues, and how their deathes befell.



HE fame of Florence is fo great,
That fimple men do knowe
The brute therof by true report:
Where dwelt not long agoe,
A virgin fresh and fayre to viewe,
A iolly lufty dame,

As any was in all the towne, Symona was her name.

And bafeft order was.

Whose beautie though were very braue
And kinde had done as much
For her, as she mought well request,
Yet fortune seemde to grutche
And malice at her seaturd shape:
For as the same did passe,
Euen so her sather of the meane

A man not haueing welth at will, The ftately miftreffe chaunce, Would not voutchfafe from lowe eftate This mifer to aduaunce,

And hereupon the fathers want, With whom it went fo harde, Of force conftrainde the mayde to get Her liuing by the carde

And wheele and other like deuice,
As felly maydens vfe,
With handy worke fhe wonne her bread,
She could none other chufe,

Who though to earne her meat and drink,
In fpinning fpent the day:
Yet in this beggers breft of hers,
A Lordlike hart there lay,

That durft adventure to affay
The force of Cupides flame:
For by the ieftures and the talk
Of one that daily came

Vnto the house where she abode,
A passing pleasant lad,
One of her owne estate, for wealth,
That of his mistresse had

Posth weel and varies to spin and tries

Both wool and yarne to fpin and twift: The wench Symona fell In fancy with this merry Greeke, And lykt the weauer well. The virgin by his fweete regardes Was entred very farre,

And masht within the net of loue:

But yet she did not dare

To further on that first attempt,

She fryde with fecret fyre,

Of Pafquine (thus the youth was tearmd)

Whom she did fo defire.

But euer as she twisted had

A threed vpon the wheele,

A thoufand fealding fighes she fette:

The filly wench did feele

Them whotter farre than any flame

Thus iffuing from her breft:

And euer as flie went about,

She thought vpon the gueft

That brought the wool, to haue it wrought,

The fpinning bredde the fpight,

The threedes did make her minde the man,

When he was out of fight.

And fhall we deeme the weauer, whom

The mayden loude fo well,

Quite voyde of wanton humors? no:

For he to liking fell,

And likewife eake as carefull woxe

As was the louing trull,

To fee that shee did well dispatch

And fpinne his miftreffe wooll.

(As though the making of the cloth All wholly did depend,
And only on Symonas threed)
Which made him not to fende,

But often come him felfe, to fee How fhe her wheele applyde: He neuer vfde to goe fo ofte To any place befide.

And thus the one, by making meanes,
The other by defire
She had to be thus fude vntoo,
It hapt, he felt a fyre

Vnwonted, flaming in his breft:
And fhe had fhifted feare
And fhame afide, which ftill before
Her chiefeft iewels were.

And hereupon they ioyntly fell Each other well to leeke, Both parties did fo well agree, Small neede it was to feeke

Which of them both fhould first affayle, Each fancyde other fo, As by each others face, each friend, Each others heart did know.

And thus from day to day it grewe, And ftill enkindled more, The flaming loue which fhe to him, And he Symona bore. Vntill at length this Pafquine prayde
The mayden earneftly,
To worke fuch way and meanes to come
Vnto a garden by,

Where he would tarrie her in place Vntill fuch time fhe came, For that the garden was a plotte Convenient for the fame,

And meerely voyde of all fufpe&:
There might they talke their fill.
Symona like a gentle wench,
Did graunt him her good will.

One holyday at after noone, Her father to deceiue, Symona came with folemne fute, Requesting him of leaue

To goe vnto faint Gallus Church,
To fetch a pardon there.
The felly aged fyre agreed,
Whofe eye the mayd did bleare:

For hereupon, another wench, Lagina cald, and fhe Vnto the garden went, where they Had poynted him to bee.

But Pafquine, ere they came, was there, And brought with him a mate, Cald Stramba (Puccio was his name:) This Stramba he should prate, And with Lagina chatte of loue, The matche was pointed thus: And whilft thefe two groffe louers did Their matters fo difcuffe,

Vnto the farther end of all
The garden, Pafquine went,
And with Symona there conferde
As touching his entent.

Heare leaue I (Ladies) both the talke Which Stramba did deuife Vnto his new acquainted laffe, Prefume his tale was wife:

For as Cupido whets the tongue, So doth he fharp the braine Of those that loue, and earnest are Their Ladies to attaine.

And though perhaps this fellow wer Not come of gentle kinde, Yet being matcht with on he likt, Perhaps coulde tell his minde.

For fanfie makes the foolifh wife, And compaffe in his hed,
By what deuice he may atchieue
His liked Ladies bed.

To Pafquine turne we now againe, Who (as I faid) of late Was ftept afide, of purpose with His minion to debate. There was, where he did fit, by chance Conferring of the cafe,
A goodly bordered bed of fage,
Euen full befide the place,

Where as this louing couple coapt
In fecret fport and play:
Who haueing long with merrie talke
Confumde the time away,

And made appointment eke to meete Another day againe, To banquet with Symona there To feele a farther vaine.

This Pafquine to the fage reforts, Whereof a leafe he ftrips To rub his teeth and gummes withall, Hee put it twixt his lips,

And fo began to touch his teeth, And therewithall did fay, That Sage was very good to freat The filthie flesh away

That flucke betwixt his hollow teeth. Within a while that he Had practifde thus vpon his gummes His countnance gan to be

Quite altered from the former forme, And after that a fpace That thus his vifage fwolne was Vnto an vglie face, He loft the vfe of both his eyes, And of his fpeech befide: And fo at length in fodaine fort This louing weauer dide.

Which when Symona had beheld, She watred ftraight her eyes, And (out alaffe) to Stramba and Lagina lowde fhe cries.

The louers left the deep difcourfe, And to the place they runne, Where as fo late this chaunce befell, And deadly deed was done.

Ariuing there, and finding dead The weauer in the graffe, And more than this, perceiuing how His body fwollen was:

And feeing all his face befpangde With fpots as black as cole, And that in all the body was Not any member whole:

Then Stramba cried out aloude,
Oh vile vnthriftie wench,
What haft thou done? why haft thou giuen
Thy friend a poyfoned drench?

What meanst thou by this deed of thine? Which words were spoke so hie,
That all the neighbours heard the same
That were the dwellers by.

And in they preffed all in haft,
Into the garden, where
The fhowte was made, and being come
They found the body there

Both void of life, and fouly fwolne, An vgly fight to fee. And finding Stramba fliedding teares, And blaming her to be

The only cause of Pasquines death:
The wench vnable eke
For verie griefe of heart, a worde
In her defence to speake:

Though fhee in deed were not the caufe, Yet they that came to view, Did apprehend the girle, and thought That Strambas wordes were true.

When thus the wench arefted was,
She wrong and wept a pace:
And fo from thence, was brought before
The common Judge his face,

Vnto the pallace where hee dwelt. The maidens accufers were Exceeding earnest in the case,

Both Stramba that was there

With Pafquine as his faithfull friend, And other moe befide, That came into the garden, when The faithfull virgin cride. And hereupon the Justice fell To question of the fact, Debating with the witnesses, Who having throughlie rackt

The matter, and not finding her As giltie of the deede, Nor any proofe of malice that Might from the maide proceede,

As touching murther of the man: Hee thought it good to ftay His iudgement, and himfelfe to goe Where dead the carkaffe lay,

To view the partie, and the place,
To beate the matter out:
For all the other euidence
Might not remoue the doubt

Within his head the Iudge conceivde In this fo ftrange a cafe. The men that knew the garden, brought The Justice to the place

Where Pasquines carkasse pussed lay, And strouting in such wise As made the Judge himselse amazde, Hee could not well deuise

How fuch a mischiefe might bee done.
Which made him aske the maide
Symona, how the murther hapt.
To whom the virgin said,

Renowmed Justice, after talke
Betwixt this man and me,
Hee stept aside vnto the bed
Of Same that have man for

Of Sage that here you fee:

And with a leafe thereof he rubd His gummes: as I do nowe, (And therewithall flue tooke a leafe To flue the Juftice how

Her friend had done) and this (quoth fhe)
He did, and died than.
Whereat this Stramba, and the reft
That records were, began

To fcorne and laugh in prefence of The Iudge, and earneftly Made fute that fire might bee fet, Wherein the wench to frie,

To feele the penance of her fact, Which like a wicked wretch She had deuifde: fhee earned death That would her friend difpatch.

The virgin wofull for the death
Of him that latelie died,
And fearefull at the earnest fute
Which Stramba made beside:

Thus having rubd her tender iawes
With Sage before them all,
Without fuspect of fuch mishap,
Bereft of life, did fall

Vnto the ground, where Pafquine lay, And in like fort did fwell, From louely lookes to loathfome limmes, A monftrous chaunce to tell.

And thus to fliew the meane, how earft Her louer loft his breath, This fillie giltleffe wench her felfe Euen there did die the death.

O happy foules, whose hap it was
In one felfe day to loue
So faithfully, and in felfe day
The pangs of death to proue.

And happier had you both ybin
If you had had the grace,
Some other where to fpent the time,
And not within that place.

But farre more bleffed are yee nowe, If in this death of yours, You loue ech other as in life, Your likings did endure.

But (thou Symona) happieft art, For ending fo thy dayes: If we that liue may iudge aright, And yeeld the dead their praife.

Whose innocent and giltlesse ghost Dame Fortune did denie, By Strambas false surmised proofs, Without iust cause to die. I count thee treble bleft of God,
For Fortune found (I fay)
A meane for thee by felfe fame death,
That rid thy friende away,

To fet thee free from mifreports,
And flaunder that did growe,
And gaue thee leaue by loffe of life,
Vnto thy loue to goe.

The Iudge that faw this fodain chance,
And all others eke
That prefent were, amazed flood,
And wift not what to fpeake

Or to coniecture in the cace, The wifeft tongues were domme. At last, the Iudge as soone as hee Was to his fenses comme,

Thus faid: By this it doth appeare
The Sage that here you fee,
Infected is, and venim ftrong:
Though Sage by nature be

A very foueraigne holefome hearbe, The proofe hath made it plaine. But for because we will be sure It shall not hurt againe,

Do delue it vp, and burne it here, It may offend no more. The Gardner therewithall was come, Who digd it vp before The Iudge and all the ftanders by: He had not parde the ground Farre in, but that the cause of both Those louers banes he founde.

For vnderneath this bed of Sage
The fellow that did dig,
Turnde vp a Toade, a loathfome fight,
A worme exceeding big.

The toade was of a monstrous growth:
Then euery man could tell
And iudge the cause of that mishap
Which both those friends befell.

Then could they fay, the venomd worme Had bealchd his poyfon out;
And fo infected both the roote,
And all the bed about,

Where grewe the Sage, that bred their Deaths:
Then fawe they playne the caufe
And reafon why the weauer dyde,
By rubbing of his iawes.

They made no more adoe, but forft
The gardner by and by
To make a fyre to burne the Sage,
And eke the Toade to frie
That was the caufe of double fpoyle.

The Iudge had nought to fay
When this was done, but parted home,
The people went their way.

Straight Stramba, and his other mates
That gaue in euidence
Againft Symona, brought a Beare,
And bare the bodies thence,
So vgly fwollen as they lay,
Vnto Saint Paules, and there
Within one Tombe did burie both,
For of that Church they were.

## The Lennoy.



S noble mindes to loue are kindly bent,
And haughty harts to fancie homage yeelde,
As Cupid makes the stoutest states relent,
And martiall men that daunt the foe in fielde:
So meanest mates are masht within the net,
That wily loue, to trappe his trayne hath set.

What Prince so prowde, what king for al his crown: What sage so sadde, or solemne in his sawes, What wight so wise, but Cupid brings him downe, And makes him stoupe to nature and her lawes? Both poore and rich doe loue by course of kinde, The proofe whereof in all degrees we finde.

That Hector sterne that strone to mayntayne Troy,
And slewe with sword full many a Greekish knight,
For all the warres, yet loude Andromache,
With her he slept, in her he tooke delight:
His manly brest that force of foe withstoode,
Was razde by loue, his Curage did no good.

Vlisses slie, for all his wilie wit,
Was lodgde in loue, by Cyrces sugred cuppe,
Plato deuine, whose stile the Starres dyd hit,
With learned lips of Venus sauce did suppe:
His graue precepts stoode him in sleuder sted,
Whome lawe of kinde, in lincke of fancie led.

Fell Dionyse with Alexander great,
Duke Iason, Paris, Pirrhus, Pompey eake,
And he whome Dydo did so well entreate,
That to the curtcous Queene his vowe did breake:
Yea Ioue him selfe, Apollo, Mars and all,
To Venus bowde, each one was Cupids thrall.

The noblest Nimphes that euer were aliue,
The queyntest queenes the force of fancie felt,
The dayntiest dames durst not with loue to strive,
The haughtiest harts, had Cupid made to melte:
Medea, Phillis, Heleu, Phedra fierce,
Creusa, Oeuou, Lucrece loue did pierce.

Laodamie, Hermyon, Hypsiphill, Curst Clitemnestra, Brisies, Deyanire, Semyramis, and Progne prone to kill, With Mirrha Biblis lust to love did stirre: And thousands moe, of whome the Poetes tell, Prouokt by loue, to flaming fancy fell.

Which sith is so, I may with better face A pardon craue of you that Ladies be,
For bringing here a homely wench in place,
And ranking her with dames of gallant glee:
Who sith did rage in fancie as the rest,
Why should she not be plast among the best?

Put case her byrth was base, her image lowe, Her paryents poore, her liuelod bare and thin, Sith Cupid did his golden shaft bestowe Vpon her brest, when liking entred in, Let her receive the guerdon that is dewe To faithfull love, and march with Cupids crewe.

Where leave is lowed for each one to contend,
Where markes are made the cunningst hand to trie,
Without reproofe each one his bowe doth bend,
And arrowes there without controlement flie:
Likewise sith love at rendon roues his dartes,
We ought not scorne the meanest loving hartes,

When Cresus brings his gorgeous giftes in hand,
And slay an oxe to offer to the goddes,
A groome with gote by him may boldly stand,
In holy Church they little count of oddes:
The minde is all that makes or marres the thing:
A Carter loues as whotly as a King.

## The Argument to the tenth Hysiorie.



MERCHANTS sonne that Girolamus hight,
Of tender age, in great good liking fell
With one Saluestra, a damsell faire and bright,
A taylers daughter, who there by did dwell:
The aged father did, and left the boy
Abounding welth, his heyre and only ioy.
The earefull mother doubting least her sonne

Wold make his choice, and marie with this maide,
Dispatcht him thence to Paris, there to wonne,
Vntill his heate and humor were delaide.
To please his friends away this yonker rode,
And there a space (vnwilling) made abode.
Retires in fine to Florence backe againe,
When mothers feare and doubts were layde aside,
His auncient loue aye sticking in his brayne:
But ere he came, the wench was woxe a bryde,

Which greude him sore, he wist not how to deale, At last decise into her house to steale.

Where being plast, vnwist of any wight,
He stayde his time, till husband fel on sleepe,
Then out he gate, defenst with darke of night,
And softly to Saluestras bed did ereepe:
He sighde, he sued, he pleaded there for life,
In hope to had his pleasure of the wife.

But al for nought, his winde did shake no corne,
The womans will was bent another way:
Which when he found, as one that was forlorne,
He wist not how to do, nor what to say:
His griefe was such, as by Saluestras side
He laide him downe, and there for sorow dyde.

The husband wakes, the wife bewrayes the case,
The corse was streight conueyde away by night,
When morow came, the beare was brought in place,
The graue was cast, the body lay in sight,
The mother mournd, and many matrons moe,
Bewayl the chaunce of him that died so.

Among the rest that present were to viewe
This heavie hap, Saluestra stoode as than,
She sawe her friend, whom she vnkindly slewe,
And therewithall to rewe his death began:
So deepely sanke remorse into this dame,
As downe she fell, and dyde vpon the same.



S auncient men report, there dwelt
A Merchant man of yore
In Florence, who by traficke had
Increaft his flocke to more

Than any of his race had done, A very wealthy wight:

Who on his wife begate a fonne That (Girolamus) hight.

And after time the babe was borne, The father chaunft to die, But (as it hapt) he made his will Before, and orderly

Difposde his goods, as men are wont:
The carefull mother then,
A widow left, with good aduise
And ayde of learned men.

The tutors of this merchants fonne, Both vfde the infant well, And gaue fuch eye vnto his ftocke As nought to damage fell.

This childe (as common order is)
Did vfe to fport and play
Among the other neighbors babes,
To drive the time away.

And (as the childrens custome is, Some one among the rest To fancy most,) even so this boy Did like a mayden best,

A Taylers daughter dwelling by: They daily vfde to meete With fundrie other babees moe Amid the open ftreete.

This liking in their tender yeeres
Shot vp and grew to more,
Euen as their limms encreaft by age,
The fparke which loue before

Had kindled in her wanton breft, Did growe to greater fire, And Girolamus in his heart The mayden did defire.

Their daily cuftome came to kinde, And looke what day that he Had paft without the fight of her, He thought it loft to be.

And that which fet the flaxe on fire, And bred the hoter flame, Was, that the boy did well perceiue The mayden ment the fame,

And likte afwell of him againe.
The mother, when fhe fawe
This matter worke, began to checke,
And keepe the wagge in awe,

And whipt him now and then among: But when fhe did perceiue The flubborne flripling fet her light, And that he would not leaue

Those wanton trickes, vnfit for youth, She woxe a wofull dame: And to the tutors of her sonne This pensiue widowe came,

(As one that of that crabtree thorne An Orenge tree would fayne Haue made, because his stocke was great, But all her toyle was vaine.) And to the fages thus fhe faid: Vngracious graffe my fonne, Scarce fourteene yeeres of age as yet, Already hath begonne,

And entred in the fnare of loue:
The wagge begins to frie
With one Saluestras liking lust,
A taylours daughter by.
So that vnlesse we wisely deale,

So that vnleffe we wifely deale, And warily feeme to watch, At length (perhaps) this foolifh elfe Will with the mayden match,

And make a rash contract with her: Which if should happen so, From that time foorth, I should not live A merrie day I knowe.

Or if he should confume and wast With thought, or pine away, To see her matcht some other where, Then woe were me I say.

Wherefore to voyde this prefent ill, I thinke it best (quoth shee)
That you conuey him hence in hast,
If you be ruld by me.

Cause him to trauaile in affayres Concerning Merchants trade: For that perhaps by absence from The maide, he may be made To quite forget his wanton loue,
And put her out of minde,
And make fome other better choyce.
Abroade the boy fhall finde

A wench that is defcended well,
To linke himfelfe withall:
No doubt, I fee him fullie bent
By loue to hazard all.

The Tutors liked well the tale
The mother widow told,
And made her promife prefently
To doe the best they could,

By counfell and by good aduife, And thereupon they fent A meffenger vnto the ympe, That to the warehoufe went,

And wild the boy to come away: Who, being come in place, The one began to fpeake him thus With milde and friendlie face:

My fonne, fith you are past a childe, I would your wit allow, If you would somewhat looke about Vnto your profite now,

And fee your felfe where all goe right That doth concerne your gaine: We, that your tutors are, agree, (If you will take that paine) That you to Paris trauaile, ther To ftay a certaine fpace: For there, your father, whilft he liude, In banke your wealth did place,

Euen there your chiefest trassicke lyes:
And eke besides the same,
You shall your selfe to manners good
And better sashion frame:

By lodging in fo trim a towne
Where luftie gallants be,
There flull you ftore of Gentlemen,
And braueft Barons fee.

And having learned their good grace, And markt their vfage well, You may returne you home againe, Among your friends to dwell.

The boy did note his tutors tale,
That did perfwade him fo,
And brieflie made answere, that
He did not minde to goe

To Paris, for he thought he mought Afwell in Florence ftay As any one, what neede he then To trauaile thence away.

The fages being answerde thus, Vnto the widdow went, And tolde the mother how her fonne, The wilfull wag, was bent. The matrone, mad to heare the newes, Spake not a word at all Of Paris matters, but foorthwith Vnto his loue did fall:

Controuling him for royfting rule,
And for his baudie life:
And did not let to tell him, how
He meant to take a wife.

But, as the mothers manner is, For every bitter checke, Shee gaue her fonne a honie fop, And hung about his necke:

And flattred him againe as faft,
And did the boy entice
By all the friendly meanes fhe might
To follow their aduife:

The mother widow preached had Vnto her fonne fo long,
Of this and that, and in his eare
Had fung fo fweete a fong:

As for a yeere to trauell well,
The boy perfwaded was,
To ftay in Fraunce, and fo his time
In forraine Realme to paffe.

I leave the taking of his horfe,
I write not of his woe:
I paffe of purpose all his plaints
His countrie to forgoe.

I doe omit his bitter teares
At time of his remoue,
For those to deeme, that have affaide
The pangs of pensive love.

I write not of the mothers griefe,
To bid her fonne farewell,
For that herfelfe was pleafde withall
And likt his voyage well.

To Paris when this gallant came, Loue gaue the charge anew Vpon his heart, the fight was fierce, A greater fancie grew

Within his bosome, than before:
The absence from her face
Might not delay the hote desire
That had this youth in chace,

And thus, the boy, that meant at first But for a yeere to stay,
Full two yeeres out, in burning loue
In Fraunce at Paris lay.

Which time expyrde, inwrapped more
In flakes of fancies flame,
Than when he went from Italy,
He backe to Florence came,

And being there arrivde, he heard His auncient friend was fped: A certaine Curten maker hapt This wench meane while to wed. Whereat he greatly greeued was, And vexed out of crie: But feeing that there was no choice, Nor other meanes to trie,

He purposde with himselfe a truce His forowes to expell. But at the length he had espide Where did this damsell dwell,

And found her ftanding at her dore:
Then grew this youth in heate,
And as enamored wights are wont,
He gan the ftreetes to beate,

Both vp and downe, both to and fro, He vfed oft to stalke Before the Curten makers house, In hope by often walke

That she would pitie of his paines, And eke his torment rue, He verily prefumde that shee Her Girolamus knewe.

But fortune fell not out aright,
Shee knew the man no more,
Than one whom earft fhe neuer fawe
In all her life before.

Or if fhee did remember him,

At least shee made in wife

She wist not who the Marchant was,

So coy she kest her eyes

On Girolamus paffing by.
Yet he would neuer leaue
His wonted walke, in hope at laft
Some fauour to receaue:

Deuifing all the meanes he might To bring the wife againe In minde of him, who was her loue, Her ftrangenesse bred his paine.

It greeude the Marchant to the guts
That he was fo forgote:
In fine he purpofde with himfelf
(His feuer was fo hote)

To fpeake with her, although it coft The loofing of his life: And heervpon, inftructed by The neighbours, where the wife

Whom he entirely loude did dwell,
Hee watcht his feafon fo,
That when the hufband and the fpoufe,
With other neighbours mo,

Were walkt abroade to keep the watch,
He flilie did conuey
Himfelfe into Salueftras houfe:
And being there, he lay
Behinde the curtaines, nie the bed,
Vnfpide of any man.
The Curtain maker and his wife
Returned home, began

To take their reft in wonted wife.

The man was found a fleepe
As foone as he was laid in couche:

Then gan this youth to creepe,

Vpon his knees, vnto the fide Whereas Saluestra lay, And hauing foftly plast his handes Vpon her pappes, gan fay:

What are you (fweeting) yet a fleepe? With that the wife difmaide, Would haue exclaimde, (as women wont In fuch like fort afraide)

Saue that the Marchant prefently
Her friendly thus befpake:
Alas, my Deere, exclaime not now,
You need no thought to take,
For I am Girolamus, he

That tender your eftate.

She hearing that, faid, all afraid,
What make you here fo late?

Good Girolamus get you hence,
Those youthfull yeares are spent
Wherein it was our hap to loue,
That time good faith I ment:

Then lawfull was the thing we did.
But now you fee that I
Am otherwife beftowde and matcht,
I muft not now apply

My liking, but to him alone. Wherefore, I pray, quoth fhee, For loue of God depart this place, Your purpose may not bee.

For if my husband wift you heere, (Put case none other ill Ensude thereof) yet this be sure, I should have chiding still:

Your being here would breede debate, And purchase deadly strife, Whereas with him, as now I leade A iollie quiet life,

I am his darling well belovde.
When Girolamus had
Both heard, and noted all her talke,
Hee woxe exceeding fad.

His heart was pierft with penfiue woe To heare the tale flee tolde, Then gan hee wrie his former loue, And all his flame vnfolde.

Declaring her, that diftance had
Not flackte his burning fire:
And made request withall, that she
Should graunt him his defire.

He promifde golden mountaynes then, But all his fute was vayne: No iote of friendfhip for his life, The merchant mought attaine. Wherefore defirous then to die, Saluestra he befought, That in rewarde of all his loue, And all his former thought

Which he had fuffered for her fake, She would but yelde him grace To warme himfelfe within her bed, Faft by her fide a fpace:

Whose sless in maner frozen was, With staying there so long, He made her promise on his faith He would not offer wrong

Vnto Salueftra, no not once Let fall a worde fo mutch, Nor yet her naked carkaffe with His manly members tutche:

But having taken there a heate, And warmde himfelfe in bed, He would depart, and deeme that he Sufficiently had fped.

Salueftra taking pitie then
Of Gyrolamus cafe,
Vpon the promife made before
Did yelde him fo much grace,

As on her bed to ftretch him felfe.

The youth thus being laid

Befides his miftres, toucht her not,

But with him felfe he waid

The great good wil that he fo long Within his breft had borne:

Vpon her prefent rigor eke

He thought, and fhamefull fcorne.

And being brought to deep defpaire, He purposde not to liue, But die the death without delay, And vp the ghost to geue.

And hereupon his fprites withdrew Themfelues from outward parts, His fenfes fled, he ftretcht him felfe, And fo the youth departs

Faft by Salueftras fauage fide To whom he fude for grace: When Girolam thus dead had line Vpon her bed a fpace,

The wench did wonder very much That he was woxe fo chafte, Whofe flame of late fo burning was And fanfie fride fo faft.

At length in feare her hufband would Awake, the gan to fay, Oh Gyrolamus how be this? When wil you packe away?

But hearing him no answere make,
She thought him found asleepe,
Which made her reach her hand, to wake
The man that slept so deepe.

She felt and found him colde as yee,
Whereof fhee marueld much:
And therupon with greater force
She gan his limmes to touch,

And thrust him, but he stirred not:
With that within her head
The wife conceaued and wist ful wel
That Girolam was dead.

Whereof fhe was the forieft wench, That euer liued by breath: She knew not what to doe to fee So ftrange and fodaine death.

But yet at laft fhe did deuife
To feele her hufbands thought
In perfon of another, not
As though her felfe had wrought
Or been a party in the fact.
Put cafe, good fir, (quoth fhe,)
A yonker loued a maried wife
As I my felfe mought be:

And comming to her chamber late, In hope to winne the wife, Were both begilde of all his hopt, And eke berefte of life,

By only force of franticke loue And lacke of his defire, And want of pities water, to Delay his fealding fire. What would you doe in fuch a pinche?
How would you deale as than?
Whereto the hufband anfwered, that
He would conuay the man

Vnto his home, without miftruft
Or malice to the dame
His wife, that had refifted fo
The force of Cupides flame.

Which when she herd, she answered thus: Then (husband) doth it lye Vpon vs nowe to practife that, And eake that tricke to trye.

And taking of his hand, the put
It on the coarfe that laye
Vpon the other fide of her,
As colde as any kaye.

Whereat the wilfull wight difmayde, And ierft with fodaine feare, Lepte of the bed full fore amazde, To feele a body there.

And oute he ran to light a linke,
Without debating more
Of further matter with his wife,
Of what they fpake before.
The condle light howevered the confi

The candle light bewrayed the corfe,
He fawe the partie playne,
He made no more adoe, but put
Him in his robes agayne,

And bore him on his fhoulders thence:
And knowing verie well
His lodging, fet him at the doore,
Where did his mother dwell:

When day was come, and people fawe
The carkaffe of the dead
Before the gate, the fame thereof
Throughout the citie fpread.

Each one did wonder at the chaunce, That paffed by the way, They knewe the partie paffing well, But wift not what to fay.

Yet most of all, the mother musde,
And vexed was in minde,
That having fearchte the body, coulde
No wounded member finde.

Which made Phifitions flatly fay, That forowe ftopte his breath: With one affent they all agreede, That griefe did caufe his death.

As cuftome is, the corfe was borne Into a temple by, Where merchant men of his eftate And welthie wights did lie.

The mourning mother thether came
To waile her fonnes deceafe,
And with the matrone thousands moe
Of neighbors more and lesse

Were come to church to fhed their teares.
Saluestras husband then
Perceiuing that the preace was great
Of women and of men,

Ran home and wilde his wife do on
A kerchiefe on her head:
And throng amid the wives to heare
What newes went of the dead.

And he him felfe thrust in among The men, to learne what they Imaginde of the marchants death, Where any one did fay

Or had him to fufpect thereof.

Salueftra hereupon

Made haft to church, and felt remorfe

Within her breft anone.

But all to late her pitie came,
For fhe defired to vew
Him being dead, whom earft aliue
She tooke difdaine to rewe,

Or recompence fo much as with
A kiffe. O wenche vnkind,
A maruels thing, to thinke how hard
It is for man to finde

Or founde the depth of louers thoughts, Or knowe the force of loue: For loe hir breft, whom Gyrolams Good fortune might not moue, Nor during life procure to ruth, His death did raze hir harte, His mifaduentures did renewe The ftroke of Cupides darte.

Hir auncient flame rekindled was, And to fuch pitie grewe, When as fhe did the carcaffe dead Of Gyrolamus vewe,

That being but in fimple weede,
As meaneft women were,
By one and one she gate before
The richest matrons there,

Not flintyng till she came vnto The body where it lay, And being there she gaue a shoute, And yelded forth a bray,

So loude as for hir life fhe could, And groueling with hir face, On Girolamus carcaffe fell, His bodie to imbrace.

And bathde his limmes with brackish teares, That iffued from her eyes As long as life would give her leave: Which done Saluestra dyes.

And looke how griefe and hidden thought,
Had flayne her desperate friend,
Euen so remorfe of couerte cares,
Her loathed life did ende.

Which when the mourning matrons faw, Eche one in friendlieft wife, To comfort her in words began, And willd her thence to rife,

As then not witting who flie was:
But at the laft, when that
She would not mount, but lay me ftill
Vpon the body flat,

They came to lift her on her legges, And rayfe her from the grounde, And then, both that the wife was dead, And who she was they founde.

Saluestra then she did appeare,
Then dubble woxe the woe
Of all the wives that mourners were,
When they the dame did knowe.

Then gan they mourne as fast againe As ere they did before, For euery fighe, a hundred fobbes, For euery teare a score.

This brute no fooner out of Church Among the people came, But out of hand her hufband hearde The tidings of the fame:

Who (as I faid) was gone among The men to lend an eare, And hearken what report there went Of them that died there. Then like a louing hufband, that Imbraft Salueftra well, From fobbing fighes, to trickling teares, For her miffortune fell.

And waild her death no little time,
And after that, to fome
That were in place, declard, by night
How Gyrolam did come

Vnto his house, through burning loue Which he Saluestra bore, And tolde the tale from point to point, As I have pend before.

Whereat the audience wofull woxe,
That vnderftood the cafe,
Then taking vp the carkaffe of
The wife that lay in place,

And having knit the fhrouding sheete,
As common custome is,
They layd her body on the beare,
And fet her side to his.

Thus having wept vpon the dead In proofe of inward paine, And buried both together, home The people went againe.

See lucke, whom love was not of force, Alive to linke in one:

Death found the meanes to couple close, Within a marble flone.

#### The Aemnoy.



HETHER stars doe stir good liking from aboue,

By hidden force and couert power deuyne

Or chaunce breede choyce and leades vs on to loue

And fancy falles as fortune list assigne,

I cannot iudge nor perfectly defyne

But this I know, once let it gather roote

And to remoue it then is slender boote.

Let sicknes grow, let cankers worke theyr wyl Seeke not at first their malyce to suppresse Scorne wholsome helpe, doe floute at physikes skil In hope thy greefe wyl swage and waxen lesse And thou at last shalt neuer haue redresse Diseases more admitte no cunning cure The cause by tyme is fastned on to sure.

When fire is once crept yn among the straw
And flame hath raught the rotten roofe on hye
Tis hardly quencht hys fury hath no law
It seldome slakes tyl all on ground do ly
The way to help is busily to ply
The matter fyrst before it grow too far
When steedes are stolne tys bootles doores to barro.

Euen so it fares when fancy blowes the cole Of friendship fyrst and sets abroach good will A man may ympes with ease from loue controle
Whilst feare doth force them stoupe to parents wyl
But let them run their race at ryot styl
And not rebukte by reason at the fyrst
Along they go let parents doe their worst.

Too late come salues to cure confirmed sores
When louc is linkt and choyce is chayned fast
You may as soone plucke trees vp by the rootes
As breake the knot or sunder promise past
The tackle hangs so sure vnto the Mast
When shyps from shore hauc hoyste vp all their sailes,
To bend about againe it little vailes.

So statelie is the stroke of Cupids bow,
So fell his force, so huge his heavie hand,
No striuyng serves, no shift to shun the blow,
No might nor meane his Godhead to withstand.
Who fastest runnes sinks deapest in the sands:
Wherefore I wish that parents give consent,
And not repine when mindes to match are bent.

For barre the sick whom Feuer doth molest,
To drinke his fill, his thirst will be the more:
Restraine thy Jenates course, thy bridle wrest,
The beast becommes farre fiercer than before.
Where streames be stopt, there rivers most doe rore,
Downe goe the banks, and ouer flowes the flood,
Where swellyug waters feele themselves withstood.

No trauayle serues to sunder louing heartes, No absence breedes in friendes forgetfull mindes, The farther of that ech from other parts,
The hotter ech his flaming fancie findes.
Who striues to stop, doth most enrage the wynds:
No louer true, but beares within hys brest,
The shape of her whom he doth fancie best.

As thunder showres, whom weather calmes againe, Gyue greater drought and helpes along the string, By meanes of heate mixt with the blooming raine:
So safe returne of absent friends, doth bring
Increase of loue and faster streames the spryng:
Respect of birth, of state, or ought beside,
Stops not the boat that driues with such a tide.

A folly then for parents to restraine,

For lucres sake their children, sith we see

That both theyr care and labour is in vaine,

And sundrie times a thousand illes there bee

That doe ensue, when they will not agree:

As in this tale the Florentine doth showe

The great mishaps by such restraint that grow.

Could mothers threates, or tutors taunts reuoke
This Marchants minde, or make him alter loue,
Could Parris pleasure once this youth prouoke,
His auncient friend from fancie to remoue?
Yea, though it were a thing for his behoue,
No, backe he came the selfe same man he went,
He chaungde the ayre, but not his first entent.

And loue, to helpe him onward on his race, Assisted with deuise and subtile sleight, Eke Uenus taught him how to come in place,
And shrowded him in cloudic cloke of night,
Whereby he might approach to his delight,
But all for nought. The game that he pursude
Was caught before, and thence his bane ensude.

So Pyramus in Babylon of yore,
Fairc Thisbe loued, but parents disagreed,
They might not match, but prisoned were therefore:
Yet loue at length this faithfull couple freed,
The time was set, the place and all decreed,
When foule mishap bereft them both of life,
Who slue themselves with one valuekie knife.

Had pitie lodge within Saluestras brest,
Would she haue forst so true a man to die,
Who chargde with loue and thousand woes distrest,
Did hazard life to presse in place so nie,
Vnto a dame that with her spouse dyd lie?
O blooddie Beare, nay rather Tygers whelp,
That would refuse her auncient friend to helpe.

O marble mynde O stayne of womans stocke Not fed with milke of kindly nurses pappe But hewed with toole out of some ruthles rocke And layd withyn some Lionesses lap Couldst thou alow thy frend so hard a hap As by thy syde amid his sute to sec Him die the death and all for love of thee?

Draw hether dames and read this bloody fact Note wel the fruite of frowardnes in louc Peruse the plague of her that pyty lackt See how in that she pleasd the gods aboue Example take your rygor to remoue And you that are Cupydos knyghts take heede Bestow no more good will than shalbe need.

Renounce the loue of such as are forsped
Forgoe those frends whom law forbids to lyke
Courte no mans wyfe embrace no maryage bed
Leaue of your luste by others harmes to seeke
No such good wyl can last aboue a weeke
Looke when you thynke your selues in cheefest pryce
They set you by whylst others throw the dyce.

When once regard of honor lyes asyde
When credyt is respected nought at all
Then shame ensues and followes after pride
From vertue then to fylthy vice they fall
And to allure they vse a pleasant call
And beyng once entangled in the twyg
To make you fat they feede you with a fyg.

For one delight ten thousand yls ensues
For lyttle glee much bytter gall you gayne,
You may not hope to fynde those woomen true,
Theyr husbands beds that doe not stick to stayne
And make them serue for clokes agaynst the rayne
Wherefore I say force not of any dame
That for a frend forgoes an honest name.

#### BEPITAPHES

and Sonnettes
annexed to the Tragical histories, By the
Author.

### With some other broken pam-

phlettes and Epistles, sent to certaine his frends in England, at his being in Moscouia.

Anno 1569.

Omnia probate.

Quod bonum est tenete.



## A farewell to a mother Cosin, at his going towardes Moscouia.

DE post you pensive lynes, and papers full of woe, Make haste wnto my mothers handes, hir fonnes farewell to showe. Doe marke her lookes at first, ere you your message tell,

For feare your fodayne newes, hir minde doe fancie nothing well.

But fithen needes you must my trauailes trouth vnfolde, To offer vp her fonnes farewell, and last adewe, be bolde.

I know fhe will accept your comming in good parte, Till time fhe vnderstand by you that I must needes departe.

But when you make reporte
that I am thipte from thore,
In minde to cut the foming Seas,
where winter wyndes do rore:

Then woe be vnto you, that mournefull meffage beare, For doubtleffe fhe with trembling handes will you in funder teare: But (mother) let your fonne perfwade you in this cafe, For no man fure is borne to leade his life in one felfe place. I must no longer stay, aduantage is but vile, The cruel lady Fortune on your fonne will neuer fmile. My countrey coast where I my Nurfes milke did fucke, Would neuer yet in all my life allowe me one good lucke. With coft encrease my cares, expences nip me neere, Loue waxeth cold, no frendship doth in natures breft appeare. Where flender is the gaine, and charges grow too hie, Where liuing lackes and money melts that fhould the want fupply: From thence tis time to trudge and hire the hackney poft, To shift the ship, to leave the land

and feeke a better coaft.

Sith I have all my yeres in fludies fond applide,

And euery way that might procure a better chaunce haue tride:

Yet better not my ftate, but like a fotted dolt

Confume my time that goes about to mend a broken bolt.

Sith I have livde fo long, and neuer am the neere,

To bid my natiue foile farewel, I purpose for a yeere.

And more perhaps if neede and prefent caufe require:

They fay the countrey is too colde, the whotter is the fire.

Mofcouia is the place, where all good furres be fold,

Then pray thee (mother) tel me how thy fonne fhall dye with colde.

Put cafe the fnow be thicke, and winter frostes be great:

I doe not doubt but I fhal finde a floue to make me fweat.

If I with credite goe, and may returne with gaine,

I hope I shalbe able wel to bide this trauayles paine.

The flouthfull Groome that fits at home and tels the clocke, And feares the floud because therein lies hidden many a rocke, As hee abydes no woe, no welth he doth deferue: Let him that will not cut the loafe for lacke and famine sterue. The Catte deferues no fifh that feares her foote to weate, Tis time for me in profite now mine idle braynes to beate. I truft I fhall returne farre better than I goe, Increase of credite will procure my fimple wealth to growe: Meane while I wifhe thee well (good mother mine) to fare, And better than my felfe, who yet was neuer voyde of care. Sith neede obeyes no lawe, and needes I must to barcke, Farewell, and thinke vpon thy fonne, but haue of him no carcke. The Gods I hope will heare the fute that you shall make, And I amid the Sea fhall fare the better for your fake.

If euer fortune ferue. and bring me fafe to lande, The harde mishappes of trauayle you by me fhall vnderstand, And whatfoeuer ftraunge or monftrous fight I fee, Affure thy felfe at my returne I will declare it thee. Thus every thing hath ende, and fo my letters shall, Euen from the bottom of my breft, I doe falute you all. What fo becomes of me, the mightie Gods I craue, That you my frendes a bleffed life and happie deathes may haue.

# That nothing can cause him to forget his frend, wherein is toucht the hardnes of his tra-uayle.



F boyftrous blafte of fierce and froward wynde,
If weltring waues, and frothie foming Seas,
If fhining Sunne by night against his kinde,
If lacke of lust to meate, and want of ease,
If feare of wracke, and force of rouing foe,
If raged Rockes that in the rivers lie:

If frozen floodes where fliding Sledds doe goe, If cruell colde vpon the mountaines hye, If feldom fleapes, if fundrie fortes of care, If barefkin beddes, or elfe a borded bench, If lacke of kindly cates and courtly fare, If want of holfom drinck the thirst to quench, If stinking Stoues, if Cunas and bitter bragge, If fauage men, if women foule to fight, If riding poaft vpon a trotting Nagge, If homely yammes, in flead of Innes at night: If thefe (I fay) might make a man forget So true a frend, then thou art out of minde. But in good fayth, my fancie firme was fet, No Ruffie mought the true loue knot vnbinde. Venus be judge, and Cupid in this cafe, Who did purfue me ave from place to place.

He declares that albeit he were imprisoned in Russia, yet his minde was at libertie, & did daily repaire to his frend.

OW finde I true that hath bene often told,

(No man may reaue the freedome of the mind,)

Though kepers charge in chaines the captiue hold,

Yet can he not the Soule in bondage binde:

That this is true, I finde the proofe in me,

Who Captiue am, and yet at libertie.

Though at my heele a cruell clogge they tye,
And ranging out by rigor be reftraynde,
Yet maugre might, my minde doth freely flye
Home to my frend, it will not be enchainde.
No Churles checke, no Tyrants threat can ftay
A Louers heart, that longs to be away.
I doe defire no ayde of Dedalus,
By feate to forge fuch waxen winges anew
As erft he gaue his fonne young Icarus,
When they from Crete for feare of Mynos flew,
Dame Fancy hath fuch feathers ftill in ftore,

For me to flie as I defire no more.

Il desire non ha riposo.

A comparison of his mistresse, with a braue Lady of Russia.



YRE is thy face, and louely are thy lookes,
Rich be thy robes, and geafon to be had,
White are thine eares, hangdefull of filuer hookes,
Braue be thy bootes, thy body coftly clad,
With Sable, Sube, thy necke befet with pearle,
Thy brodred gyte makes thee a gallant gyrle.

The Ruffies rude doe deeme right wel of thee, Mine English eye no paynted image leekes, I have a frend that wel contenteth me, With kindly shape and kindly coloured cheekes, Such one she is, as I wil here declare, Fewe are her peeres, I finde her matches rare.

Her heare is golden wyer, her fhineng eyes
Two Dyamondes that glifter paffing bright,
Amids her lylye cheekes, the Rubie lyes,
Her teeth of pearle, lippes louely red and white,
All other limmes doe aunfwere well the fame,
Now iudge of both which is the brauer dame,

La mia donna bella è buona.

#### To his frend promising that though her beautie fade, yet his loue shall last.



WOTTE full well that bewtie cannot lafte,
No rofe that fprings, but lightly doth decay,
And feature like a lillie leafe doth wafte,
Or as the Cowflip in the midft of May:
I know that tract of time doth conquer all,
And beuties buddes like fading floures do fall.

That famous Dame, fayre Helen, loft her hewe When withred age with wrinckles chaungd her cheeks, Her louely lookes did loathfomnesse ensewe, That was the A per se of all the Greekes? And fundrie moe that were as sayre as shee, Yet Helen was as freshe as fresh might bee.

No force for that, I price your beautie light,
If fo I finde you ftedfast in good will:
Though fewe there are that doe in age delight,
I was your friend, and so doe purpose still,
No change of lookes shall breede my change of loue,
Nor beauties want, my first goodwill remoue.

Per gentilezza, Tanto, Non per bellezza.

## From the citie of Mosqua, to his friend in England.

O burning fighes, and pierce the frozen fkie,
Slack you the fnow with flames of fancies fire
Twixt Brutus land and Mofqua that doe lie:
Goe fighes, I fay, and to the Phenix flie,
Whome I imbrace, and chieflie doe defire.
Report of me that I doe loue her beft,

None other Saint doth harbour in my breft.

Tell her that though the colde is wont by kinde
To quench the cole, and flames do yeeld to froft,
Yet may no winters force in Ruffia binde
My heart fo heard, or alter fo my minde,
But that I ftill imbrace her beautie moft:
I went her friend, and fo continue ftill,
Froft cannot freat the ground of my goodwill.

Ardo e ghiaccio.

## To his mistres, declaring his life only to depend of her lookes.



HE Salamander cannot live
without the help of flaming fire:
To bath his limmes in burning coales,
it is his glee and chiefe defire.
The litle fifh doth love the lake,
dame Nature hath affigned him:

To liue no longer then he doth amid the filuer channel fwimme. Chameleon feedes but on the ayre, the lacke whereof is his decay:

Thefe three doe perifh out of hand, take fire, flouds, and ayre away.

Iudge you (my deere) the danger then of very force that must ensue,

Vnto this careful heart of mine, that cannot liue withouten you.

I am the fifh, you are the floode, my heart it is that hangs on hooke:

I cannot liue if you doe ftoppe, the floudhatch of your frendly brooke.

I filly Salamander die,

if you maintaine not frendships fire:

Quenche you the coale and you shal see me pine for lack of my desire.

You are the pleafant breathing ayre, and I your poore Chameleon,

Barre me your breath and out of hand my life and fweete delight is gone.

Which fith tis fo (good miftreffe) then doe faue my life to ferue your turne:

Let me haue ayre and water ftil let me your Salamander burne.

My death wil doe you litle good, my life perhaps may pleafure you:

Rewe on my cafe, and pitie him that fweares himfelf your feruant true.

I beare the badge within my breft, wherin are blazde your colours braue:

Loue is the only linery, that

I at your curteous hand doe craue.

I doe defire no greedy gaine,
I couet not the maffye golde:

Embrace your feruant (miftres) then his wages wil be quickly tolde. As you are faire fo let me finde your bountie equall to your face: I cannot thinke that kinde fo neere to beauties bower would rigor place, Your comely hewe behight me hope, your louely lookes allow mee life. Your graue regard doth make me deeme you fellow to Vliffes wife, Which if be true then happy I, that fo in loue my fancie fet: In you doth rest my life, my death, by flaying me no gaine you get. The noble minded Lion kils no yeelding beaft by crueltie, And worthie dames delight to faue their feruants liues by curtefie.

Virtuti comes inuidia.

Y Spencer, fpite is vertues deadly foe,
The best are euer fure to beare the blame,
And enuie next to vertue still doth goe,
But vertue shines, when enuie shrinkes for shame.

In common weales what beares a greater fway
Than hidden hate that hoordes in haughtie breft?

In princes courtes it beares the bell away, With all eftates this enuie is a guest.

Be wife, thy wit will purchase prime hate, Be rich, with rents slocke in a thousand soes, Be stout, thy courage will procure debate, Be faire, thy beautie not vnhated goes.

Beare office thou, and with thy golden mace, Commes enuie in, and treades vpon thy traine, Yea, be a Prince, and hate will be in place, To bid him fland aloofe it is in vaine.

So that I fee, that Boccas wordes be true: For ech eftate is peffred with his foe, Saue miferie, whom hate doth not enfue, The bigger only doth vnfpited goe:

Yet beggers base estate is not the best, Though enuic let the begger lie at rest.

Sola miferia e fenza inuidia.

Boccacio.

That though he may not possible come or send, yet he liues mindfull of his mistresse in Moscouia.

HO fo hath read Leanders loue,
which he to Ladie Hero bore,
And how he fwamme through Aelles flood,
twixt Abydon and Seftus fhore.
To gaine his game, to liue at luft,
to lay him in the Ladies lap,

Will rue his paines, and fcarce exchange his cafe to haue Leanders hap: But happy I account his cafe, for having past those narrow Seas, He was affured to lodge aloft with Hero in the towre of eafe. He neuer went but did enioy his miftres, whom he did defire. He feldome fwamme the forming floud, but was affured to quench his fire. The torch it hung vpon the towre, the lamp gaue light to fliew the way: He could not miffe the darkefome night, it shone as cleere as funny day. Thus happy was Leanders lot, but most vnhappy mine estate:

For fwimming wil not ferue my turne to bring me to my louing mate.

The flouds are frozen round about, the fnow is thick on every fide:

The raging Ocean runnes betwixt my frend and me with cruel tide.

The hilles be ouerwhelmde with hoare, the countrey clad with mantels white,

Each tree attirde with flakes of yee, is nothing els faue fnow in fight.

The mighty Volgas flately ftreame, in winter flipper as the glaffe,

Abides no boate, how fhould I then deuife a meane a way to paffe?

And Suchan, that in fummer time, was eafie to be ouergone:

With Boreas blaft is bound as harde, as any flint or marble flone.

Free paffage Dwina doth deny, whose streame is stopt and choakt with snow,

There is no way for any barge, much leffe for any man to goe:

I cannot for my life repaire to thee, to eafe my prefent paine:

There is no paffage to be had, til fummer flake the fnow againe.

Meane while yet maift thou make accompt that I doe ftil remember thee,

In Ruffia where I leade my life, and long againe at home to be. No force shall cause me to forget or lay the care of loue afide: Time is the touchstone of good will, wherby my meaning shalbe tride. If I might have conveid my lines vnto thy hands, it would have eafde My heavie heart of divers doubts, my meffage might my minde appeafde, But (friend) endure this long delay, my felfe wil come when time fhal ferue, To tell thee newes, and how I fare: meane while stand fast and do not swerue, Prefume that as I was thine owne. enen fo I doe continue still. I know hir not whose beautie shall remoone or change my first good will. Thy face hath pierst my brest so farre, thy graces efte fo many bee, As if I would, I cannot choose but love, and make account of thee.

## To a faire Gentlewoman, false to hir friend.

THIN the garden plot of thy faire face,

Doth grow a graffe of divers qualities:

A matter rare within fo little fpace,

A man to find fuch fundry properties:

For commonly the roote in every tree,

Barcke, body, boughes, bud, leafe, and fruit agree.

First, for the roote is rigor in the brest,
Treason the tree, that springeth of the same,
Beautie the barcke that ouerspreds the rest,
The boughes are braue, and climing vp to same,
Braules be the buds that hang on euery bowe,
A blossom fit for such rootes to allowe.

Loue is the leafe that little time endures, Flattrie the fruit which treasons tree doth beare, Though beauties barcke at first the eie allure, Yet at the last ill will, the worme, doth weare Away the leafe, the blossoms, boughes, and all, And rigors roote makes beauties buds to fall.

> Par effere ingrata, Non farai amata.

## A farewell to a craftie deceitfull Dame.

S

She that lothes the powders fmel,
muft neuer preafe where Gunners bee:
So he that hates a double dame,
muft neuer haue to do with thee.
For craft, I fee, is all thy care,
thy fmootheft lookes betoken guiles:

In womans wombe thou feedft a foxe, that bites thy friend on whom he fmiles. Had Nature wift thy deep deceits before thy birth, I thinke that kind, To faue thy name, and eafe thy friends, had feald thine eies, and kept thee blind. For what is thee that beares a face of greater truft, and more good will? Yet who is the that bath a heart more prone to pay the good with ill? Thy beautie led me on to loue, thy lookes allured my looking eyes: Thy doubleneffe now breeds defpaire, thy craft doth caufe my wofull cries. I could requite diffembling loue, and gloze perhaps as well as you:

But that I take but fmall delight to change mine ancient friends for new. Yet will I not be fotted for as stil to let my loue to losse: I better know what mettal is, than to exchange the gold for droffe Good will is euer woorth good will, if both the ballance egall bee: But fure too maffie is my loue, to make exchange of loues with thee Wherefore I fay, vnknit the knot wherwith thy loue was falfly tide, Thou lackft a graine to make vp weight men fay, (good meafure neuer lide.) Go feeke fome other to deceive. too wel I know thy craftie call: My mouth is very well in tafte, to judge the hony from the gall. That you are gall, I may auow, for hony hath no bitter taft: The wine of your good will is fpent, you keep the dregs for me at last. Wherfore I do renounce the cafke, I leave the lees for other men: My hap was ill, my choice was worfe, I yeeld you vp to choose agen.

### Spare to speake, Spare to speede.

Y Spencer, fpare to fpeake,
and euer fpare to fpeed,
Vuleffe thou fhew thy hurt, how fhall
the Surgeon know thy need?
Why hath a man a tongue,
and boldneffe in his breft,

But to bewray his mind by mouth, to fet his hart at reft? The fisherman that feares his corke and coard to caft, Or fpred his net to take the fifh, wel worthy is to fast. The forrestman that dreads to rouse the lodged Bucke, Bicaufe of bramble brakes, deferues to have no hunters lucke. Where words may win good wil, and boldnesse beare no blame, Why should there want a face of brasse to bourd the braueft dame? Vnleffe thou caft thy lure, or throw hir out a traine:

Thou feldome fhalt a Falcon, or a Taffell gentle gaine.

Though lookes betoken loue, and makes a flew of luft,

Yet fpeech is it that knits the knot whereto a man may truft.

Affure thy felfe, as he that feares caliuer fhot,

Can neuer come to fcale a fort, or fkirmifh woorth a grote:

So he that fpares to fpeake, when time and place are fit,

Is fure to miffe the marke, which elfe he were in hope to hit.

Giue him an iuie leafe in flead of pipe to play,

That dreads to bound a gallant dame for feare the fay him nay.

Where venture is but fmall, and bootie very great,

A coward knight will hazard there in hope to worke his feat.

Wherfore when time shall ferue (my Spencer) spare to blush,

Fall to thy purpose like a man, and boldly beat the bush.

Who fo accounts of loffe, doth feldom gaine the game: And blushing cheekes be often bard, for feare of after shame.

No doubt, a Lady doth imbrace him more, that dares

To tell his tale, than fuch a one that of his language spares.

Deceit is dreaded more, and craft doth rifer raigne, In one that like an image fits, than him that fpeaketh plaine.

Yea, though thy miftreffe make, as though fhe loued no wine, Remember Aefops Foxe, that was

Remember Aefops Foxe, that wa too lowe to reach the vine.

Take this for certaine troth, the best and brauest bowe,

Will floupe, if fo the caufe be good, thou knowest my meaning now.

Experience hath no peere, it paffeth learning farre:

I fpeake it not without my booke, but like a man of warre.

Wherfore be bold to boord the fairest first of all,

Aye Venus aides the forward man, and Cupid helps his thrall.

### Wearie of long silence, he breakes his mind to his Mistresse.



OT much valike the horfe
that feeles himfelf opprest
With weightie burthen on his backe,
doth long to be at rest:
So I, whose boiling brest
with fansies floud did flow,

Had great defire my great good will with painting pen to fhow: To eafe my wofull hart of long endured paine, And purchace quiet to my mind, whom love wel nie hath flaine. Beleeue my words (deere dame) diffembling is a finne, Not mine, but thine, thefe many days my captine hart hath bin. But fhame, and coward feare, the louers mortall foes, Would neuer condefcend that I my meaning fhould difclofe. Till now at length defire my wonted eafe to gaine:

Did bid me fue for grace, and faid I fhould not fue in vaine.

For as thy beautie is
farre brauer than the reft,
So bountie must of force abound
within thy noble breft.

Oh, feeke not thou to fhed or fucke of yeelding blood:

Alas, I thinke to murther me would do thee little good.

Whom if you feeme to rue, as I do hope you will,

In prayfe of your good nature then my hand fhall fhew his fkill.

Lo here in pawne of loue, I vowe my felfe to thee:

A flaue, a feruant, and a friend till dying day to bee.

## He wisheth his dreames either longer or truer.

HORT is the day wherein

I doe not thinke of thee:
And in the night amid my fleepe,
thy face (deare dame) I fee.
The dreame delights me much,
it cuts my care away:

Me thinkes I kiffe and clip thee oft, the reft I blufh to fay.

Who happy then but I, whileft fleepe and flumber laft:

But who (alas) fo much a wretch, as I when fleepe is paft.

For with the fliding fleepe away flips my delight:

Departing dreames doe driue away thy countnance out of fight.

And then in place of glee, in glydes a crew of care:

My panting hart laments, that I do feele my bed fo bare.

For thou that wert the cause of comfort, art not there:

And I poore filly wofull man, in fobs the night do weare. Then curfe I cankred chance, that made me dreame of thee, And fanfie fond, that fed it felfe with dreames that fained bee. Thus weares away the night confumde in carefull paine: Those reftlesse banners beating still vpon my bufie braine. Then drawes the dawning on, I leaue my couch, and rife, In hope to find fome pleafant toy that may content mine eyes. But out alas, I can not fee fo faire a fight, That can my heavie hart releive, and daintie eies delight. Each beautie that doth blaze, each vifage that I fee, Augments my care, in caufing me to long and looke for thee. Thus wafte I all the night in dreames without defire: Thus driue I on my dayes in loue, that fealds like fcorching fire. Yet well content therewith, fo that, at my returne,

Thou pitie me, who for thy fake,
with Cupids coles do burne.

I am the Turtle true,
that fits vpon the tree:
And waile my woe without a make,
and onely wifh for thee.

### Vnable by long and hard trauell to banish loue, returnes hir friend.

OUNDE
Of you
With H
But we
That C
Froft h

OUNDED with loue, and piercing deep defire
Of your faire face, I left my natiue land,
With Ruffia fnow to flacke mine English fire,
But well I fee, no cold can quench the brand
That Cupides coles enkindle in the breft,
Froft hath no force where friendship is posseft.

The Ocean fea for all his fearefull flood,
The perils great of paffage not preuaile,
To banish loue the rivers do no good,
The mountains hie cause Cupid not to quaile,
Wight are his wings, and fansie flies as fast
As any ship, for all his failes and mast.

The river Dwina cannot wash away
With all his waves the love I beare to thee,
Nor Suchan swift loves raging heate delay,
Good will was graft vpon so fure a tree.
Sith travaile then, nor frost, can coole this fire:
From Mosqua I thy frend will home retire.

### That he findeth others as faire, but not so faithfull as his frend.



SUNDRY fee for beuties gloffe
that with my miftreffe may compare:
But few I finde for true good wil
that to their frends fo frendly are.
Looke what fhe faies, I may affure
my felfe thereof, fhe wil not faine:

What others fpeake is hard to truft,
they measure all their words by gaine.
Her lookes declare her louing minde,
her countnance and her heart agree:
When others laugh they looke as smooth,
but loue not halfe so wel as she:
The greese is hers when I am grypte,
my singers ache is her disease:
With me, though others mourne to sight,
yet are their hearts at quiet ease.
So that I marke in Cupids court,
are many faire and fresh to see:
Each where is sowen dame beuties seede,
but faire and faithfull sew there bee.

Trauailing the desert of Russia, he complayneth to Eccho, with request that she comfort his afflicted state.

OU hollow hilles and vallies wide,
that wonted are to yelde againe:
The latter caufe of louers cries
refound and help me to complaine.
Repeate my piteous penfiue plaines,
recite my tale when I haue done:

Howle out ye hilles, and let me heare my voice among your rockes to run. It wil delight my dazed fprites, when I report my miftreffe name: Amid my plaint to heare the hilles, at euery call to call the fame.

Good Eccho fhew me thy good will, is no man here but thou and I?

Take vp my tale as I lament, and fay (Alas) as I doe crie,

Was neuer man that did enioy, a better dame then I haue done?

But now (Alas) fhe is alacke, helpe Eccho, helpe, I am vndone.

Besides mine absence from her sight, another doth poffeffe my place, And of my harueft flue the flue the same s, helpe Eccho, helpe, lament my cafe. I know not when I shal returne. or when to fee that fweete againe: For (out alas) fhe is away, good Eccho helpe to eafe my paine. But nought I fee it doth auaile, thy talke encreafeth but my woe: It irkes me to recite her name, and miffe the faint I honor fo. Wherefore, fith bootleffe be complaints, and clepings cannot right my cafe: I bid thee (Eccho) here adew, I will goe feeke to fee her face. The face that Paris would have chofe, if he had feene her in the mount: Good faith, the lady Venus had been had as then in fmall account. And as for Pallas and the third, I meane the mighty Junos grace: I know right wel they would have hid themfelues, and neuer preft in place. For nature made hir not to match. but to exceede and paffe the reft: Thrice happy he that can attaine her loue, and to be liked beft.

He craues his Mistresse to accept his wryting, being otherwise insufficient to winne good liking from her.



S many are the meanes,
to fall in fancies frame:
So divers be the driftes of men,
for to atchieue the fame.
For fome to winne their loues,
and purchase privy grace:

With curious tonges like carpet knights doe pleade a fained cafe.

And all to pleafe the eares, and mate their miftreffe minde:

Of this and that they tell their tales, as they fit leafure finde.

Some other wanting chatte, not having words at wil:

With nimble ioynts, and fingering fine, on Lutes doe fhew their fkil.

By fugred found to winne their ladies to their loue:

With earnest care those wanton wights,

Apollos practife proue.

And fuch as fkilfull are,
in daunfing doe defire

To practife that whereby to fet
their fronions harts on fire.

Whofe breaft is fweete to eare, he straines his voice to fing: Thereby vnto his greedy luft his miftreffe minde to bring. The martial man at armes, to muster doth delight: And loues to fhew his helmed head before his Ladies fight. In hope to purchase praise, and after praife fome grace: For women love a valiant man that dares defend their case. Thus each one doth attempt, and puts the thing in vre, That fittest is to gaine good will, fo Faulkners vfe the lure. But I, vnhappy wight, that can doe nought of thefe: How might I doe, or what deuife my mistresse minde to please? Where neither tongue can talke nor finger frame with Lute: Nor footing ferue to daunce: alas, how fhould I moue my fute? Not pleafant is my voice, vnable to delight: I can doe nought vnleffe it be with pen to flew my plight.

I only can in verfe,fet out a dame to fhow:And on a wel deferuing frend,a frendly praife beftow.Thus muft I hunt for loue,

wherefore (good Lady) then

In lieu of other finer fkilles, accept my ragged pen.

Let me by writing win,
what others doe by arte:

And during life you fhal affure, you of a louing hart.

No vertue fhalbe lodgde within your curteous breft:

But I wil blaze the fame abroad, as brauely as the beft.

And as for beuties praife,

I wil procure that fame

Shal found it out fo loud, that all the world flual read thy name.

So as by louing me, you fhal haue loue againe:

And eke the harts of thousands mo for you good wil attaine.

I neuer was mine owne fith first I fawe your face:

Nor neuer wil, but euer yours, if you wil rue my cafe.

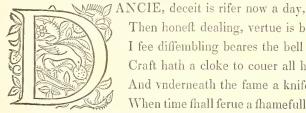
#### The meane is best.

HE fire doeth frye, the frost doeth freese,
the colde breedes care, the heate doeth harme,
The middle point twixt both is best,
nor ouer-cold, nor ouer-warme.
I dreame it not the happy life
the needie beggers bag to beare:

Ne yet the bleffed state of all a mightie Kaifars crowne to weare. That one is cloied with fundry cares, and dies ten thousand times a day: That other still in danger goes, for euery traitors hand to flay. The highest hill is not the place whereon to build the flately bower: The deepest vale it is as ill, for lightly there doth reft the shower. The failing ship that keepes the shore, vpon the rocke is often rent: And he that ventures out too farre, and tries the ftream with waves is hent. For there the wind doth worke his will. there Neptunes churlish imps do raign: The middle way is fafe to faile, I mean the mean betwixt the twain.

So that the meane is best to choose, not ouer hie nor ouer lowe: Wherfore, if you your fafetie loue, imbrace the meane, let mounting goe.

#### To his friend Edward Dancie, of Deceit.



Then honest dealing, vertue is but vile, I fee diffembling beares the bell away: Craft hath a cloke to couer all his guile, And vnderneath the fame a knife doth lurke, When time shall ferue a shamefull spoile to worke.

Each man almost hath change of faces now, To fhift at pleafure, when it may availe: A man must give no credit to the browe, The fmoothest fmiling friend will foonest faile: No trust without a triall many yeeres, All is not gold that gliftringly appeares.

Who fo shall make his choice vpon a man To loue, and like, must warily looke about, A faithful friend is like a coleblacke Swan. We may not trust the painted sheath without, Vnleffe good lucke continue at a ftay: Farewell thy friends, like foules they flie away.

### Of the right noble Lord, William, Earle Pembroke his death.

HOUGH betters pen the praife
of him that earned fame,
Yet pardon men of meaner fkill
if they attempt the fame.
Good will may be as great
in fimple wits to write,

In commendation of the good, as heads of deeper fight. Wherfore among the reft that rue this Earles want, My felfe will fet my Mufe abroach, although my vaine be fcant. This Realme hath loft a lampe, that gaue a gallant show: No stranger halfe fo strange to vs but did this Noble know. His vertues fpred fo farre, his worthy works fo wide, That forrain princes held him deere, where fo he was imploid. Whofe wit fuch credite won in countrey feruice still,

That Enuie could not give the checke, nor rancor reaue good will.

He euer kept the roume that prince and fortune gaue:

As courteous in the countrey, as in court a Courtier braue.

To low and meanest men a lowly mind he bore,

No hawtie hart to floute effates,

But than a Lions hart
this dreadfull Dragon had:

In field among his foes, as fierce, as in the Senate fad.

Had Pallas at his birth for Pembroke done hir beft,

As nature did: then Pembroke had furmounted all the reft.

For though that learning lackt to paint the matter out,

What cafe of weight fo weightie was, but Pembroke brought about?

By wit great wealth he wonne, By fortune fauour came:

With fauor friends, and with the friends, affurance of the fame.

Of Princes euer praifd aduaunft and flaid in flate:

From first to last commended much, in honors stoole he fate.

Beloued of Henry well,

of Edward held as deere:

A doubt whether fonne or father loued him best as might appeare.

Queene Mary felt a want, if Pembroke were away:

So greatly the affied him, whileft the did beare the fway.

And of our peereleffe Queene, that all the reft doth paffe,

I need not write, fhe fhewd hir loue whose Steward Pembroke was.

Sith fuch a noble then, by death our daily foe,

Is reft this realme, why do we not by teares our forowes show?

Why leave we to lament?
why keepe we in our cries?

Why do we not powre out our plaints by condites of our eies?

Our noble prince, our peeres, both poore and rich may rue,

And each one forow Pembroke dead, that earft him living knew.

Yt ioy in one refpect, that he who lived fo hie, In honors feat his honor faued, and fortunde fo to die.

Which flocke of noble flate fith cruell death hath reft,

I wish the branches long to bud, that of the roote are left.

And prosper fo aliue, as did this noble tree,

And after many happy dayes, to die as well as hee.

### Finding his Mistresse vntrue, he exclaimeth thereat.

UNNE, ceafe to fhine by day,
reftraine thy golden beames:
Let flarres refuse to lend their light,
let fish renounce the streames.
Sea, passe thy kindly bounds,
fet ebbe and flood aside:

Graffe, leaue to grow, yet gallant plants depart with all your pride.

Bend Tyber backe againe, and to thy fpring returne:

Let firie coles begin to freeze, let ife and water burne.

Wolues leave to flay the Lambs, hounds hunt the Hare no more: Be friend to foules, ye hungry haukes,

whom ye purfude before.

For kind hath altred courfe, the law that nature fet

Is broken quite, hir orders fkornd, and bands in funder fret.

Loue is accounted light, and friendship forced nought:

My felfe may well proclaime the fame, that loue hath dearly bought.

I fortund once to like and fanfie fuch a dame:

As fundry ferud, but none atchieud, hir feature wan hir fame.

Long fute and great defart, with triall of my truft,

Did make hir fanfie me againe, fhe found me perfit iuft.

But ere I felt the bliffe, that lovers do attaine:

I bode a thoufand cruell fits, ten thoufand kinds of paine.

Till ruth by reafon grew and rigor layd apart:

On me fhe did beftow hir loue,

Then mirth gan counterpoife the griefs I felt before:

And if I had endured fmart I loyed than the more.

She past me many vowes, and fundry forts of hest:

And fwore I was the onely wight whom the did fanfie beft.

Then happy who but I, that did beleeue the fame?

As who is he that would refufe to credite fuch a dame?

O friend, when I (quoth fhe) fhall alter my good will,

And leave to love thee paffing well, thy fanfie to fulfill:

When I for gallant gifts, for mucke or glittring gold:

For comely limmes of courtly knights, delightfull to behold:

For Kaifars kingly crowne thy friendship do defie:

O Gods (quoth fhe) renounce me then, and let me monfter die.

These words and facred vowes might quicklie credit gaine:

For who in fuch a cafe would glofe or go about to faine?

Yet now, for all hir fpeech and glauering talke fhe vfed, She is revolted, and hir friend, too fowlie hath abufd: Though not against hir kind, (for Ladies are but light), And foone remooue but cleane against their othes and promife quite. But what should we expect from thornes, no Rofe perdie: The figtree yeelds a fig, on vines the grapes in clufters bee. Which fith I find at laft, though greatly to my paine, Loe here I do defie the face in whom fuch craft doth raigne. Farewell thou shamelesse shrew. faire Crefides heire thou art: And I Sir Troylus earft haue been, as prooueth by my fmart. Hencefoorth beguile the Greekes, no Troyans will thee truft: I yeeld thee vp to Diomed, to glut his filthie luft. And do repute my felfe herein a bleffed man, Who, finding fuch deceit in thee, refuse thy friendship can.

For fundry times we fee, the fots that ferue in loue, Can neuer purchase freedom, nor their frantike rage remoue. But who fo hath the grace to banish fond defire, I count him bleft of mightie Ioue, for few or none retire. So fweete is finfull luft, the venome is fo vile: As Circes cup no fooner might the bowfing Greeks beguile. Now hang abroade thy hookes, bestowe thy baites elsewhere, Thy pleafant call fhall haue no power to lure my cunning eare. I tride thy twigges too much, my feathers felt thy lime: To give thee vp, and shunne thy shiftes,

I coumpt it more than time.

### A warning that she be not vncourteous.



CHUSE you not to change,
I entred band to bide:
But plighted promife cract by you,
I count my felfe vntide.
No heft is to be held,
no yow of valew, when

You dames the coller flip: by craft to compaffe men. Prefume not of good wil, becaufe I fwore you loue: For faithful frends vpon abufe, their fancy may remoue. Which lincke of loue vndone. repentance comes too late: The fort is wonne when trueth is flaine. and treafon keepes the gate. No teares can purchase truce, no weeping winnes good wil: True lone once loft by due defart, is not renewde by fkil. Good meaning may not ferue to feede your frends withall: As wit in words, fo trueth in deedes, appeares, and euer shal.

Who fo doth runne a race, fhall furely fweate amaine,

And who fo loues, fhal hardly gloze of fecret hidden paine,

Way wel my loue at first, recall to retchlesse thought,

The fiery fittes, the penfiue panges, which I ful deerely bought.

Before I tooke the taft of what I lykte fo well:

And then confider careles, how to Junos yoke you fel.

Forget not how for gaine and mucke your match was made:

When I the while (poore man) was forft a weery life to trade.

The Lions loue refufde the nobleft beaft of all:

Vnto a fotte you yokt your felfe, and woxe a willing thrall.

Then who would force but I, or hold the jewel deere,

That on anothers finger fits, and hath done many a yeere:

And long is like to doe, the hogge that gapes for hawes,

That hang fo fast, may ground his tuskes and die with emptie iawes.

I fpeake it not of fpight, but fure you ill deferue:

A man that meanes fo well as I, fith you doe dayly fwerue.

A foole by foule abuse,
shall have you more at becke:
Then he that ever loved you well,
and never gave you checke.

Which shewes that either wit, or faithful loue you lacke:

Beware in time, misliking growen, may not be bended backe.

When Crefid clapt the difh, and Lazer-like did goe:

She rewde no doubt that earft fhe did the Troyan handle fo.

And might fhe then retirde to beuties auncient towre:

She would have flucke to Priams fonne, of faithful love the floure.

But fond, too late fhe found that fhe had been too light:

And ouerlate bewaild that fhe forwent the worthy knight.

Imprint it in your breft, and thinke that Ladies lot,

May light on you, with whom your frend is causlesse thus forgot.

I would be loth to love, and leave with loffe againe:

I fmarted once, and you (none els) the ground of all my paine.

Time tries the trufty minde, which time doth councell me

To deale my loue by equal weight, leaft I deceived be.

Where counfel nor aduice, can take no better holde:

The loffe is light: for colour I imbrace not glowing golde.

No more I way a frend, for feature of her face:

Her dealing wel must binde good will, vprightly iudge my case.

I wholly was your owne, and leffe you loue aleeke:

The match betwixt us two is marde, and I your frend to feeke.

If any els deferue a fhare or better part:

Let me but know your mind, and then adue with all my hart.

I found the trumpet now, that warning geues to you:

To leave to love besides my felfe, to whom the whole is due.

I tell you this betimes,
as one that would be loath
By your defert to choose againe,
and breake mine auncient oth.
Which if by fortune fall,
allowe your felse the thankes:
Whose parts vnkind may force a man
to play vnfriendly prankes.

To one whom he had long loued, and at last was refused without cause, and one imbraced that least deserved it.

Che prende diletto di far frode Non si delamentar, si altri le inhanna.



F lyking best with fancy firmely fet,
If louing most, with retchlesse care of state,
If true good will, whom time could neuer fret,
If pardoning faults, which now I rewe too late,
If good stil done, and euer meant to you:
Are not of force to make your frendships true.

If foule abuse and tearmes of loathsome sound, If mischiese meant, and seldome good bestowed, If black defame and credit brought to ground, If base reports so rashly spread abroad Can winne good wil, and binde a surer band: Then he that loues and beares you not in hand,

Then happy he that workes your deepe decay, And flaunder feekes to both your open fhames, For he doth laugh and beare the bel away. Vnlucky I with whom fo il it frames, As now at last in guerdon of my toyle, I reape refuse and bide this fecond foile.

Wel may he laugh that is my deadly foe,
And I lament impatient of my paine,
Il may fhe fare whose craft hath caused my woe,
And sickle faith deceived me thus againe.
But I too blame, as many foulers bee,
Who had the bird in hand and let her slee.

More wife then you the babe that feeling flame And once indangerd of the burning blaze,
Doth ftraight refuse the touching of the fame,
But you much like the gnat doe loue to gaze,
And flee so long about the candle light:
As both will feare your wings and carcasse quight.

The flaue that ferues his prentifhip in paine
Not halfe fo much a wretch as wretched I,
For he doth end his yeeres with certaine gaine,
Where I have leave the hardeft hap to trie,
And hopeleffe quite of what by due was mine
To grone in greefe, and with my paines to pine.

Wel, wel, content, fith chaunce and you agree, I take my hap, though cleane against my wil, Enforst by you my faith and frend I flee, You must by kinde remaine a woman stil, Who lookes to haue the crowe to change his blacke Before it chaunce perchance his eyes may lacke.

Sith you can rule (as by report you may), (And that to rule is it you women craue)
Begin your raigne, God graunt he doe obey
That long in yoke hath kept you like a flaue,
I feare, I wish, I hope the time wil bee:
When Louedaies made for lucre wil not gree.

Sticke fast to him who bolsters your estate, Forgiue the faults that have been done amisse, Forget reports, cling closely to your mate, But thinke on him sometime that wrote you this, If ever chaunce doe make your bondage free: God fend your second choyce like this to bee.

And as for him whose helping hand hath done
The best it might to worke my cruel woe,
I trust in time, when all the threede is sponne,
Shall deepely ruwe that he abusde me so.
That womans spite all other spites exceedes:
It doth appeare by both your cursed deedes.

If my defert to him had been fo ill,
Then could I not on him haue laid the blame,
If mine abufe to you had crackt good will,
Yours were the praife, and mine the open fhame:
I loued you both, and yet doe reape at laft
But hate from both, for all my frendfhip paft.

- 1. Due volte me hai ingannato.
- 2. Supplicio al mondo non e dato, Maggior, quanto pate vn che inamorato.
- 3. Qual lieni foglie, le dome fono, e crude piu che taffo

Piu che Tigre inclementi, et disdegnose, Piu che orse, et piu che luge empie e rabbiose. Hanno piu inganni, che non hanno capelli in capo.

O quante, arte et inganni ha il ſefſo feminino.
 O quanti lacci? O quanti nodi, e groppi?
 Per far huomini venir deboli e zorpi.
 A lio ingrata, troppo amata.

# An Epitaph vpon the death of Henry Sydnham, and Giles Bampfield, Gentlemen.



S rife as to my thought repaires that drearie doleful day,
And most vuluckie houre (alas) that hent my friends away:
So oft my brest is like to burst, and ribs to rend in twaine:

My liuer and my lungs giue vp,
my hart doth melt amaine,
And to decipher inward griefs
that crush my carcasse fo:
The sluces of mine eyes do slip,
and let their humor go.
Out slies the sloud of brackish teares,
whole seas of forow swell,
In such abundance from my braine,
as wo it is to tell.
Why do I then conceale their names?
what means my sluggish pen,

To hide the haps and luckleffe lot of thefe two manly men?

Sith filence breeds a fmothering fmart, where fundry times we fee,

That by difclofing of our mindes great cares digefted bee.

Wherefore my mournfull Mufe begin, &c.

So Fortune would, the cankred kernes, who feldom ciuil are, Detesting golden peace, tooke armes, and fell to frantike war. Vp rofe the rude and retchleffe rogues, with dreadfull darts in hand. And fought to noy the noble ftate of this our happy land. Whofe bedlam rage to ouerrule, and fury to confound, The L. of Effex chofen was, a noble much renownd. Away he went, awaited on of many a courtly knight: Whofe fwelling harts had fully vowed to daunt their foes in fight. Among the rest (I rue to tell) my Sydnham tooke the feas: Gyles Bampfield eke aboord he leapt.

his princes wil to pleafe.

Whose martial minds and burning brefts were bent to beare the broile
Of bloodie wars, and die the death,
or give the foe the foyle.

And treble bleffed had they been, if fortune fo had willed,

That they with hawtie fword in hand had died in open field.

For fame with garland of renowne, vndoubted decks his hed,

That in defence of Prince and Realme, his life and bloud doth shed.

But out (alas) thefe gallant imps before they came to land:

To flew their force and forward harts, by dint of deadly hand.

Before they fought amid the field, or lookt the foe in face,

With fodain florme, in Irifh ftreame were drownd, a wofull cafe.

Vp rofe with rage a tempest huge, that troubled so the furge,

As fhipmen fhrunke, and Pylot knew not how to fcape the fcourge.

And yet no dread of doubtfull death, no force of fretting fome,

Nor wrath of weltring waves could flay those martiall mates at home. Not angry Aeols churlish chasse, that scoules amid the skies:

Nor fullen Neptunes furging fuds mought daunt their manly eyes.

Vnworthy they (O gods) to feed the hungry fish in flood:

Or die fo base a death as that, if you had thought it good.

But what you will, of force befals, your heauenly power is fuch,

That where and how, and whom you lift, your godheds daily touch.

And reason good, that fithence all by you was wrought and done,

No earthly wight should have the wit youre wreakefull scourge to shonne.

Well, Sydnham, Bampfield, and the reft, fith wailing doth no good,

Nor that my teares can pay the price or ranfome of your blood:

Sith no deuife of man can make that you should liue againe,

Let these my plaints in verse suffise your soules, accept my paine.

If ought my writing be of power to make your vertues known,

According to your due deferts which you in life haue shown.

Affure yourfelues, my mournfull Mufe fhall do the best it can,

To caufe your names and noble minds to liue in mouth of man.

And fo adue, my faithfull friends, lamenting lets my quill:

I loued you living, and in death, for ever fo I will.

Accept my writing in good worth, no fitter means I find

To do you good, now being dead, nor eafe my mourning mind.

No better life than you have led vnto my felfe I wish:

But happier death, if I might chufe, than fo to feed the fish.

The gods allow my lims a tombe and graue wherein to lye:

That men may fay, thrife happy he, that happened fo to die.

For kindly death is counted good, and bleffed they be thought,

That of their friends vnto the pit, vpon the beere are brought.

But for my felfe, I reckon those more bleft a thousand fold,

That in the quarel of their prince, their liues and blood haue fold. As you mine ancient mates did meane, for which the mightie Ioue,
In heauen fhal place your fouls, although your bones on rocks do roue.

A letter begun to a Gentlewoman of some account, which was left of by means of the aduise of a friend of his, who said she was foresped.

OUR beautie (madame) made
mine eye to like your face:
And now my hart did caufe my hand
to fue to you for grace.
The ground of my good wil,
by feature first was cast,

Which your good noble nature hath for euer fealed faft.

When plants be furely pight, than lightly will they proue,

No tree can take fo deep a roote as grifts of faithfull loue.

If I had feared difdaine, or thought that hawtie pride

Had harbourd in that breft of yours, which is the pecocks guide:

Then should I not have durst thefe verfes to indite. But waying well your curteous kind, I tooke the hart to write. In hope that Venus gifts are matcht with Pallas goods, And that true frendship floures wil spring of blafing beauties buds. For feldom shal you find a dame of your degree, And of fuch features, but hir lookes and maners do agree. Which if in proofe I find, as I prefume I shall, Then happy others, but I compt my fortune best of all. And to expresse my ioy, my hands I mean to clap: As who would fay, loe I am he that have this bleffed hap. Let not my hopes be vaine, in your hand lies my life: And if you lift to cut my throte, you have the fatall knife. For wholly on your lookes and mercy flayes the threed That holds my lims togither now,

the gods haue fo decreed.

I am your bounden thrall, and euer mean to be: I will not change my choice, &c.

# To his Friend not to change, though iealousie debarre him hir company.

HANGE not thy choyce (my deere,)
ftand ftable in good will,
Let ancient faithful loue appeare
betwixt vs louers ftill.
A wifdom friends to win,
as great a wit againe:

A gotten friend, that faithfull is, in friendship to retaine.

Thou feeft how hatred hewes the chips of our mischance:

And iealousie doth what it may, the Viper to advance.

Whose prying eyes are prest to hinder our intent,

But malice oft doth misse his marke, where two good wils be bent.

So carefull Argus kept the faire well featured cowe: Whose watchful eies ful feldome slept, according to his vowe. And yet at length he loft his head, and eke his hire: For Mercury his cunning croft, to further Ioues defire. So curft Acrifius clofde the mayden in the mewe, Where he affuredly supposed to keepe the virgin true. Yet Danae did conceaue within the fecret towre: And did in lap receive the god, that fel in golden showre. Way what good wil he beares, that lives in fuch diffruft: He fares as doth the wretch that feares his golde, and lets it ruft: Whofe hungry heaping minde for all his looking on, Is oft abufde, and made as blinde as any marble stone. I craue but your confent, when time and place agree, And that you wil be wel content to yelde your felfe to me.

Who euer wil regard
the honor of your name,
And looke what pleafure may be fparde,

wil only craue the fame.

No checke shall taint your cheeke, by proofe of open acte:

I neuer wil vnwifely feeke to haue your credit crackte.

My loue excels his luft, my fancy his good wil:

My trueth doth farre furmount his truft, my good deferts his il.

Wherfore (my deere) confent vnto my iust request:

For I long fith haue loued you wel, and euer meant you best.

So fhall you have my heart, ftil redy at your call:

You cannot play a wifer part then cherish such a thrall.

## To his Frend not to forget him.

H

HERE liking growes of luft,
it cannot long endure:
But where we finde it graft on loue,
there frendships force is fure.
Where wealth procures good wil,
when substance slides away,

There fancy alters all by fittes, and true loue doth decay. Where beutie bindes the band, and feature forceth loue, With crooked age or changed face, their frendship doth remoue. No one of thefe (my deare) that fickle thus doe fade: Did bend my breft, or forft thy frend to follow Cupids trade. But meere good wil in deede not graft on hope of gaine: I lovde without regard of luft, as proofe hath taught you plaine: I way no wauering wealth, I force not of thy face: No graunt of pleafure prickes me on thy perfon to embrace.

No hope of after hap ingenders my good wil:

I lovde thee when I faw thee first, and so I love thee stil.

Wherefore requite with care the man that meanes you fo:

It lies in you to yeld him eafe, or plague his hart with woe.

You were not bred of rockes, no marble was your meate:

I trust I shal so good a dame, to loue me best intreate.

You know I beare the blame, your felfe are nothing free:

He loues me not for louing you, nor you for louing me.

Confider of the cafe, and like where you are lovde:

It is againft your kinde to pleafe where you are fo reprovde.

His frendship is in doubt, you stand affured of me:

He hates vs both, I cannot loue the man that hateth thee.

His frantike words of late, bewraide his folly plaine:

Affure yourfelfe he loues you not, his glofing is for gaine.

Which purpose being brought to his defired paffe, The fotte will flew himfelfe a beaft, and prooue a wayward Affe. By reafon rule his rage, by wifdome mafter wil: Embrace your frend in spite of him, that meanes you no good wil. A time in time may come, if gods wil haue it fo, When we each other shal inioy, to quite each others woe. Which time if time agree, to pleafure vs withall, Our honie wil the fweeter feeme that we have tafted gall. Till when vie womans wit, therein you know my minde: I neuer was, nor neuer wil

be found your frend vnkinde.

### A vowe of Constancie.

IRST fhal the raging flouds
againft their courfe runne:
By day the moone fhal lend her light,
by night the golden funne.
First fickle fortune shall
stand at a stedy stay:

And in the fea the fhining ftarres shal moue and keepe their way. First Fish amid the ayre, thal wander to and fro: The cloudes be cleere, in beuty eke the cole exceede the fnowe. First kinde shal alter all and change her wonted ftate: The blind shal fee, the deafe shal heare. the dumbe shal freely prate. Before that any chaunce, or let that may arife, Shalbe of force to wrest my loue, or quench in any wife The flame of my good will, and faithful fancies fire. Saue cruel death fhal nothing daunt, or coole my hote defire.

Defire that guides my life, and yeldes my hart his foode: Wherefore to be in prefence stil, with thee, would doe me good. Which prefence I prefume thou neuer wilt deny: But as occasion ferues, fo thou to frendfhip wilt apply. Til when I giue thee vp to good and happy chaunce, In hope that time to our delights will feeke vs to aduance. Adue (deere frend) to thee, that art my only ioy: More faire to me then Helen was to Priams fonne of Troy: And conftant more in loue, then was Vliffes make, Of whose affured life and zeale, fo much the Poets fpake. Leffe light than Lucrece eke, whom Tarquins luft defilde: As courteous as the Carthage Queene, that fowly was beguilde. To quite all which good parts, this yow I make to thee: I will be thine as long as I

haue power mine owne to be.

# Another Epitaph vpon the death of Henry Sydnham, and Gyles Bampfield, gent.



F teares might ought analyte to stynt my woe,
If sobbyng sighes breathd out from pensiue brest,
Could ease the gryping greefes that payn me so,
Or pleasure them for whom I am distrest:
Neyther would I stycke wyth teares to fret my face,
Nor spare to spend redoubled sighes apace.

- 2 But sith neyther dreary drops nor sighes haue power To doe me good, or stand my frends in steede, Why should I seeke wyth sorowes to deuoure Those humors that my fayntyng lymmes should feede, Bootelesse it were therfore I wyl assay To shew my selfe a frend some other way.
- 3 Some other way, as by my mournyng pen,
  To doe the world to wit what wyghts they were
  Whose deaths I wayle, what frendly forward men,
  And to thys land they both dyd beare,
  Alas, I rue to name them in my verse:
  Whose only thought my trembling hart doth pearse.
- 4 But yet I must of force their names vnfolde,

  (For things concealed are seldome when bewaild,)

  Tone Sydnham was, a manly wight and bolde,

  In whom neither courage haute, nor feature faylde,

Faythful to frends, vndaunted to his foes, A lambe in loue, where he to fancy chose.

- 5 The second neere vnto my selfe allyde,
  Gyles Bamfield hight, (I weepe to wryte his name),
  A gallant ympe, amyd his youthfull pryde:
  Whose seemely shape commended natures frame.
  Deekte of the gods in cradle where he lay:
  With louely lymmes, and parts of purest clay.
- 6 Themselues might boast theyr byrths for gentle bloud,
  The houses are of countenance whence they came,
  And vaunt I dare their vertues rare as good,
  As was their race and fitted to the same.
  There wanted nought to make them perfect blest,
  Saue happy deathes which clouded all the rest.
- 7 When rascall Irysh hapned to rebel,
  (Who seld we see doe long continue true)
  Vnto the Lord of Essex lotte it fell
  To have the lotte those outlawes to subdue:
  Who went away to please the prynce and state,
  Attended on of many a doughty mate:
- 8 Whose names although my dreary quil conceale, Yet they (I trust) wil take it wel in worth, For noble mindes employd to common weale, Shall finde a stemme to blaze their prowes foorth. My dolefull muse but this alone entends, To wryte and wayle my frends vnhappy endes.
- 9 A way they would, and gaue their last adew, With burning hearts to slay the sauage foe,

Bestride their steads, and to the sea they flew, Where weather rose, and water raged so, As they (alas) who meant their countrey good, Were forst to lose their lives in Irish flood.

- 10 Those eyes should have lookt the foe in face, Were then constraind to winke at every wave, Those valiant arms the billowes did imbrace, That vowd with sword this realms renowne to saue: Those manly minds that dreaded no mishap, Were soust in seas, and eaught in suddaine trap.
- 11 Proud Eole Prinee, controller of the winds,
  With churlish Neptune, soueraigne of the seas,
  Did play their parts, and shewd their stubburn kinds,
  Whom no request nor prayer might appease,
  The Troyan Duke bid not so great a brunt,
  When he of yore for Lauine land did hunt.
- 12 And yet these wights committed none offence
  To Juno, as sir Paris did of yore,
  Their only trauell was for our defence,
  Which makes me waile their sodain deaths the more.
  But what the Gods do purpose to be done,
  By proofe we see, mans wisdom cannot shun.
- 13 Ye water Nimphes, and you that Ladies be, Of more remorse, and of a milder mood, Than Neptune or king Eole, if you see Their balefull bodies driving on the floud, Take vp their lins, allowing them a graue, Who well deserved a richer hearse to have.

14 Whereon do stampe this small deuice in stone, That passers by may read with dewed eyes, When they by chance shall chance to light thereon.

LOE SYDNHAM HERE, AND BAMPFIELDS BODY LIES:

WHOSE WILLING HARTS TO SERUE THEIR PRINCE AND REALME,

SHORTNED THEIR LIUES AMID THIS WRATHFULL STREAME.

Ante obitum, supremaque funera fælix

Deo iubente, futo cedunt mortalia.

# A Louer deceived, exclaimes against the Deceiver and hir kind.



OW much a wretch is he that doth affie fo well
In womans words, and in hir hart doth lodge his loue to dwell?
Beleeues hir outward glee, and tickle termes to truft,

And doth without regard of time, apply to womans luft?
Sith that her wandring will, and most vnstable mind,
Doth daily toffe and turne about, as leaues amid the wind.

Who lothes hir moft, fhe loues:
and him that fucs for grace,
She fharply fhuns, and proudly fcornes,
and ebbes and flowes apace.

O gods, what have I done? alas, at length I fpie

My former follies, and difcerne how much I marcht awry.

To plant affured truft in tickle womans breft,

That Tygerlike fance mercy lines, and ever fluors the best.

And yet fhe knowes I loue, and how I wafte away:

And that my hart may have no reft, nor quiet night or day.

Which fith to hir is knowen, and how I hold hir chiefe:

Why cruell and vnkind, doth fhe not pitic of my griefe?

Who is fo perfect wife, that may fuch malice brooke

Of womans proud difdaine, or beare their braules with quiet looke?

Without an open flew of lothfome lurking fmart,

That rackes the ribs, that beates the breft, and plagues the penfiue hart.

O me, vnhappy wight, most wofull wretch of all, How do I lofe my libertie, and yeeld my felfe a thrall, In feruing hir that cleane against all law and right Confumes my life, deftroyes my days, and robs my reafon quite. O loue, cut off hir courfe, and bridle fuch a dame. As fkornes thy fkill, and leaues thy laws, and makes my griefe hir game. If (as I deeme) thou be the foueraigne of the fkies, Of Elements and Nature eke. that all in order ties, Wreake both thy wrong fuftaind, and eke thy damage done To me, on hir, whom flatly thou perceiuest vs both to shun. Conuert hir frofen hart to coles of fealding fire, Where rigor raigns, and enuie dwels, with poifoned wrathfull ire. She, cruell, knowes my loue, and how as Saint, I shrine Hir beautie in my breft, and how with pearcing pains I pine:

And how a thousand times each day I die, she knowes,

Yet mercileffe, no mercy fhe, nor figne of forow showes.

She bound me to the ftake, to broile amid the brands:

At point to die a Martyrs death, all which the ynderstands.

Yea, though fhe know it well, yet fhe conceiues a ioy

At all my bitter grief, and glads hir felfe with mine annoy.

O most disloyall dame,
O bloudy brested wight:

O thou, that haft confumd by care, my hart and courage quite.

O thou, for treafon that Iugurtha, and the Jew,

Doeft far excell, and from thy friend, withholdft thy fauour dew.

O traiterous of thy troth, of all good nature bare:

Loe here of my poore wounded hart, the gash cut in by care.

I fee thou feeft my fore, and yet thou wilt be blind:

Thou flopft thine eares, and wilt not hear the griefs that I do find.

Where is become thy loue, and ancient great good will, That earft was borne? wheres that defire that forft thee to fulfill Thy pleafures past with me, in cabbin where we lay? What is become of those delights? where is that fugred play? Wheres all that daliance now, and profers proudly made? Wheres those imbrafings friendly? where is that bleffed trade And fignes of perfit loue, which then thou puttst in vre? And which, for any gift of mine, mought yet right well endure. Full shadowlike they shift, and can no longer bide: Like dust before the wind they flie, your other mate doth guide. And ftrikes fo great a ftroke, he wrefts your wits as round As flittering leaves, that from the Ashe or pine are shaken downe. Full lightly womans loue is altred euermore: It may not last, there is exchange

continually in ftore.

And reafon: For by kind a woman is but light,

Which makes that fansie from hir breft, is apt to take hir flight.

I had good hope at first, when hap did me allure,

To like of thee, that this thy loue was planted to endure.

I neuer feard a fall, on ground that lay fo greene:

Where path was plaine for me to paffe, and bottom to be feene.

I doubted no decay, nor feard no after fmart:

Thy beautie did me not defpaire, thy lookes affured thy hart.

But who believes the lookes of any of your race,

May foone deceive himfelfe,

There lies no credite in the face.

Well, fith thy froward mind doth like to heare my mone:

And mine vnhappy planet giues confent, that I alone,

Without thy loue shall liue, and lacke the lampe of light:

To cleare mine eies, that far excels all other flars in fight.

Vnto the hawtie fkies,
and people here below:

I will my griping griefs expreffe,
and furge of forowes fhow.

In hope that direfull death,
with dreadfull dart of force,
Will couch my carcafe in the graue,
and there conuey my corfe.

Yet ere I die, receive this Swanlike fong, To eafe my hart, and shew thine open wrong.



WAUERING womans will,
that bends fo foone about,
Why doeft thou fo reuclt in haft,
and flutft thy friend without,
Against the law of loue?
O thrife vnhappy hee,

That doth beleeue thy beauties beames, and lookes of gallant glee.

For neither thraldom long, that I, poore wight, abode:

Nor great good will by fundry figns, and outward gefture flewed.

Had force to hold thy hart,
and keep thee at a flay:
No good defart of mine might:

No good defart of mine might flop that would of force away.

Yet of this cruel lotte,

and fel mifchance, I finde

Nor know no caufe, but that thou art fprong out of womans kind.

I iudge that Nature, and the Gods that gouerne all,

Deuifde this wicked fhameles fexe to plague the earth withall.

A mischiefe for vs men, a burden bad to beare:

Without whose match too happy we,

Euen as the Beares are bread, the Serpent and the Snake,

The barking Wolfe, the filthy flie that noyfome flesh doth make.

The flinking weede to finell that growes among the graine:

Euen fo I thinke the Gods haue made your race vs men to paine.

Why did not kinde forefee, and Nature fo deuife,

That man of man, without the help of woman, mought arife?

As by the art of hande
of apples apples fpring:
And as the pearetree graft by kind

And as the pearetree graft by kind another peare doeth bring.

But if you marke it wel, the caufe is quickly feene:

It is for that thou Nature art a woman, though a Queene.

O dames, I would not wish you peacocklike to looke,

Or puft with pride to vaunt that man of you his being tooke.

For on the bryar oft a gallant rofe doth grow,

And of a flincking weede an herbe or floure fresh to show.

Ye are exceffiue proude, fluft vp with flately fpite:

Voyd of good loue, of loyall trueth, and all good counfel quite.

Rafh, cruel caufleffe, curft, vnkinde without defert,

Borne onely for the fcourge of him that beares a faithful hart.

I rather wish to die, then liue a vasfaile stil,

Or thrall my felfe vnto a dame that yeldes me no good wil.

The wormes fhal fooner feede
vpon my happy hart,
Within my graue, then I for loue
of you wil fuffer fmart.
Adue deere dames,
the ghaftly ghoftes of hel
Shal plague your bones,
that gloze and loue not wel.

#### To his cruel Mistresse.



EUE loofers leave to fpeake,
let him that feeles the fmart
Without controlment tel his tale,
to eafe his heavy hart.
To thee (proude dame) I poynt,
who, like the beaft of Nile,

By teares procureft thy frend to loue, and flaieft him all the while.

By weeping, first to winne, and after conquest made

To spoyle with spite those yelding ympes that follow Cupids trade.

Condemnes thy cancred kinde, more glory were for thee

To ransacke none but rebel harts, and let the rest goe free.

Kinde wift not what fhe wrought
when fhe fuch beuty lent
Vnto those gallant limmes of thine
to monftrous mischiese bent.

For either fowler face
fhe would have yelded thee:
Or better moode and milder minde
to make remorfe of me.

Thou bearest two burning brands, below those browes of thine:

And I the brimftone in my breft, which makes my hart to pine.

Eche lowering looke of yours, frets farther in my hart:

And nips me neerer then the force of any other dart.

And to increase my care, thou makeft thy beutie more:

An oyle (God wotte) vnto my fire, no falue to eafe my fore.

If thou a woman were of ruth, and due remorfe,

Thou wouldft allow me loue, and not fo proudly plague my corfe.

I fue for mercy now, with hands lift vp on hie,

Which, if I miffe, I am affurde, within fewe dayes to die.

And if I may not have the thing I would enioy:

I pray the gods to plague thee as they did the dame of Troy.

I meane that Crefide coy that linkt her with a Greeke:

And left the lufty Troyan Duke, of all his loue to feeke.

And fo they wil, I truft, a mirror make of thee:

That beuties darlings may beware, when they thy fcourge flual fee.

I neuer meant thee wel in all my life before,

But now to plague thy foule abufe,

I hate thee ten times more.

For reafon willes me fo my frends to loue and ferue,

And cruel Ladies, like thy felfe, to wish as they deferue.

Hencefoorth, if any limme of mine perhap rebel,

And thee, whom I of right fhould loth, doe loue or fancie wel:

I quite renounce the fame, he shal no more be mine

To vee or stand in stead, then I doe purpose to be thine.

And thus, I make an end of loue, and lines at once.

The frounce confume the flesh of her that feedes vpon my bones.

## The Author being in Mosco-

uia, wrytes to certaine his frendes in Englande of the flate of the place, not exactly, but at all aduentures, and minding to haue defcrybed all the Mofcouites maners, brake off his purpose vpon some occasion.

The three Epiftles followe.

# To his especial Frende, master Edwarde Dancie.



Y Dancie deere, when I
recount within my breft
My London frends, and wonted mates,
and thee aboue the reft:
I feele a thoufand fittes
of deepe and deadly woe,

To thinke that I from fea to land, from bliffe to bale did goe.

I left my natiue foyle,
ful like a retchleffe man,
And vnacquainted of the coaft,

among the Ruffies ranne.

A people paffing rude, to vices vile enclinde:

Folke fitte to be of Bacchus traine, fo quaffing is their kinde.

Drinke is their whole defire, the pot is all their pride:

The fobreft head doeth once a day ftand needeful of a guyde.

If he to banquet bid his frends, he wil not fhrinke

On them at dinner to beftow a dozen kindes of drinke.

Such licour as they haue, and as the countrey giues:

But cheefly two, one called Kuas, whereby the Mufick liues:

Small ware and waterlike, but fomewhat tart in tafte:

The reft is Meade, of hony made, wherewith their lips they bafte.

And if he goe vnto
his neighbour as a gueft,
He cares for litle meate, if fo
his drinke be of the beft.

Perhaps the Moufick hath a gay and gallant wife: To ferue his beaftly luft, yet he will leade a bowgards life. The monfter more defires a boy within his bed Then any wench, fuch filthy finne enfues a drunken head. The woman, to repay her droufie hufbands dettes, From flinking floue vnto her mate to baudy banquet gets. No wonder though they vfe fuch vile and beaftly trade, Sith with the hatchet and the hand, their chiefest gods be made. Their Idolles have their hearts. on God they neuer call: Vnleffe it be (Nichola Bough) that hangs againft the wall. The house that hath no God, or painted Saint within, Is not to be reforted to, that roofe is full of finne. Befides their private gods, in open places ftand Their croffes, vnto which they crouch, and bleffe themfelues with hand.

Denoutly downe they ducke, with forhead to the ground:

Was neuer more deceit in ragges, and greafie garments found.

Almost the meanest man in all the countrey rides:

The woman eke, against our vse, her trotting horse bestrides.

In fundry colors they both men and women go:

In bulkins all, that money have on bulkins to beftow.

Eche woman hanging hath a ring within hir eare:

Which all of ancient vfe, and fome of very pride do weare.

Their gate is very graue, their countenance wife and fad:

And yet they follow fleshly lusts, their trade of liuing bad.

It is no fhame at all accounted to defile

Anothers bed, they make no care their follies to concile.

Is not the meaneft man in all the land, but he

To buy hir painted colours doth allow his wife a fee,

Wherewith fhe decks hirfelfe, and dies hir tawnie fkin: She prancks and paints hir fmokie face, both browe, lip, cheeke and chin. Yea those that honest are (if any fuch there bee) Within the land, do vfe the like, a man may plainly fee. Vpon fome womens cheekes the painting how it lies: In plafter fort, for that too thicke hir face the harlot dies. But fuch as fkilfull are. and cunning dames in deed, By daily practife do it well, yea fure they do exceed. They lay their colours fo, as he that is full wife May eafily be deceived therein, if he do truft his eies. I not a little mufe what madneffe makes them paint Their faces, waying how they keepe the floue by meere conftraint. For feldom when vnleffe on church or marriage day, A man fhall fee the dames abrode that are of best aray.

The Ruffie means to reape the profit of hir pride: And fo he mewes hir, to be fure fhe lie by no mans fide. Thus much (friend Dancie) I did meane to write to thee: To let thee wite, in Ruffia land, what men and women bee. Hereafter I perhaps of other things will write To thee and other of my friends, which I fhall fee with fight. And other ftuffe befides, which true report shall tell: Meane while I end my louing lines, and bid thee now farewell.

## To Spencer.



F I should now forget,
or not remember thee:
Thou (Spencer) mightst a foule rebuke
and shame impute to mee.
For I to open shew
did loue thee passing well:

And thou were he, at parture whom I loathd to bid farewell.

And as I went thy friend, fo I continue ftill:

No better proofe thou canft defire than this of true good will.

I do remember well when needs I should away:

And that the poaft would licence vs, no longer time to ftay.

Thou wroongft me by the fift, and holding faft my hand,

Didft craue of me to fend thee newes, and how I likte the land.

It is a fandie foyle, no very fruitfull vaine:

More waft and wooddie grounds there are than closes fit for graine.

Yet graine there growing is, which they vntimely take:

And cut or ere the corne be ripe, they move it on a ftake.

And laying fheafe by fheafe, their haruest so they drie:

They make the greater haft, for feare the frost the corne destrie.

For in the winter time, fo glarie is the ground,

As neither graffe nor other graine in pattures may be found.

In comes the cattell then, the sheepe, the colt, the cowe:

Faft by his bed the Mowficke then a lodging doth alowe.

Whom he with fodder feeds, and holds as deare as life:

And thus they weare the Winter with the Mowficke and his wife.

Eight monthes the winter dures, the glare it is fo great:

As it is May before he turne his ground to fowe his wheate.

The bodies eke that die, vnburied lie till then:

Laid vp in coffins made of firre, as well the poorest men,

As those of greater state: the cause is lightly found:

For that in winter time
they cannot come to breake the ground,

And wood fo plenteous is quite throughout all the land,

As rich and poore, at time of death, affured of coffins fland.

Perhaps thou mufeft much, how this may ftand with reafon:

That bodies dead, can vncorrupt, abide fo long a feafon.

Take this for certaine troth, as foone as heate is gone, The force of cold the body bindes as hard as any stone, Without offence at all to any liuing thing: And fo they lie in perfit ftate, till next returne of fpring. Their beafts be like to ours, as far as I can fee, For shape and show, but somewhat lesse of bulke and bone they bee. Of watrish taste, the flesh not firme, like English biefe: And yet it ferues them very well, and is a good reliefe. Their fleep are very fmall, fharpe fingled, handful long: Great flore of fowle on fea and land, the moorish reeds among. The greatnes of the ftore doth make the prices leffe: Befides, in all the land they know not how good meat to dreffe. They vie neither broach nor fpit, but when the stoue they heat, They put their vitails in a pan,

and fo they bake their meat.

No pewter to be had, no diffuse but of wood:

No vfe of trenchers, cups cut out of birch are very good.

They vie but woodden fpoones, which hanging in a cafe,

Each Mowficke at his girdle ties, and thinks it no difgrace.

With whittles two or three, the better man the mo:

The chiefest Russies in the land, with spone and kniues do go.

Their houses are not huge of building, but they fay

They plant them in the loftiest ground, to shift the snow away:

Which in the Winter time

Which makes them have the more defire to fet their houses hie.

No ftone worke is in vfe, their roofes of rafters bee:

One linked in another faft, their wals are all of tree.

Of maftes both long and large, with moffe put in betweene,

To keep the force of weather out:

I neuer earst haue seene

A groffe deuife fo good: and on the roofe they lay The burthen barke, to rid the raine and fudden flowres away. In euery roome a (floue) to ferue the winter turne: Of wood they have fuffifing flore, as much as they can burne. They have no English glasse: of flices of a rocke, Hight Sluda, they their windowes make, that English glasse doth mocke. They cut it very thin, and fowe it with a threed, In pretie order like to panes, to ferue their prefent need. No other glaffe, good faith, doth giue a better light: And fure the rocke is nothing rich, the cost is very flight. The chiefest place is that where hangs the God by it: The owner of the house himselfe doth neuer vie to fit. Vnleffe his better come. to whom he yeelds the feat: The ftranger bending to the god, the ground with browe must beat.

And in that very place, which they most facred deeme,

The ftranger lies, a token that his gueft he doth efteeme.

Where he is woont to haue

a Beares skin for his bed:

And must in stead of pillow clap his faddle to his hed.

In Ruffia other fhift

there is not to be had:

For where the bedding is not good, the bolfters are but bad.

I mufed very much

what made them fo to lie,

Sith in their countrey downe is rife, and feathers out of cry.

Vnleffe it be becaufe

the countrey is fo hard:

They feare by nicenes of a bed, their bodies would be marde.

I wisht thee oft with vs,

faue that I ftoode in feare

Thou wouldft have loathed to have layd thy limmes upon a beare,

As I and Stafford did,

that was my make in bed:

And yet we thanke the God of heauen, we both right wel haue fped.

Loe, thus I make an end, none other newes to thee, But that the countrey is too colde, the people beaftly be. I write not all I know, I touch but here and there: For if I should, my pen would pinch, and eke offend, I feare. Who fo shal reade this verse, coniecture of the reft: And thinke by reafon of our trade, that I doe thinke the best. But if no traffick were, then could I boldly pen The hardnes of the foyle, and eke the manners of the men. They fay the Lyons pawe geues judgement of the beaft: And fo may you deeme of the great

by reading of the leaft.

#### To Parker.



Y Parker, paper, pen
and inke were made to write,
And idle heads that litle doe,
haue leyfure to indite:
Wherfore, respecting these,
and thine affured love,

If I would write no newes to thee thou mightst my pen reprooue. And fithens fortune thus hath should my ship from shore, And made me feeke another Realme. vnfeene of me before: The manners of the men I purpose to declare, And other private points beside, which strange and geafon are. The Ruffie men are round of bodies, fully fast The greatest part with bellies big, that ouerhang the waft. Flat headed for the moft. with faces nothing faire, But browne by reason of the stone, and clofenes of the ayre.

It is their common vfe. to fhaue or els to fheare Their heads: for none in all the land long lolling lockes do weare, Vnleffe perhaps he haue his foueraigne Prince difpleafde: For then he neuer cuts his heare, vntil he be appeafde. A certaine figne to know who in difpleafure be: For every man that vewes his head wil fay, loe this is he. And during all the time, he lets his locks to grow, Dares no man for his life to him a face of frendship show. Their garments be not gay, nor handfome to the eye: A cap aloft their heads they have, that flandeth very hie, Which (Colpack) they doe tearme: they weare no ruffes at al, The best haue collars fet with pearle, Rubafca they doe call. Their fhirts in Ruffie long, they worke them downe before And on the fleeues with coloured filkes, two ynches good or more.

Aloft their fhirts they weare a garment locket wife,

Hight Onoriadka, and about his bourly waft he ties

His Portkies, which in ftead of better breeches be.

Of linnen cloth that garment is, no codpeece is to fee:

A paire of yornen flockes to keepe the cold away,

Within his bootes the Ruffie weares, the heeles they vnderlay

With clouting clamps of fleele, fharpe pointed at the toes:

And ouer all a Suba furde, and thus the Ruffie goes.

Wel butned is the Sube, according to his flate,

Some filke, of filuer other fome, but those of poorest rate

Doe weare no Subes at all, but groffer gownes to fight:

That reacheth downe beneath the calfe, and that Armacha hight.

Thefe are the Ruffies robes, – the richeft yfe to ride

From place to place, his feruant runnes and followes by his fide.

The Caffocke beares his fealt, to force away the raine: Their bridles are not very braue, their faddles are but plaine. No bittes, but fnaffels all, of byrche their faddles be: Much fashioned like the Scottish feates, broad flaxs to keepe the knee From fweating of the horfe: the pannels larger farre And broader be than ours: they vse fhort stirrops for the warre, For when the Ruffie is purfude by cruell foe He rides away, and fodenly betakes him to his bowe. And bendes me but about in faddle as he fits. And therewithall amid his race. his following foe he hittes. Their bowes are very fhort, like Turky bowes outright: Of finewes made with byrchen barke, in cunning maner dight. Small arrowes, cruel heads, that fel and forked be: Which being fhot from out those bowes a cruel wayes wil flee.

They feldome shoot their horse, vnleffe they vfe to ride -In poast vpon the frozen floods, then cause they shal not slide He fets a flender calke, and fo he rides his way. The horfes of the countrey goe good fourefcore veorsts a day, And all without the fpurre: once prick them and they fkip, But goe not forward on their way. The Ruffie hath his whip To rap him on the ribs, for though all booted be, Yet shal you not a paire of spurs in all the countrey fee. The common game is cheffe, almost the simplest wil Both geue a checke and eke a mate: by practife comes their skil. Againe the dice as faft, the poorest roges of all Wil fit them downe in open field and there to gaming fall. Their dice are very fmall, in fashion like to those Which we doe vfe, he takes them vp, and ouer thumbe he throwes,

Not flaking them awhit, they caft fufpicioufly: And yet I deeme them voyd of arte, that dicing most apply.

At playe when filuer lackes, goes faddle, horfe and all:

And each thing els worth filuer walkes, although the price be fmall.

Because thou louest to play, frend Parker, otherwhile I wish thee there, the weary day,

with dicing to beguile.

But thou were better farre at home, I wist it wel,

And wouldft been loath among fuch loutes fo long a time to dwel.

Then iudge of vs thy frends, what kind of life we had,

That neere the frozen pole to wast our weary dayes were glad.

In fuch a fauage foyle, where lawes doe beare no fway,

But all is at the King his wil, to faue or els to flay.

And that faunce caufe God wot, if fo his minde be fuch.

But what meane I with kings to deale, we ought no Saints to touch.

Conceaue the rest your selfe, and deeme what lives they leade:

Where luft is law, and fubicetes liue continually in dread.

And where the best estates have none assurance good

Of lands, of lives, nor nothing falles vnto the next of bloud.

But all of cuftome doeth vnto the Prince redowne,

And all the whole reuenue comes vnto the King his crowne.

Good faith, I fee thee mufe at what I tel thee now,

But true it is, no choyce, but all at Princes pleafure bowe.

So Tarquine ruled Rome, as thou remembreft well:

And what his fortune was at laft,
I know thy felfe canft tell.

Where will in common weale doth beare the onely fway,

And luft is law, the prince and realme muft needs in time decay.

The ftrangeneffe of the place is fuch, for fundry things I fee:

As if I would, I cannot write each private point to thee.

The cold is rare, the people rude, the prince fo full of pride: The realm fo ftord with monks and nunnes. and priefts on euery fide. The maners are fo Turkylike, the men fo full of guile, The women wanton, temples fluft with idols that defile The feats that facred ought to be: the cuftoms are fo quaint, As if I would defcribe the whole, I feare my pen would faint. In fumme I fay, I neuer faw a prince that fo did raigne: Nor people fo befet with Saints, yet all but vile and vaine. Wild Irish are as ciuil as the Ruffies in their kind: Hard choice which is the best of both, each bloodie, rude, and blind. If thou be wife, as wife thou art, and wilt be rulde by mee, Live still at home, and couet not those barbarous coasts to fee. No good befals a man that feekes, and finds no better place: No ciuil customs to be learnd, where God bestowes no grace.

And truly ill they do deferue to be beloued of God,

That neither loue, nor fland in awe of his affured rod.

Which (thogh be long) yet plagues at laft the vile and beaftly fort

Of finfull wights, that all in vice do place their chiefest sport.

Adieu, friend Parker, if thou lift to know the Ruffles well,

To Sigifmundus booke repaire, who all the truth can tell.

For he long earft in meffage went vnto that fauage king,

Sent by the Pole, and true report in each refpect did bring.

To him I recommend my felfe, to eafe my pen of paine:

And now at last do wish thee well, and bid farewell againe.

# To his Friend Nicholas Roscarock, to induce him to take a Wife.



OSCAROCKE, fith my raging prime is paft,
And riper age with reafons learned lore,
Well flaied hath my wits that went fo faft,
And coold the heat that hent my breft of yore:
I cannot choose but write some solemne stuffe
For thee to read, when thou art in thy ruffe.

I fee thee mufe what should the matter be, Whereof I meane to treate, thou bitest thy lip, And bendst thy browe as though I were not he That had a tricke my Cornish friend to trip: Well, to be short, it toucheth mariage vow, An order which my selfe haue entred now.

A facred yoke, a ftate of mickle praife,
A bleffed band, belikt of God and man,
And fuch a life, as if in former dayes
I had but knowen, as now commend I can,
Good faith, I would not wafted fo my prime
In wanton wife, and fpent an idle time.

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An idle time, as fundry gallants vfe,
I meane my London mates, that treade the streete,
And golden wits with fond conceits abuse,
And base deuises farre for such vnmeet.
Leauing the law, and casting bookes aside,
Wherby in time you mought your countries guide.

Your daily practife is to beat the bush,
Where beauties birds do lodge themselues to lie:
You shoote at shapes and faces deare a rush,
And bende your bowes, your feeble strengths to trie.
Of closure you somtimes do common make,
And where you list, abroad your pleasures take.

You count it but a game to graffe the horne That inward growes, and feldom fhowes without: The filly man you fkoffe and laugh to fkorne, And for his patience deeme him but a lout. By day you gaze vpon your Ladies lookes, By night you gad to hang your baited hookes.

Thus do you lauish frolike youth away With idle words not woorth a parched pease, And like to wanton colts that run astray, You leape the pale, and into euery lease. Where fitter far it were to marry wives, And well disposed to lead more sober lives.

Reuolt in time, leaft tyme repentance bring, Let each enioy his lawfull wedded mate, Or elfe be fure, your felues in time fhall fing The felfefame note, and rue your harmes too late. For commonly the wrong that we entend, Lights on our heads and fhoulders in the end.

Perhaps thou wouldft as willing wedded be,
As I my felfe and many other moe:
But that thou canft no perfit beautie fee,
For which thou wilt thy fingle life forgoe.
Both yoong and faire, with wealth and goods thou feekft,
Such one fhe is, whom thou Rofcarocke leekft.

Be rulde by me, let giddy fanfie go,
Imbrace a wife, with wealth and coyne enough:
Force not the face, regard not feature fo,
An aged grandame that maintains the plough,
And brings thee bags, is woorth a thoufand peates
That pranck their pates, and liue by Spanish meates.

That one contents hir felf with now and than, Right glad if fhe might fit at Uenus meffe Once in the moneth, the youthfull Damfell can Not fo be pleafd, hir rage must have redresse As oft as pleasure pricks hir lims to lust, Els all the matter lies amid the dust.

Wherfore I iudge the best and wisest way
Were wife to wed, and leaue to range at will:
In maried life there is affured stay,
Where otherwise to follow every Gill
Breeds wracke of wealth, of credit, ease, and bliffe,
And makes men run their races quite amisse.

Experto credere tutum est.

### A Gentlewomans excuse for executing vnlawfull partes of Loue.



ARST Sylla tooke no fhame, for Minos fake
Hir father Nyfus purple pate to fheare,
Medea for the loue of Iafon brake
The bands of kind, and flew hir brother deare,
Forwent hir worthy Sire, and kingly crowne,
And followed him the rouer vp and downe.

For Thefeus when in Labirinth he lay
In dread of death, the monfter was fo nie,
Faire Ariadna did deuife a way
To faue his life, vnleffe that Ouid lie:
And yet the beaft, hir brother was in deed,
(Whom Thefeus flue) and fprang of Minos feed.

At fiege of Troy whileft Agamemnon fought, Aegiftheus wan Queene Clitemnestras hart, So as when he returnd and little thought Of death, this dame began to play hir part. She slew the prince to folow former lust, And thought the fact to be exceeding iust.

Faire Phyllis flew hir felfe, vnhappy dame, Through loue: and did not Dydo do the like For Prince Aeneas, who to Carthage came, When he was forft, by flowres, the flore to feeke? What more vnkindly parts can man deuife, Than Queens for loue their honors to defpife?

Now iudge my cafe, my fault vprightly fcan, Deeme my defart, by this it may be geft, I am by nature made to loue a man, As Sylla, Phyllis, Dido, and the reft: If they and I haue done amiffe for loue, Let kind be blamd, that thereunto did mooue.

The wifeft men, as farre as I can fee, Haue been enthrald through love as well as we.

Amor vince ogni cofa.

#### Of his Constancie.



E way not waxe, for all his gallant hew,
Bicaufe it vades and melts against the fire:
We more regard a rocke of marble blew,
For that no force doth caufe it to retire.
The builder makes his full account, that it
Will firmly stand at a stay, and neuer slit.

So may you (fweete) be fure, that my good will Is no good will of waxe, to wafte away:
When fond defire of fanfie hath his fill,
My loue is like the marble for his ftay:
Build thereupon, and you fhall furely find,
No blaft of chance to change my ftedfaft mind.

Blacke shall you see the snow on mountains hie, The fish shall feed vpon the barren sand,
The fea shal shrinke, and leave the Dolphins dry,
No plant shall prooue vpon the sencelesse land,
The Tems shal turne, the Sunne shall lose his light,
Ere I to thee become a faithlesse wight.

I neither am nor meane to bee, None other than I seeme to thee.

## The Authors Epilogue.

O here the end of all my worke,
behold the threed I drew
Is wrought to cloth, accomplisht now
you fee this flender clew.
A peece (God wot) of little price,
fcarce woorth the Readers paine:

And in mine owne conceit a booke of barren verfe and vaine. I blush to let it out at large for Sages to perufe: For that the common custome is. in bookes to gape for newes. And matter of importance great, which either may delite By pleafure, or with fad aduife the readers paynes requite. But this of mine fo maymed is, for lacke of learned flile And stately stuffe, as fure I shall the readers hope beguile, Who doth expect fome rare report of former ancient deedes: Or new deuice but lately wrought, that breatheth yet and bleedes.

But truely none of both in thefe my verfes is to finde:

My flender ship hath kept the shore, for feare of boystrous winde.

I bore my fimple fayles but lowe,
I dreaded fodaine flowers:

Which fundry times from hauty fkies the puifant ruler powers.

I durft not ftir amid the ftreame, the chanel was too deepe:

Which made me have the more regard about the bankes to keepe.

It is for mighty hulkes to dare adventure out fo farre:

And barkes of biggeft fife, and fuch as builded be for warre.

I write but of familiar stuffe, because my stile is lowe:

I feare to wade in weighty works, or past my reach to rowe.

Which if I should, the Reader might as boldly blame my quil:

As now I truft he fhal accept my fhew of great good wil.

Though divers write with fuller phrafe, and farre more hawty ftile:

And burnish out their golden bookes with fine and learned file:

Yet meaner Muses must not lurke, but each in his degree That meaneth wel, and doth his best, must wel regarded be.

Though Nilus for his bignes beare away the greatest name,

Whose feuenfold stream hath gaind the gulfe of such a lasting same:

Yet must not lesser lakes be lost, nor had in vile account,

That ferue for vfe and eafe of man, though Nilus doe furmount.

Great Alexander mighty was and dreadful in the warre:

Yet thats no caufe why Rome fhould not of Cæfar boaft as farre.

The Planets are the pride of heauen, and cheefest lampes of light:

Yet other flarres doe yelde a flow, and helpe to cleere the night.

Likewife though divers write in verfe, and doe exceeding wel:

The remnant must not be refused, because they doe excell.

Ill may we miffe the flender fhrubs for all the princely Pine:

No more we fcorne the bafer drinkes though most we way the wine.

Which makes me hope that though

my Mufe doth yelde but flender found,

And though my culter fearcely cuts, or breakes the marble ground:

Yet fithens that I meant with verfe

to feede the Readers eyes,

And to that purpose bent my b

And to that purpose bent my braines these fancies to deuise.

I truft he takes it wel in worth, and beares with what he findes,

And thereunto the Reader aye the writers trauaile bindes:

Which if he doe I have my hire, who happy then but I?

That wrote this worke for grateful men, to vewe with thankfull eye.

And fo I giue the congee now, with wifh that this my booke

Be fuch as may thy fprites delight, that hapnest here to looke.

Ill were my fortune if in all this treatife as it flandes,

There should be nothing worth the vew when so it comes to hand.

Rofcarockes warrant flual fuffife, who like the writing fo,

As did embolden me to let the leaues at large to goe.

If il fucceede, the blame was his who might have kept it backe: And frendly tolde me that my booke his due deuife did lacke. But as it is, loe there it goes, for euery one to vew: The man that each ones humor pleafde, as yet I neuer knew. Sufficeth if the courtly fort whose doome is deepe in deede, Accompt it ought, with bafer wits I care not how it speede. The courtier knowes what best becomes in euery kind of cafe: His nature is, what fo he doth to decke with gallant grace. The greatest clarkes in other artes can hardly doe the leeke: For learning fundry times is there



where iudgement is to feeke.

# The Authors excuse for writing these and other Fancies, with promise of grauer matter hereafter.



ORDINGS, allow my light and lewde deuife,
And Ladies, ye that are of greatest state,
Beare with my bookes, imputing nought to vice
That I haue pende in youth, nor now of late:
My prime prouokt my hasty idle quil
To write of loue, when I did meane no ill.

Two things in cheefe did moue me thus to write, And made me deeme it none offence at all: First Ouids works bedeckt with deepe delight, Whom we of Poets second best doe call.

I found him full of amours every where:
Each leafe of love the title eke did beare.

Then next I liued in place among the moe, Where fond affection bore the cheefest sway, And where the blinded archer with his bow Did glaunce at fundry gallants enery day: And being there, although my minde were free, Yet must I seeme love wounded eke to be.

I fawe how fome did feeke their owne mishap, And hunted dayly to deuoure the hookes That beuty bayted, and were caught in trap, Like wilfull wights that fed on womens lookes: Who being once entangled in the line,
Did yelde themfelues, and were content to pine.
Some other minding leaft to follow loue,

By haunting where dame Uenus darlings dwelt,
By force were forft Cupidos coales to prooue,
Whofe burning brands did make their minds to melt,
So as they were compeld by meere mifchaunce,
As others did, to follow on the daunce.

Some eke there were that groapt but after gaine, That faynd to frie and burne with blooming heate Of raging loue and counterfetted paine, When they (God wot) had flender caufe to treate: But all was done to make their Ladies deeme How greatly they their beuties did efteeme.

And then (O gods) to vew their greeful cheeres,
And liften to their fonde lamenting cries,
To fee their cheekes deepe dented in with teares,
That day and night powred out from painful eyes,
Would make a heart of marble melt for woe,
That fawe their plights, and did their forowes know.

And all for lacke of ruthe and due remorfe,
Their cruel Ladies bore fo hard a hand,
And they (poore men) conftrayed to loue perforce,
And fruitleffe cleane to fowe the barrain fand:
That vnto me, who priuie was of all,
It was a death, and grieued me to the gall.

Then for my friends (as divers loved me well) Endite I must fome light devise of love, And in the fame my friends affection tell,
Whom nothing mought from beauties bar remooue:
My pen must plead the fillie Suters case,
I had my hire, so he mought purchase grace.

Some otherwhile, when beautic bred difdaine.
And feature forst a pride in hawtie brest,
So as my friend was causelesse put to paine,
And for good will might purchase slender rest:
Then must my quill to quarels statly fall,
Yet keep the meane twixt sweete and sower brall.

Somtimes I must commend their beauties much That neuer came where any beautie lay, Againe fomwhiles my mates would have me tutch The quicke, bicause they had received the nay: And thus my pen, as change of matter grew, Was forst to grief, or els for grace to sue.

Thus did I deale for others pleafure long,
(As who could well refufe to do the like?)
And for my felf fomtimes would write among
As he that liues with men of war must strike.
I would deuise a Sonet to a dame,
And all to make my fullen humor game.

So long I wrote, fo oft my friends did fue, So many were the matters, as at last The whole vuto a hansome volume grewe: Then to the presse they must in all the hast, Mauger my beard, my mates would haue it so, Whom to resist it was in vaine, you know. These causes forst my harmeles hand to write, And no desire I had to treate of ill: Who doth not know that youthfull heads delight Sometimes to shewe the quientnes of their quil? But pardon (Lordings) what is past and done, I purpose now a better race to runne.

I meane no more with loues deuife to deale,
I neuer wil to wanton Uenus bowe,
From Cupids court to Pallas I appeale,
Iuno be iudge whom I doe honor now:
Hie time it is for him to blow retreate,
And leaue to loue whom felfe rod now doth beate.

Wherfore, goe (wanton) truffe vp all your trafh, Fancy, farewel, to grauer gods I goe
Then loue and Uenus: cleane my hands I wash
Of vayne desires that youth enrageth fo.
Vertue doth farre furmount such filthy vice:
Amend, my mates, or els you know the price.

Vtile confilium est sæuas extinguere slammas, Qui non est hodie, cras minus aptus erit.

FINIS.



